BRITANNIA

Vol. I DECEMBER 21st, 1928 No. 13

SPECIAL FEATURES:

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.....1059
Is Democracy Failing?

NORMAN VENNER.....1064
The Prince's Journey

L. G. REDMOND HOWARD.....1068
How the King Saved Ireland

E. F. BENSON.....1073
The Hanging of Alfred Wadham

RUDDICK MILLAR.....1081
Omar Up to Date

G. C. BERESFORD.....1083
Rudyard Kipling: His School and Youth

HARRY ROWNTREE.....1086
'Twas Christmas Day in the Zoo House

CLAIR PRICE.....1087
Christmas in Modern Bethlehem

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.....1092
Le Train Rouge

JOAN KENNEDY.....1107
These Manikins of Ours

REGULAR CONTRIBUTIONS:

The Pillory	A. H. D'Egville	1060
Britannia's Diary		1061
Editorial Outlook		1033
Soaring South	E. M. Rossiter	1066
Humour in the Theatre	Maitland Davidson	1071
The Roast Beef of Old Argentine	E. T. Brown	1078
A Composer's Spoilt Christmas	A. Kalisch	1080
Tricks and Quips with Your Set	Robert W. Beare	1085
Britannia Crosswords No. 4		1091
Chess	T. C. Evans	1091
Britannia's Pulpit	Rev. John A. Mayo	1106
Christmas and the Car	Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce	1109
Magic on the Films	Maitland Davidson	1111
Smallholdings and Allotments	E. T. Brown	1112
You and Your Money	A. G. Walsh	1113
The Week on 'Change	A. G. Walsh	1114
Correspondence	Our Readers	1115

Woman's Section:

Edited by Julia Cairns (pages 1097–1105)

Sports Section:

Racing	"Blackfriar"	1101
Games and Pastimes	"Arbiter"	1116
Rugby Football	"Pendarves"	1117
Lawn Tennis	F. Gordon Lowe	1118
Golf	Gerard Fairlie	1120

BRITANNIA

is edited and published at Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Telephone: City 1522 (16 lines). *Telegrams: "Flamtorch," Rand, London.*

Editor: Crawfurd Price. Business Manager: Wm. W. J. Studd

This paper is registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage: British Isles, 1½d. per copy; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; other places abroad, 2½d.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Use MAZDA LAMPS

MADE IN ENGLAND

and see things in the right light

B T-H

3129

"Still as light as a feather, Miss Astaire!"

Miss Adele Astaire, the dancer and leading lady in "Funny Face" at the Princes, London

"Thanks Jenkyn—but I wouldn't be if I let myself eat fattening sweet things"

Whenever I crave anything of that sort, I just light a Kensitas instead. A Kensitas makes you proof against temptation to eat the things that put on weight. It satisfies the craving—and it doesn't spoil your figure.

Well, I am sure many young ladies will be interested to hear your news about Kensitas. Of course, a reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweet things are harmful and that too many such are eaten. So, for moderation's sake, I say, don't nibble, smoke a Kensitas.

don't nibble smoke a—

KENSITAS

100% *Real Virginia Tobacco—no substitutes—*20 *for* 1/-

Is Democracy Failing?

By The Marquis of Londonderry, K.G.

IF one became obsessed with the seriousness of the rise of such well-sustained and apparently well-organised movements as Communism and Fascism, it might be easy to capitulate to the theory that Democracy has failed. But a deeper study of essential facts in human movements, especially of the more modern ones, suffices to show that these two particular brands of communal revolt, really two expressions of the same quest for freedom and individual initiative, are merely advanced outpost skirmishes of over-excited—and, unhappily, under-educated—pioneers of Democracy.

Freedom Through Education.

Communism is really Fascism upside down, and *vice versa*. Both aim at liberty and individual freedom, and both go the wrong way to obtain suitable results, because both use force when all that is necessary is more complete human understanding. The human freedom, which is democracy, cannot be won by bayonet or police baton. Ignorance is the wrong weapon to use when the goal to be won is a better, freer use of human life and intelligence. It is not that Democracy has failed in its mission; its progress has been somewhat handicapped by that section of the community in every nation which is in too great a hurry to build an ideal state on an unenlightened human foundation. Democracy can come only by human growth fostered by education.

Certain phases of Democracy may have failed—at least they have not yet produced or materialised the ideas which they sought after; industrial and political democracy have shown signs of breakdown during post-war years, the former because it thought in terms of force and not economics, and the latter because it pandered and sacrificed to class consciousness as against a more democratic and enlightened national and international consciousness.

Real Democracy, the great communal ideal behind all conscious social effort, still rests on the far horizon of human possibilities. It has never been tried merely because humanity in every nation has not yet reached a state of clarified mentality when it can be free from the stultifying and paralysing illusions of racial and inter-racial ignorance, and the constant urge of selfishness and greed.

Mind, the Motive Power.

The democratic ideal has for years been before the eyes of men and women in every nation, but the essential emotion, all-compelling and obsessing, has never yet been present in a sufficient number of people to make the way safe for the ideal to be materialised into statesmanship. A nation or race can only move as fast as its mass mentality moves. The mass mentality of the world is far from being advanced enough to grasp all the possibilities, human and divine, which must attend the arrival of real Democracy.

In a recent address, President Coolidge said: "We do not need more government; we need more character and culture." This is one of the educational ideals of Democracy. In the past we have sacrificed far too much thought and energy to matter and form, and consequently neglected the essential spirit of life. Democracy, to be the real thing and worth while, must be built alone on character and culture. This would not mean the wild type of freedom advocated by Communism, or the curious autocratic conception of the Fascist, but a freedom of discipline based upon a high level of human culture and character which would in every human act subordinate the needs of the few to the natural demands of the many.

Opportunity for the Individual.

Culture and character in every nation alone ensure the possibility of permanent international friendship—in short, world Democracy. Force, in all its many forms and expressions, political, industrial, economic and religious, would be at all times subordinate to the higher dictates of human culture. Understanding and toleration would be the keynotes of the fuller democratic relationships among all people.

NEITHER does this view eliminate the full use by an individual of all his many faculties, nor does it limit his action, providing he is social. Democracy in its highest sense recognises that every individual must have equality of opportunity for self-development, and realises that the best for the individual is to do the best for the race.

This mental attitude (revealing as it does the fundamental spirit animating all mankind) will mean a changed outlook on life. The apparent failure of Democracy is due, so far, to the insufficient recognition of this fundamental life principle running through all humanity. Education largely has dealt in material things, wherein the foundations of humanity in general have been neglected. We have magnified the limitations of human beings, even exploited them for gain, instead of stressing the possibilities of human achievement.

Democracy has not Failed.

Communism and Fascism alike are blind forces operating upon an illusive foundation of human limitation, hence the growing opposition in the countries where this mode of government is in operation against the stirring of human freedom and activity.

As a matter of fact, it may yet be that these two forces, although blind, may, by their ignorance in attempting to force their system of governments upon an unwilling people, do an incalculable service to real Democracy.

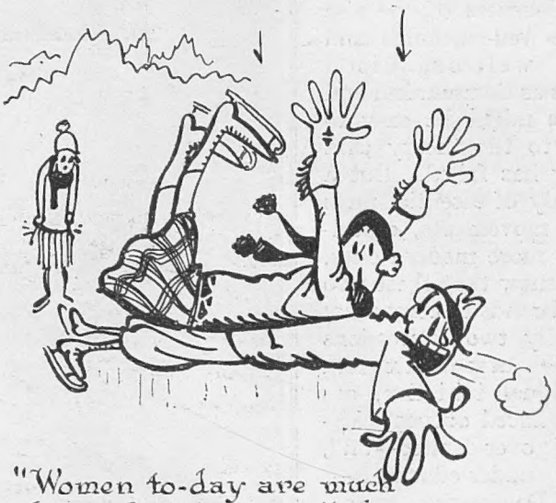
On all sides there is some evidence for this suggestion. Both in Russia and Italy, and even in England where Industrial Democracy has sometimes been mistaken to mean Democracy, there is marked and intelligent opposition against this misuse of communal force under the guise of idealism. No movement, however ideal in limited conception, can ever be truly democratic because it is class-conscious.

No; Democracy has not failed in its mission, rather is it still in the birth-throes of human possibility. It has not grown up so fast as some would have wished, but there is ample evidence that its growth is sure. If its future depended upon such hot-house methods as Communism and Fascism, then indeed its failure might be soon apparent in the post-war world; but, as it is, the revolt against Communism and Fascism is merely another sign that real Democracy is slowly, but surely, coming into its own.

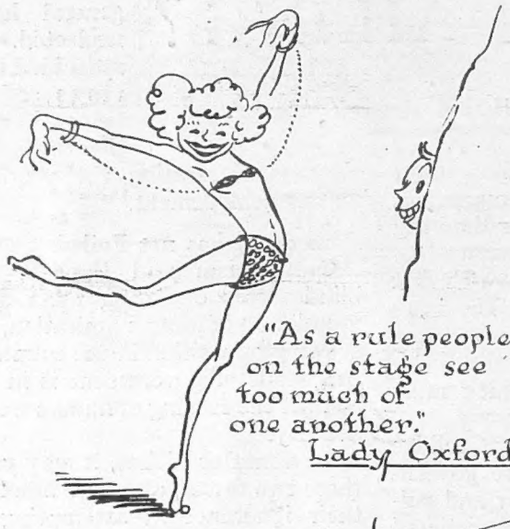
IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwisely, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

"I have heard as good talk among young artisans after some meeting as I ever heard in a college common-room."
Mr. John Buchan.



"Women to-day are much less soft than, say, their grandmothers were before them."
Desmond Nevinson.



"As a rule people on the stage see too much of one another."
Lady Oxford.

"Where to see Full length 'Talkies'"
By a Film Critic.

"Women should have many interests outside the home."
The Infanta Beatrice of Spain.

"Unless we wear dark colours, we waste a lot of time changing, instead of going straight to the House from another engagement wearing whatever clothes we happen to have on at the time."
Miss Ellen Wilkinson M.P.

D'Egville

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

The King's Illness—Lord Rothermere's Prediction—Plain Mr. Gladstone—Changing Turkey—A Provincial Leader—Insurance or Dole?

The King's Illness.

THE King's illness at the time of writing is still causing widespread anxiety. The Prince of Wales's journey home through Italy, Switzerland and France was marked by striking manifestations of sympathy, and has proved, if proof were needed, that His Majesty is recognised as a figure who could as ill be spared from the Councils of Europe as from those of the British Empire.

Meanwhile the admiration of Londoners centres round the Queen, whose courage in fulfilling, on behalf of the King, exacting public engagements, maintains signally the traditions which have made the Royal Family so universally popular.

The P.R.A.

THE new President of the Royal Academy is Sir William Llewellyn. His election is a tribute to his administrative abilities rather than to his talents as a portrait painter.

When Whistler said that Millais was a delightful man, and added in an audible aside, "Paints a little, too," he was inspired to a characteristic and witty jibe by feelings less admirable than a sense of humour. Millais was not a Rembrandt, nor even a Sargent, but he was elected for his quality as a painter, which was precisely what hurt. Sir William Orpen and Mr. Augustus John will be able to extend a less embarrassed welcome to their new president, who has been chosen for personal qualities which are above dispute.

Sir William Llewellyn.

Lord Rothermere and the Government.

LORD ROTHERMERE has written an important letter to the *Morning Post*, in which, after indicting the Government's record, he says that the extension of the franchise makes victory for the Conservative party *impossible* (the italics are Lord Rothermere's) at the next election. The only deduction to be made from this is that Lord Rothermere thinks that wisdom comes with years, and that even the crime of being a young man is insignificant compared to the crime of being a young woman. It may be so, but the theory rates rather highly the political consciousness of the electorate. How many votes are given as the result of the individual judgments of the voters? Very few, I am sure.

With every extension of the franchise the psychology of the crowd becomes more and more the determining factor, and English crowds are more liable to be swayed by the good than by the bad. This does not mean that the Conservative Party necessarily stands to gain at any particular election. No political party retains permanently a monopoly of political wisdom. It does mean, however, that the enlargement of the electorate does not necessarily or even probably mean a movement to the left.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Pope.

LORD GLADSTONE'S book about his father, just published under the title of "After Thirty Years," is a notable one. Unlike some recent diaries, Mr. Gladstone's enhances a reputation almost unique in English politics. His essentially Christian character seemed in his own time and later to be almost too good to be true. This was the simple explanation of whispered and other accusations of hypocrisy and disingenuousness. With the more intimate revelations of Lord Gladstone the accusations are returned to the place from whence they came. And Mr. Gladstone remains *Mr.* Gladstone, which in itself is one of those unconscious political judgments which time passes so aptly and so surely. Not even Mr. Buckle's eulogies have taught us to refer to *Mr.* Disraeli, though he was admittedly a cleverer and perhaps a wiser man.

Lord Gladstone.

It is a curious thing that Mr. Gladstone should share his courtesy title with Mr. Pope, the least verbose, the most savage, of English writers. But both men were alike in a fundamental sincerity which has borne down the protests of their contemporaries. And they both loved Homer, for which also much may be forgiven them.

Turkey Up-to-Date.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL has sprung many surprises on us since he took up the cause of Turkish nationalism, and in many respects he has achieved the apparently impossible. One of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen was the spectacle of an aged Hodja, perched high up on a minaret, calling the faithful to prayers in a venerable "bowler" hat which had, perchance, once graced the head of some poor Greek or Armenian. To order the Turks to write in Latin characters, again, was revolutionary, but not drastic, for few among them could write at all. They still have the Scribes in Turkey, as also the Pharisees.

Whether the reported project to abolish the Mohammedan religion as well as the Khalifat will mature, remains to be seen. It is a bold step, for although the "modernised" Turks are usually agnostics, the peasants still have a certain respect for Allah.

There will, however, be general rejoicing, that the Turk is at last to have a name. In this respect he has not advanced since biblical times, and we are accustomed to refer to "one Ibrahim a tanner" or "Hamid the son of Zeb." Hitherto, therefore, it has been difficult to distinguish one Moustapha from another.

Yet it is one thing to order the use of surnames and quite another to provide them in sufficient quantity. Kemal will soon run out of towns and trades as suitable appendages and the imagination of his race does not rise to great heights. The matter is really one for the League of Nations. In the meantime perhaps we could spare a few Smiths and Jones's.

Rationalisation To-morrow.

THE Manchester Cotton Spinners are at last facing the necessity for the reorganisation of the industry. The joint committee of masters and operatives favours the writing down of capital, grouping of mills, bulk buying of raw cotton, specialisation and concentration of production and centralisation of selling organisations.

What Manchester does to-day, England does to-morrow. Unfortunately, France, Germany and America did it five years ago.

The English Genius.

MR. BELLOC, lecturing in Paris, has proclaimed as the characteristic of the English an aristocracy of feeling and habits contrasting violently with prevalent notions of equality. This is a penetrating judgment, suggesting, however, some curious points. For if there is no country where there is so little feeling for what its chief exponents call *égalité* as England, there are few other countries where the feeling is stronger than in Australia, Canada and the United States.

The Englishman abroad among other races retains his home characteristics, but in the Dominions or in the United States he modifies them to a quite extraordinary extent. The citizen of an English-speaking Dominion is an Australian or a Canadian or a New Zealander, never merely an Englishman. The French colonial remains not only a Frenchman, but almost a Parisian.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher made much the same point to me the other day discussing the literature of the English overseas. The gift for lyric poetry, the supreme flower of England's literary genius, seems to wither on the voyage south and west. And yet we remain, so far, one people. Can anyone solve the paradox?

M. Klotz's Weakness.

POLITICIANS do not, at their best, enjoy an exaggerated status in France, and the misadventures of M. Klotz, who has apparently been obtaining motor cars in exchange for worthless cheques, are hardly calculated to enhance their prestige.

Klotz was a somewhat dismal and depressing personage, but he nevertheless contrived to exercise considerable political power and figured in several French Cabinets between 1910 and 1919. Even the iconoclastic Clemenceau was compelled to take notice of him, although, one may imagine, he included him in his Government with a certain misgiving.

M. Klotz.

If my memory serves me, "The Tiger" during the Peace Conference delivered himself of a *bon mot* somewhat in this wise:

Asked why he had chosen Klotz as his Minister of Finance, he smiled sardonically and replied—"Well! he's the only Jew I've met who knows nothing about money."

New Era for Roumania.

WITH the sweeping victory of the National Peasants Party in the Roumanian General Elections—probably the first "straight" election in Roumanian history—a new era dawns for what is comparatively the richest country in Europe. Roumania is a "land flowing with milk and honey" in the shape of vast agricultural and mineral wealth, the sensible exploitation of which will doubtless be the first concern of the new Government.

Dr. Maniu.

It will require virile and determined leadership to reverse the deplorable economic policy of the Bratiano régime, abolish corruption and teach the new peasant proprietors the value of cultivating more than suffices for their personal needs. But Dr. Maniu is as strong as he is able, and has gathered around him men calculated to inspire confidence. His is not a Peasants party in the strict sense of the word. It rather represents a combination of the best elements of the new provinces and the small farmers, who appear, on this occasion to have been joined by the peasants themselves.

A Provincial Leader.

THE career of the late Sir Archibald Salvidge, who was the leader of the Conservative Party in Liverpool, is a reminder to all ambitious young men in the Provinces that it is often wiser to make their names in their own cities rather than seek for fame in London. To be highly honoured in Liverpool, as Sir Archibald Salvidge was, is a better thing than to be hardly recognised in London.

Sir Archibald Salvidge.

Sir Archibald was a great provincial and gloried in the fact, remarking on one occasion, "that the influence of Liverpool and of Manchester upon the nation was greater than that of London."

People first began to take notice of him when he was a member of a small Parliamentary Debating Society in Hoylake. He spoke clearly and trenchantly though without eloquence. His greatest power was exercised as an organiser rather than as a speaker. Modest and unpretentious, he could on occasions display a strong fighting spirit and he was free of any fear of the party machine. Few, if any, municipal leaders have exercised so great an influence as Sir Archibald Salvidge. He refused all invitations to contest constituencies, and was wise in the knowledge that Liverpool was sufficiently important a city in which to be a leader.

Insurance or Dole?

THE General Council of the Trades Union Congress is seeking a definite assurance that after April 19th, unemployment insurance benefit should be continued to those who cannot fulfil what will then be the legal requirement to show thirty weeks' work in the preceding two years.

It is, I am afraid, too much to hope that the Government will stand firm. But if they do not, it means the end of unemployment insurance, except as a name. It means that the contributions of the workers will go on indefinitely being paid out as fast (or faster) than they come in to others who have ceased to contribute to the fund, that no reserve profits will ever be accumulated and that the benefits for the thrifty and efficient worker will never be higher than for anyone else.

Sympathy for the miners, tens of thousands of whom would be affected by these restrictions will probably carry the day, and this restriction, like every other similar restriction since 1920, will probably go by the board. But neither the miners nor anybody else will be benefited in the long run. Hard cases make bad laws. The distress in the mining districts must be dealt with adequately but specially. To use it as an excuse for bribing voters is immoral.

Forward or Back?

PROFESSOR TODD, the eminent American sociologist, tells us that one in every seven marriages in the United States ends in the Divorce Court. That our own divorce laws are imperfect is, perhaps, generally admitted, but the lesson of the American figures cannot be ignored. They show that with divorce as with any other marketable article, the demand will follow the supply. That is, of course, the nemesis of all social "reforms." You cannot supply starving people with bread or poor children with boots without supplying these things to thousands who would otherwise get them for themselves. And you cannot dissolve one marriage inflicting almost intolerable hardship without dissolving half-a-dozen others which could and should have been made successful.

Man was born in chains and almost everywhere to-day he is free, and he is apt to use his freedom to do himself a mischief. Is it the beginning or the end of a social process? It is a big question.

More Artistic Indiscretions.

WHILE Sir William Joynson Hicks is wrestling with the problem of literary censorship, the German authorities are tackling artistic blasphemies.

The defence of the German artist, Herr Grosz, who has just been prosecuted, is characteristic of the intelligentsia:—"I work out of my inner being, out of tribulations of the spirit which as an artist, I perhaps feel more than other men." Herr Grosz should read Mr. Norman Douglas's admirable pamphlet, "A Plea for Better Manners," in which he laid bare the grotesque absurdity of the artist's plea that because he is an artist he has a wider and deeper experience of human nature and its needs.

What distinguishes the artist from his fellows is the ability to express. If he uses his divine gift to express nonsense, his state is the worse and not the better. The claim of the artist to immunity from the law is precisely as sensible as would be the claim of a bank note engraver to put the notes he engraves into circulation because he has engraved them so well.

A Simple Problem.

AT the end of September, 1 in every 40 of the population was in receipt of poor relief. That this is not the result of the war is clear from the prosperity in France, Belgium, the Secession States and America. To find the cause we must look for something peculiar to England among the great powers—we find it in our rate of taxation, which is infinitely the highest. This is due to our expenditure on the so-called social services which we can control, and to our debt charges which we cannot.

All parties have a heavy responsibility for their refusal to look these facts in the face and to disillusion the voters whose livelihood is threatened by a policy which has so pleasant an appearance of generosity.

The King's Surgeon.

COLONEL Sir Hugh Rigby, who performed the operation on the King last week, has achieved a great reputation for the speed and accuracy with which he works.

Sir Hugh Rigby.

Two essentials in the operation for empyema are precision and accuracy, and Sir Hugh's deft and sensitive fingers possess these attributes in an unusual degree. The operation, which is a delicate one, calls for the steadiest nerves and exceptional powers of concentration.

Sir Hugh Rigby served in the Great War, in which he attained the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, and got a "mention." He was created a K.C.V.O. in 1918. In addition to being surgeon to the Royal household, he is Surgeon in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales and his household; he was also surgeon to the late Queen Alexandra's household.

Sir Thomas Lipton and the Cup.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, who has just returned from America, has announced his intention of making still another attempt to obtain the America Cup which is still zealously guarded on the wrong side of the Atlantic. "It is my ambition to get that cup back to England, and I shall challenge next year," said Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas Lipton.

The interest of sportsmen all over the world has been aroused by this announcement, particularly as it was thought that Sir Thomas had decided that his previous attempt to obtain the cup would be the last. Sir Thomas Lipton has tried with four *Shamrocks* and the fifth, which he will now proceed to build, will, we hope, bring him the coveted honour he so richly deserves.

Little is known about his plans at the moment, and the announcement of his intention to compete again is made now largely because he is obliged to give ten months' notice to the New York Yacht Club of his intention to compete.

We regret that owing to provincial engagements Lord Birkenhead has not been able to contribute his usual article this week.—Ed.

The EDITORIAL OUTLOOK

Mr. Baldwin's Old Man of the Sea

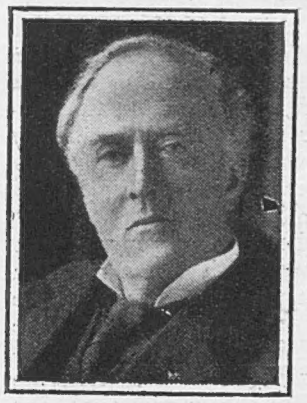
FEW sensible people, whatever their political opinions, will be satisfied with the attitude which the Government adopted last week towards Lord Clarendon's scheme for the reform of the House of Lords.

Briefly, Mr. Baldwin's view appears to be that unless he can devise a settlement of this question which commands a large measure of popular approval he is justified in doing nothing. Settlement by consent is, of course, attractive, but it may be argued with even greater force that few grave questions of policy can be solved in this way.

That the wise and the popular solution should be one and the same would be a coincidence which not even the luckiest of modern Prime Ministers has a right to expect when he is faced with a problem with so long a history as the reform of the House of Lords.

WHAT is the present position? The House of Lords stands before the country as a permanent stronghold of the Conservative Party. No Liberal government can ever command a majority of the peers. No Labour government can even sustain a debate. Yet the House of Lords has certain essential functions to perform under the Constitution. It can revise, it can criticise, and it can delay. If the Government considers that these functions are superfluous, their attitude would be intelligible. If, however, the Conservative Party shares the view of the authors of the Parliament Act that a second chamber capable of exercising these functions is not merely desirable but necessary, their attitude is surely indefensible.

To assume that the pledge given by Mr. Asquith to reform the Constitution of the House of Lords was a further threat against its powers is a profound mistake. Mr. Asquith's reasons for giving that pledge were quite different. He saw that the House of Lords, as long as it contained a permanent and overwhelming majority of one political party, lacked the necessary moral authority to make really effective those powers which he had deliberately (with the support of the Labour Party) conferred on it.



Lord Parmoor, who protested that Lord Clarendon's proposals for the reform of the House of Lords were designed as a barrier against Socialist legislation.

The House of Lords is certainly, having regard to its composition, more disinterested than any similar body could ever be in any other country. But it would be too much to expect, and this is what Mr. Baldwin appears not to have realised, that in the event of a Liberal or a Labour government being returned to power the millions of their supporters in the country would even accept with complacency, or even without the bitterest hostility, the right of the present House of Lords to reject bill after bill for two and a half years.

YET this, apparently, is what the Government are expecting. They have declared that since their own proposals for reform are not "popular," they are going to do nothing. What has popularity got to do with it? The first duty of a government is to govern, and the first duty of constitutionalists is to preserve the constitution from partisan rancour by seeing that its machinery is kept in repair. No other party can reform the House of Lords to-day without raising, in circumstances infinitely more dangerous than in 1910, the cry of "the people" apart from "the peers."

There are at least half a dozen possible schemes of reform, and we do not complain because the Government refused to accept Lord Clarendon's proposals. What we protest against is the reason they have given in the public forum for doing nothing at all. The very continuity of our history may well be at stake.

What does it matter whether, in preserving such a heritage, the Government lose a bye-election or two? What does matter is that in evading their responsibility they have given support to the doctrine that statesmanship consists not in seeking the greatest good for the greatest number, but in securing the greatest measure of public approval.

The Tired Watch on the Rhine

THE secret discussions in the sitting-rooms of Lugano hotels between Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, and Herr Stresemann, the fact that the ex-Allied Powers have at long last agreed upon the constitution of the Committee of Experts on Reparations, and the various discussions in both Houses of Parliament on the meaning of Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles, all contribute to make the evacuation of the Rhineland a question of the very greatest topical importance. Upon the crumbs of concession that he can pick up at Lugano dinner-tables will depend Herr Stresemann's ability to compete with his rival, the prelate-politician, Dr. Ludwig Kaas, who has just been made leader of the powerful Roman Catholic Party. Dr. Kaas only a few days ago expressed his opinion of the British policy of subservience to France in a manner which suggests that Sir Austen Chamberlain would find him far less conciliatory as German Foreign Minister than Herr Stresemann.

Herr Stresemann, though a sick man, has laboured unceasingly to promote an international understanding on the Rhineland question. He represents the moderate element in German diplomacy.

DESPITE the futility of the occupation of a strip of German territory as a guarantee against war—in actual fact, of course, its main effect is to strengthen the otherwise negligible influence of those Germans who dream of revenge—France considers the occupation rather as a guarantee of her security than as a means of obtaining reparations from Germany.

Having failed at the Peace Conference to obtain all German territory West of the Rhine, her statesmen have had to content themselves with the temporary occupation of three zones, one of which, the Cologne zone, has already been evacuated. The second, or Coblenz, zone, has to be given up in 1930, and the third, or Mainz zone, in 1935, but Article 431 of the Treaty promises an earlier withdrawal "if . . . . Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the present treaty."

Her membership of the League and the guarantees she gave at Locarno are the best possible proofs that she has, in fact, complied with these undertakings, since she cannot be held responsible for a failure to complete her reparation payments, the total of which has not yet been agreed upon by the ex-Allied Powers, and which will in any case amount to a sum quite beyond her capacity to pay in less than fifteen years. Unless, then, Article 431 was mere hypocrisy, there is, despite Sir Austen Chamberlain, a good legal case for Germany's demand that the occupation should come to an immediate end.

IN any event, the legal interpretation of the Versailles Treaty is of minor importance when compared with the political issue. British public opinion resents the idea that, ten years after the Armistice, British troops should still parade German soil.

Members of the Government have declared that they would like these troops to be withdrawn, but that a withdrawal which left the French in sole possession would not benefit Germany and would anger the French. It is a lamentable thing that Sir Austen Chamberlain's excessive devotion to France should have led to so general a belief abroad in the existence of a new *Entente Cordiale*. An agreed Anglo-French policy is obviously desirable, so long as that policy is in conformity with the Locarno Treaties, the object of which, as the Foreign Secretary himself once said, was to build a bridge, and not a barrier, between France and Germany. But not otherwise.

If France does not consider her security assured by the British guarantee of assistance in the event of German aggression which was given her at Locarno, people in Great Britain will be sorry, and possibly even a little offended, but no Foreign Secretary who wants to go farther can be allowed to remain in office.

Nairobi's "Karibu" (Welcome) to the Prince of Wales.

The Prince's Journey

By Norman Venner.

St. James's Palace. December 11th.

"The Prince of Wales, attended by Mr. A. F. Lascelles and Major the Hon. Piers Legh, returned to London from East Africa this morning."

Behind these few bald words of fact in the Court Circular a romance of high endeavour.

"IN view of the illness of H.M. the King, my brother and I are returning to England as soon as possible."

This telegram, sent to the Prime Minister by the Prince of Wales from the African wayside station of Dodoma, in Tanganyika Territory, was the dramatic opening of a Royal journey which has stirred the imagination of the world.

The Prince was on his way to Lake Tanganyika from Dar-es-Salaam. He intended to go by steamer down the Lake to Northern Rhodesia to meet his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, at Livingstone.

The Summons at Dodoma.

BUT the arrival of a courier bearing news of the serious nature of his father's illness caused a complete change of plan. Dodoma is a strangely isolated spot, with little or nothing in the way of modern communications, and the news of His Majesty's illness was conveyed to the Prince by car.

From the moment the message was received the Prince lost not a minute. The Royal train was made up and held in readiness. The cruiser *Enterprise*, with a speed of 33 knots, was ordered to Dar-es-Salaam to bring the Prince to Brindisi.

He arrived from his bush camp, 160 miles from civilisation, on Tuesday, November 27th at 5 p.m.

A dance was being held, the main social function of the year for the European residents. The Prince, in spite of his anxiety and his multitudinous affairs, looked in for a few moments, danced one dance with the wife of the District Officer at Kondoa and then walked across to his train, when the luggage was being loaded.

The Dash to the Coast.

ONLY two of his staff accompanied him in his dash to the coast, Major the Hon. Piers Legh, and Mr. A. F. Lascelles, all the others having been sent into Rhodesia before the change of plan.

Still in his bush shirt, wearing his khaki helmet but no coat, he reached Dar-es-Salaam on the Wednesday. There he bought new kit for the journey while awaiting the arrival of H.M.S. *Enterprise*.

He left Dar-es-Salaam in the *Enterprise* on Sunday, December 2nd. Nothing so well illustrates the difficulties that had already been overcome as the fact that up to the time the Prince left the Duke his brother had been out of touch with civilisation altogether. He was on a hunting trip up the Chambezi River, only reaching the railway on December 2nd. He immediately set out for Cape Town.

In Touch with the Palace.

THEN began the long sea journey, via Aden and Suez, with the Prince in close wireless touch with the Palace all the way. During that week, the bulletins were disquieting. The King's temperature persisted in remaining above normal, and the bulletins emphasised the anxiety of the doctors.

On Wednesday, while the Prince was still at Aden, his royal father nominated him along with the Queen, the Duke of York, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Prime Minister as a member of a Privy Council. Suez, Cairo, Port Said were all reeled off, and on December 10th, H.M.S. *Enterprise* entered the port of Brindisi amid the roar of the royal salutes from the batteries.

Not a moment was lost. A special train provided by the Italian authorities was waiting. Everything had been done to ensure a swift journey. Carabinieri and railway militia had inspected the lines, and although a fall of rock near the Gotthard tunnel threatened delay, special efforts were made.

The Princes preparing to climb the great Pyramid.

The Prince welcomed by Babry Pasha, Governor of Alexandria.

Sesse Islanders in their war canoes greet the Prince at Entebbe, on the shores of Lake Victoria.

The fastest journey from Brindisi to London, according to the time-tables, occupies over 48 hours. The Prince was brought back in 35, a wonderful achievement, made possible only by the good will and co-operation of the Italian State railway, the Swiss Federal railways, the French railways and our own Southern.

Journey's End—A Tired Traveller.

THE Prince, sunburnt but very tired after his nine and a half days' unbroken travelling at record speed, reached London at 10.17 on Tuesday, December 11th.

Vast silent crowds gathered in the cold and windy station. The Duke of York met his brother and accompanied him at once to the Palace. Thousands of people waited outside the gates in the cold, and as the royal car swept in at the southern gate, hats were silently removed. There was neither cheering nor demonstration.

The Prince hurried at once to his mother's room, where her Majesty was awaiting him.

He had come 6,500 miles to his father's bedside. He had broken the records, beaten the train service, shot ahead of time itself.

THE Prince is a popular and deeply-loved figure in the Empire. Nothing he has ever done has so endeared him to the hearts of his people, as this unquestioning response to an emergency.

In the days to come, the Prince will be needed. His swift realisation of the fact is the proof of his right to that warm and permanent place in the affections of the people of the Empire which he has already won.

THE RECORD TIME-TABLE.

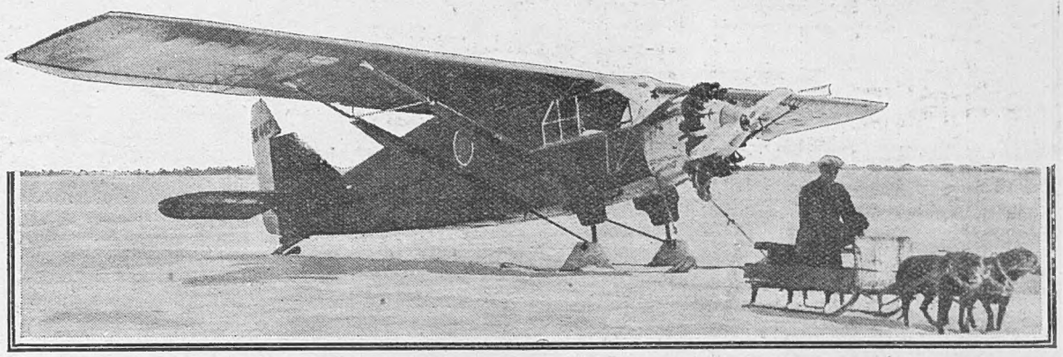
December 2.	*Dar-es-Salaam.*
December 5.	*Aden.*
December 7.	*Suez.*
December 8.	*Port Said.*
December 10.	*Brindisi.*
December 11,	12.40 *a.m. Bologna.*
	3.38 *a.m. Milan.*
	10.20 *a.m. Basel.*
	6.40 *p.m. Boulogne.*
	8.43 *p.m. Folkestone.*
	10.17 *p.m. London.*

The Prince of Wales as a golfer.

The end of an anxious journey. After arriving at Victoria, the Prince visited his father's bedside. He is seen leaving Victoria Station.

SOARING SOUTH—*The Byrd & Wilkins Expeditions*

Coinciding with the 25th anniversary of the Wright's first flight, of 120 feet, the new expeditions described in this article mark the boldest efforts yet conceived to penetrate into the Great White South—by exploratory flights of thousands of miles.



Commander Byrd's Fairchild all-enclosed monoplane, fitted with skis for Antarctic flying. The skis were designed in Canada.

Commander Byrd. Clothing of camel's wool and sealskin has been chosen to give the maximum protection against the Antarctic cold.

By E. M. ROSSITER

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, U.S.N., an American, and Sir Hubert Wilkins, K.B.E., an Australian, have begun their attack by air on the ice-locked secrets of Antarctica, the great unknown continent, larger than Europe, which surrounds the South Pole. This is the last and most inaccessible of the unexplored lands.

These two men have been foremost in proving that by the use of aircraft it is possible in a few hours to reveal to the world facts of high scientific and economic value which centuries of ground exploration, attended by inconceivable hardships and much loss of life, have left in the realms of conjecture.

Wilkins, it may be recalled, flew across the North Polar ocean from Alaska to Spitzbergen in 21 hours, and Byrd, from a base in Spitzbergen, flew to the North Pole and returned to his starting point. Until these flights definitely established the contrary, the belief was still held that land might exist close to the North Pole between Alaska and the group of islands north of Europe. It is worth remembering that whilst over the Pole at a height of 2,000 feet, Byrd had a view of over 9,500 square miles of surface.

Perils of the Antarctic.

Although the aeroplane gives the explorers of to-day such an immense advantage in transportation over their predecessors—Scott, Shackleton, Mawson and Amundsen, who triumphed over the Antarctic by sheer grit and hardihood—it should not be thought that the perils and difficulties of flying in the Antarctic are any the less formidable than those which are encountered on the ground, except that they are less prolonged.

Conditions in the Antarctic, whether for flying or for sledging, are infinitely more severe and more dangerous than they are in the North Polar region. Around the North Pole, for more than a thousand miles, is a deep ocean, which, although covered with six feet of ice, is comparatively warm. The lands fringing the ocean are green during summer and many kinds of life flourish. Seals are plentiful and a man armed with a rifle and experienced in the ways of the Arctic might keep himself alive if forced to "live on the country." Furthermore, from the aviation standpoint, the weather for long periods is almost ideal—stable and calm.

Around the South Pole, however, is a bleak mountainous tableland, more elevated than any other great area on earth, frigidly cold, covered with ice to an average depth of perhaps 2,000 feet and supporting no life of any kind. The South Pole itself is at a height of 9,000 feet, whilst the average temperature is estimated to be 67 degrees below freezing point.

Explorers in this frozen desert are entirely dependent upon the food they can carry with them, and as an additional hazard they have to contend not merely with murderous cold, but powerful winds. Raging blizzards sweep across the barren ice with little or no warning, and winds of 40 to 50 miles an hour are quite ordinary. Those who have braved the Antarctic on foot speak of winds against which they could lean at an angle of 45 degrees from the vertical!

Independent Expeditions.

Byrd and Wilkins are starting from opposite sides of the world and they are entirely independent of one another, although each has chosen a course of action which from the standpoint of scientific exploration will be complementary to the other and so add to the value of the results.

They are starting from opposite sides of the world in another sense also. Byrd, a national hero after his conquest of the Atlantic and of the North Pole, is the leader of an

Byrd's fleet of aircraft. In the foreground is the three-engined Ford, named the "Floyd-Bennett" in memory of Byrd's famous pilot.

SOLVING *the* SECRETS *of* ANTARCTICA

expedition of eighty men, including four pilots, a geographer, geologist and meteorologist, with a fleet of four ships, four aeroplanes of divers types, motor tractors, dog teams, and portable houses to erect on the ice; an expedition fitted out for two years, if necessary. Wilkins, an Australian, knighted for his services, but obliged to go to America for his finance and technical equipment, has two pilots (one the redoubtable Lieut. Carl Eilson), two mechanics and two aeroplanes—the whole party carried to the Antarctic on board a Norwegian whaler and due to return with the whaling fleet.

"Shooting the sun." Commander Byrd taking a sight on the sun with an aircraft sextant of his own design, employing an artificial horizon.

Byrd to Fly to the Pole.

Byrd's expedition will be based on the ice barrier at the southerly extremity of Ross Sea, due south of New Zealand, and a distance of about 800 miles from the South Pole. The first aim is to make a flying dash to the Pole, and possibly beyond, and return to the starting point. Owing to the altitude of the Polar region and the serious peril of a failure to take-off again, it is improbable that a landing at the Pole will be attempted, but it is not to be ruled out as quite impracticable.

Byrd intends to win through to the Pole if it is humanly possible, because America would be disappointed if he did not, but it is not the work upon which his mind is really fixed. In his belief, the scientific data to be gained by subsequent exploratory flights along the coasts and into the unknown areas of the interior justify all the expense incurred and the hazards encountered on the whole expedition.

Sir Hubert Wilkins bidding good-bye to his fiancee, Miss Susanne Bennett. Both are Australians.

A Gold Rush by Air.

He shares with Wilkins the conviction that the world's weather is even more affected by the polar regions of the south than by the polar regions of the north, and that in spite of all difficulties there may be a possibility of tapping the tremendous mineral wealth that lies hidden in the Antarctic lands.

Suppose an Antarctic gold field was found! One can visualise a gold rush by air and a community provisioned and equipped by air transport.

The main body of the Byrd Expedition sailed from Dunedin, N.Z., in the ice-breaker *City of New York* on December 2nd. On arrival in the Bay of Whales, in Ross Sea, the party will begin work by unloading the equipment on to the pack-ice, erecting living and working quarters and a wireless station, and assembling the aeroplanes. Next a chain of supply bases will be laid by air, spaced at intervals of 100 miles, as far as the foot of the great Beardmore glacier, whence a climb of 11,000 feet on to the Polar tableland and a jump of 350 miles must be accomplished in the final dash to the Pole.

The four aeroplanes at Byrd's disposal are a three-engined Ford monoplane of 1,000 h.p., which in tests is reported to have taken off with a total load of six tons and climbed to 12,000 feet, a Fairchild cabin-monoplane of 400 h.p., a Fokker cabin monoplane, also of 400 h.p., and a small monoplane of 110 h.p. for messenger purposes. Each of the larger machines is equipped with a short-wave wireless set capable of communicating with a base 1,000 miles away, and the pilot's cockpit is fitted out with a battery of instruments for navigation and flying "blind" at night, in fog, or in snowstorms. The cabins are padded with kapok as a protection against the cold. So complete is the organisation of wireless communication that, given normal conditions, the world will learn of his success a few minutes after Byrd, perched in his tiny cabin over the icy desolation, has definitely fixed his position at the Pole.

The directional guide on which Byrd will base his navigation will be the sun-compass, used in conjunction with a drift sight. The former instrument will give the direction of true south, and the latter an indication of the course made good, and the allowance to be made for wind. Astronomical observation will be used to fix the position over the Pole, a series of readings being taken to ensure accuracy.

Wilkins's Quest.

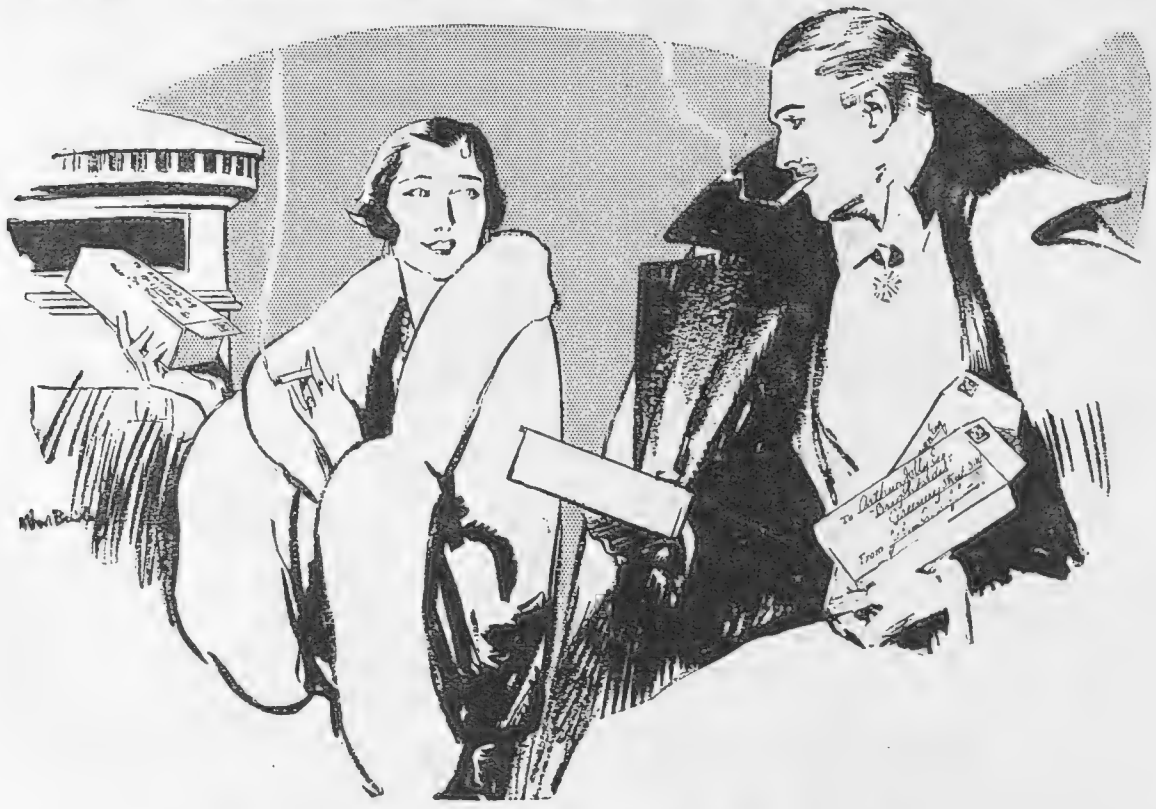
Wilkins struck out for the Antarctic from the Falkland Islands, and has arrived at Deception Island, off Graham Land, due south of Cape Horn. The Wilkins Expedition has the single aim of exploring the hinterland of Graham Land and the long stretch of unknown coastline, 2,000 miles in length, extending from Weddell Sea to Ross Sea, along the south of the Pacific Ocean.

Geographical and geological data—the raw materials of science—and the discovery of possible sites for meteorological observatories, are Wilkins's quest.

Piloted by Eilson, Wilkins has already begun making preliminary test flights at Deception Bay before establishing a base several hundred miles in the interior of Graham Land which will be the jumping-off point for the major flights of exploration. His two aeroplanes are American Lockheed-Vega cabin-monoplanes of 220 h.p., equipped, like Byrd's machines, with wireless and a wonderful array of instruments.

One of these machines is the veteran which carried him across the Northern ocean to Spitzbergen, and he is again placing his trust in it for the long flight from Graham Land to Ross Sea. This flight into the unknown will be daring in the extreme for the weather and ice conditions can only be guessed, like the dotted line which marks the coast on the map. The second machine will be employed in transporting supplies from Deception Bay to the inland base.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR!



The obvious last-minute gift—De Reszke Virginias, in elegant white-and-green-and-gold tins, ready packed and sealed in stout cardboard containers for Christmas posting. All you have to do is to fill in the name and address spaces on the packet and drop it in the letter-box. What simpler?

DE RESZKE

with the 'Ivory' Tip

De Reszke Virginias
Twenty for One Shilling
Ivory'-Tipped or Plain

Packed ready for the post:
200 for 10/-; 150 for 7/6;
100 for 5/-; 50 for 2/6

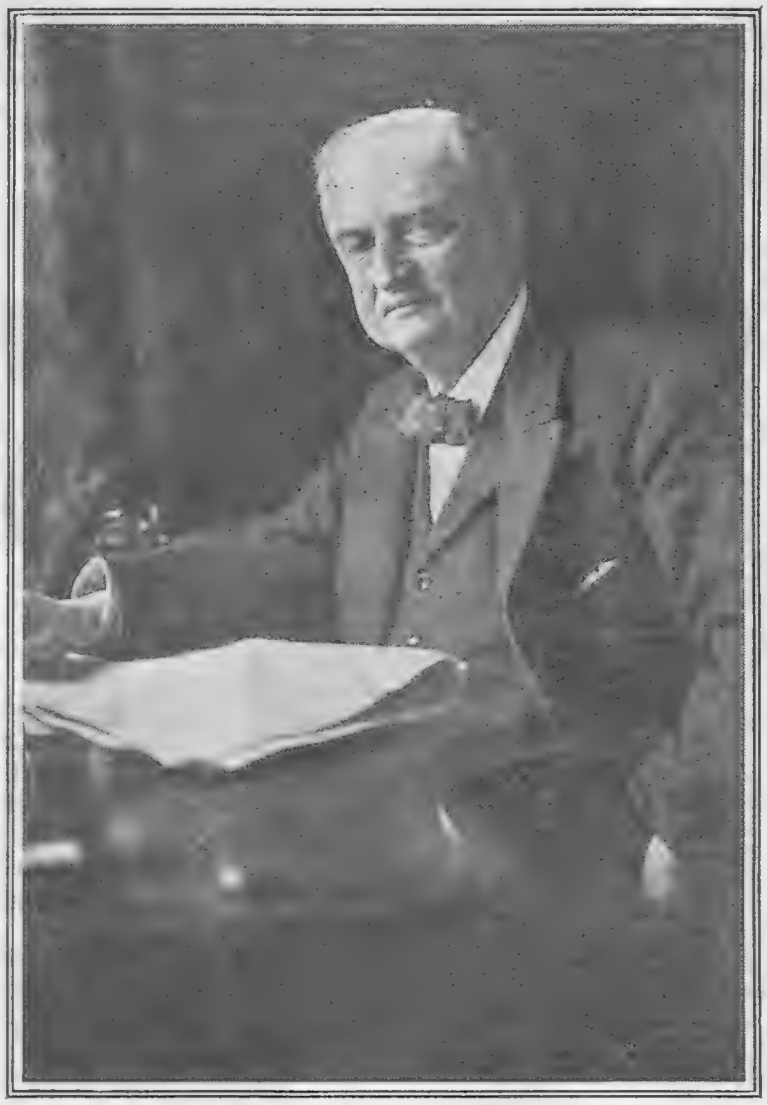
Smooth to the lips are the 'Ivory' tips.

How *the* King Saved Ireland

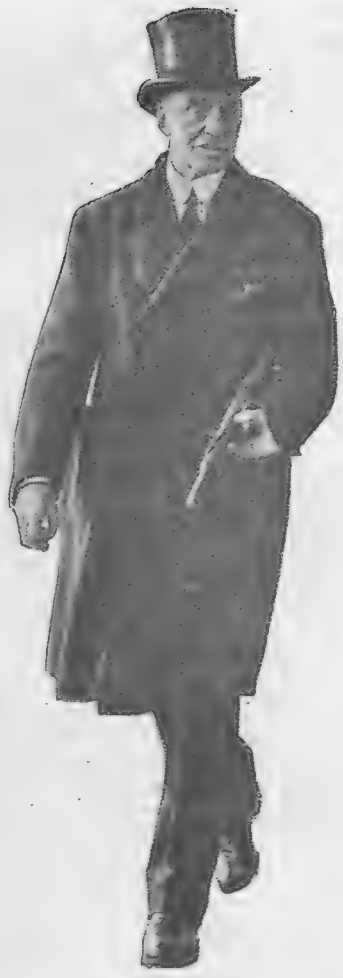
By L. G. Redmond Howard

Nephew and Biographer of the late Irish Leader

Eamon de Valera, the Republican leader, and the protagonist of Irish independence.



The late John Redmond, M.P., the famous Nationalist leader. He stood for "United Ireland within a United Empire."



Lord Carson, the staunch apostle of the Ulster Loyalists.

EVER since his accession, no single man has striven more strenuously for peace with Ireland than King George V. No monarch, in fact, since James II had ever come to the throne with more hopes placed in him by Irishmen of all creeds and, as I pointed out in an article in the *Daily News* shortly after his coronation, the absence of the Irish party from the ceremony was because John Redmond looked forward to the day when the whole of our generation in Ireland could give him free and unqualified allegiance.

War against Downing Street.

WITH the series of tragedies by which this enthusiastically loyal Ireland was turned into a sullen, suspicious, and separatist Ireland, I need not deal here; but when the continuation of the Redmond tradition fell to my cousin, Major Willie Redmond, and myself, I could not help going back to the days when, as schoolboys, Redmond used to tell us that "Ireland was fighting Downing Street, not Buckingham Palace."

When, therefore, after the War a meeting of ex-officers had been assembled to appeal to President Wilson and the Peace Conference for a Republic, it was at my suggestion, supported by Captain Gwynn, that an appeal was made instead to the King for a settlement which, endorsed by the Peace Conference, might place a loyal and united Ireland side by side with the other great Dominions in any future League of Nations. The military authorities, however, apparently thought fit to come between the King and the very men who had offered their lives for him; with the result that hundreds were throwing off their uniform to join the extremists.

Mrs. Muriel MacSweeny, whose husband, the famous Sein Feiner, died as the result of a hunger-strike. She is seen here on the occasion when she received the Freedom of New York City.

Appeal to The King.

THE next suitable moment, I thought, was when after months of terror the last Conference of all sections of Irishmen was striving in Dublin to save the National unity; but just as it opened in hope, the whole of Ireland's attention was suddenly rivetted upon Brixton Gaol, where Terence MacSweeny was on hunger-strike against the use of the word "murder" as applied to every form of active opposition the reversal of the Home Rule policy had evoked.

His death seemed to be a question of hours, and I knew a wave of anger would follow, making the work of the Conference futile; so I looked to the only figure who had the power to avert this tragedy—namely, the King, using the only personal argument that I could use, viz., the accident of birth which had made the Redmonds heirs of that tradition by which the invaders had become "more Irish than the Irish themselves" for eight hundred years, yet without ever wishing to break up the Empire. But I limited my request, for diplomatic purposes, to a month's "Truce," without prejudice.

The Human Touch.

WHAT was my surprise, therefore, to hear from Lord Stamfordham that he had been "commanded by His Majesty to express his appreciation of my assurances of hopefulness that, in spite of the very grave condition of affairs in Ireland,

the reconciliation of the two races might be accomplished." But what moved me most was the tender human touch with which this now historic document ended, namely, that the King "fully realising the services rendered, and the sacrifices made by the Redmond family in this cause, regarded my appeal with all the more consideration, and that it would receive the King's immediate attention."

A "Truce of God."

I RUSHED out into Fleet Street with the message, but for hours they refused to publish it, incredulous: and no wonder, for as it now turns out, it was as important a royal constitutional pronouncement as ever was accorded a private subject on a matter of state policy. In Ireland, however, it awoke profound gratitude, and a further appeal was sent direct from the Conference itself and found an echo in all classes of the population.

Unfortunately, the Prime Minister in Switzerland simultaneously received a defiant message from the dying man's family, practically charging the Government with "murdering their captive"; and to this Mr. Lloyd George, not unnaturally, sent an equally defiant refusal of any unconditional release.

Thus the family resented my interference, and refused me access to the dying man. Father Dominic falsely accused me of calling all Sinn Feiners murderers, while Terence MacSweeny's sister could only express the hope that her brother's death would smash up the British Empire just as his life, if spared, would be spent in fighting it—indeed, none of them seemed to think of the martyrdom of Ireland.

It was for this reason I had used the phrase a "Truce of God,"

But my greatest "victory," if I may say so, was the spontaneous offer which I received from Archbishop Mannix. When I showed him the royal message, with tears in his eyes the man they looked on as an Arch Rebel sat down and wrote me down a solemn pledge that if such a Truce could be arranged they could count upon him preaching it all over Ireland—but the authorities would not hear of it.

Still, it was not the antagonism of the dying man's family which was lowering the prestige of the Crown: it was the thought that after taunting Ireland for centuries with disloyalty, ministers should step in between a nation upon its knees in prayer and its King in a situation as dramatic, surely, as that day when the burghers of Calais appealed for their lives to the clemency of the English king with halters round their necks.

A Serious Situation.

LITTLE wonder that tramping fruitlessly from minister to minister with these two documents, I drafted yet another, and I remember, as I was doing so, how the last words of my old school companion, Rory O'Connor, who was afterwards shot by the Free State, came back to me: "Why do you still trust these Englishmen? They will only fool you, as they fooled Redmond."

The situation, too, was now growing worse in Ireland every minute and, as I knew it might mean the last chance of unity in our generation I wanted to force the issue before it was too late.

I saw Mr. Asquith, who promised me every help, but the answer which Mr. Bottomley received from Lord Stamfordham, emphasised by Lord Balfour, showed that the exercise of the Royal Prerogative against the advice of ministers might, and probably would, have provoked a resignation of the Cabinet—yet I could not help asking was a Cabinet worth a Kingdom?

A Tragedy of Misunderstanding.

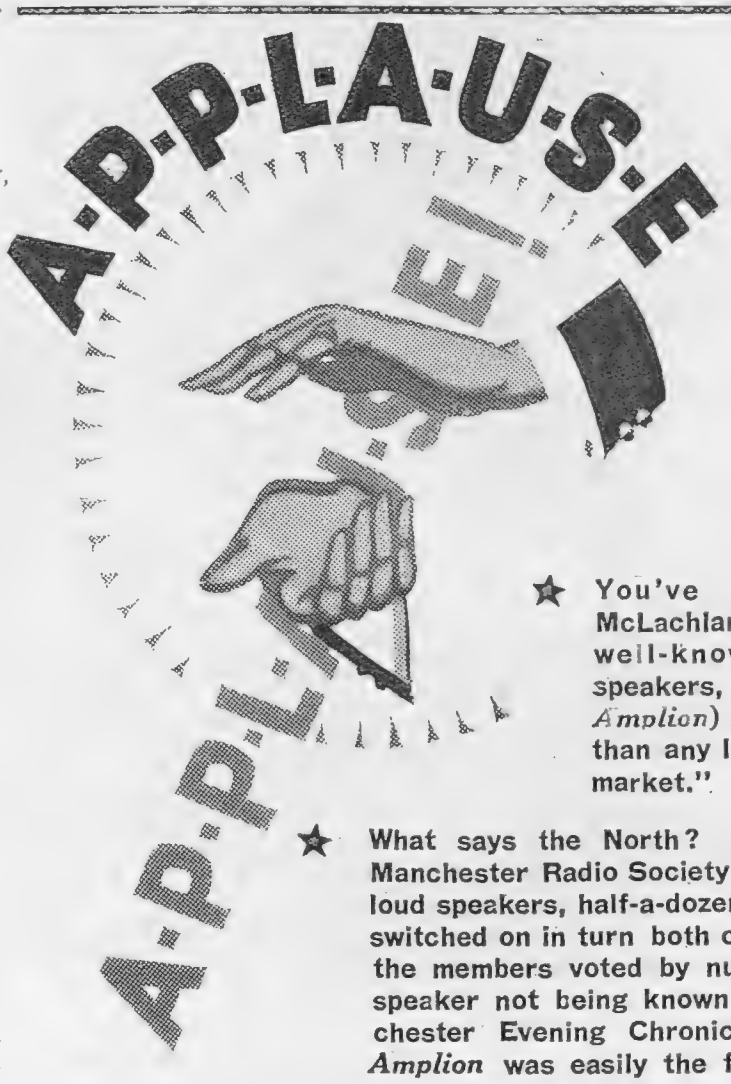
UNFORTUNATELY, there followed the terrible revenge taken upon the little band of officers who were shot in their beds, within the same week, and my heart sank, for it seemed to me to make actual war certain instead of peace.

The Government of Ireland Bill offering two Parliaments was the result—with the Truce to which the King had pledged himself only a matter of weeks—and early in the spring I received a request from the editor of the official Liberal magazine to write a special article preparing the way for peace in Ireland.

The formula I naturally chose was the old Redmond first principle of a "United Ireland within a United Empire"—because only through the Imperial link of the Crown can Ireland be one at home and share in her Imperial inheritance.

"Forgive and Forget."

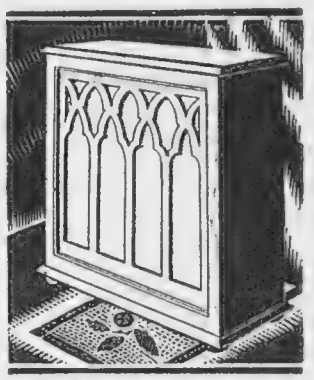
THIS, in fact, was the burden of the Royal speech when King George went over to Belfast to open the new Assembly—making for the land they love a new era of peace, contentment and goodwill,"—the namely, a call to all Irishmen "to stretch out the hand of forbearance and reconciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in wisest thought yet spoken of Ireland in our day even by our own patriots.



★ You've read that Dr. N. W. McLachlan, D.Sc., M.I.E.E., the well-known authority on loud speakers, claims that "it (the *New Amplion*) reproduces sound better than any loud speaker now on the market."

★ What says the North? On November 28th the Manchester Radio Society devoted their meeting to loud speakers, half-a-dozen being tried. They were switched on in turn both on speech and music, and the members voted by numbers, the make of the speaker not being known. To quote the "Manchester Evening Chronicle," . . . . . "The *New Amplion* was easily the first in the voting."

★ And now to hear the views of Mr. Ernest Newman, the famous music critic. Writing in the "Sunday Times," of December 2nd, he says: "My wireless set having been supplemented by one of the *New Amplion* loud speakers, I have done a good deal of intensive listening-in this week. Some of the results have been quite astounding; what I have heard has been nearer the real thing than anything that has come my way before."



* * *

The New Amplion Speaker may be obtained in handsome cabinets of Oak or Mahogany. Prices from £9 10s. to £42. Chassis only, £6 and £8. Amplion Standard and Junior Speakers, 35/- to £5.

AMPLION

Catalogues from GRAHAM AMPLION LTD., 25/26, Savile Row, London, W.1
Manchester: 10, Whitworth Street West. Glasgow: 6/8, West George St. Works: Slough.

The "Man About Town" and the new star; Miss Betty Hardy and Mr. Harold Anstruther in "Glamour," a play about love and ambition by Mr. Emlyn Williams.

HUMOUR *in the* THEATRE

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

TO write a really funny play is, I suppose, the most difficult task a dramatist can set himself. Making a good serious one is a hard enough job in all conscience. There are plenty of pitfalls in that, too—not least, the peril that some of the serious stuff may unexpectedly turn out funny. But at least there is bound to be something to bite on in serious drama, some substantial motive or thread which will hold the story together and give it backbone, as it were. If the central idea be sufficiently striking, the weight of its interest is always a pervading influence to cover and carry off minor weaknesses.

Not so when you set out to be deliberately humorous—in the sense of surface humour. In the nature of things there is no such supporting background. You have got to devise a menu of trivialities that will spread out over three acts—unless you elect to make mock of more vital things, in which case there is considerable danger of the meal acquiring a flavour of the *macabre*. On the former lines, more often than not, the most promising *cuisine* will tend to falter before the close of the evening, and its charms to pall as inevitably as a pretty woman with nothing to her but prettiness.

The World's Desire.

On the other hand, fortunately for the farce-writers, so great is the yearning of the world for laughter that infinitely more indulgence is extended by audiences to plays designed for the satisfaction of that desire, than to those of graver purpose. They are a-tiptoe for the convulsion, like persons who gaze hard at bright lights to stimulate a hoped-for sneeze (so popular a philacteric pastime in these cold-ridden winter days). Nor are they over-critical in analysing the process that has made them laugh, so long as the effect is obtained.

And great are the rewards of those who can achieve this feat. "The Farmer's Wife" and "A Little Bit of Fluff," ran for years and years—of what serious play can this be said? Is it any wonder that dramatists and managements alike defy all such snags as above named, in the blessed hope of a similar triumph—as well as, of course, benefaction to the laughter-loving human race.

A Farce of Three Wives.

"Out Goes She." By Lillian Trimble Bradley. (Criterion.)

One of the latest bids for the glittering prizes—to borrow Lord Birkenhead's famous phrase—is "Out Goes She," the new show at the Criterion, which is officially described as a comedy but more properly as farce. That nice little man (histrionically speaking) Mr. Ernest Truex is the hero, or rather central figure, for his part is anything but a heroic one. He is here the husband of three successive wives, the first two parted from him by the easy divorce of the United States, from which the play hails. The author, Lillian Trimble Bradley, is the wife of Mr. G. H. Broadhurst, an Americanised Englishman who wrote "What Happened to Jones," "Why Smith Left Home," and other successful farces of the past.

Wife No. 1 is Miss Nora Swinburne, who is possessively jealous of him and quarrels with him because he has a bachelor poker party in their "apartment" while she is away. With wife No. 2, a fluffy little American blonde full of innocently-guileful baby-talk, most engagingly played by Miss Miriam Seegar, he breaks because she has given him cause for jealousy. Venturing yet a third time, he encounters an exhaustingly passionate Frenchwoman (Miss Jeanne de Casalis) who oppresses him with talk of her art as a singer and her adored second husband—he is her third effort also—until they, too, separate after a violent scene.

Ingenuity that Fails.

She refuses, on principle, to divorce him, and he is left exulting in his comparatively safe freedom—since he cannot, at any rate, marry again—and triumphing over the defeat of a hitherto invulnerable bachelor friend, who has succumbed to the charms of fluffy wife No. 2, now unattached.

With his three wives: Mr. Ernest Truex and the trio whom he successively marries in "Out Goes She." Reading from the top—Miss Jeanne de Casalis, Miss Nora Swinburne, and Miss Miriam Seegar

This plot I have sketchily outlined is not without ingenuity, but its very ingenuity is in a way its undoing. One laughs heartily at the first act, for there are many amusing lines, to which the coolly self-possessed acting and quietly American intonation of Mr. Truex give an added value. In acts 2 and 3 the repetitions of the entrance of the new bride, her comments on the pictures in the room and so on, may add to the symmetry of the construction but also to the growing sense of artificiality and emptiness.

Furthermore, even in farce—perhaps especially in farce—one wants to meet across the footlights at least one character with red blood or a suitable substitute, say Burgundy, in his or her veins. Here there is none. The humour, promising at first, proves itself just cheaply cynical and, to our ears at least, slightly repulsive.

Philosphy from "Out Goes She."

Self-preservation is the first law of marriage.

Between husband and wife the truth is never simple, when it's been delayed in transmission.

Once the water is spilt in the sand, it is out of a job for ever.

An actress from Broadway: Miss Helen Ford, who appears in the new comedy "Patsy" at the Apollo.

Refreshing Crudities

"Glamour." By Emlyn Williams. (Embassy.)

Slick and neat and smartly acted as is this farce, one turns from it with a certain relief, strange to say, to the rather untidy crudities of "Glamour," a new play by a young Welshman, Mr. Emlyn Williams, who also takes one of the leading parts in it. Here is its simple and entirely incredible story.

Eve Lone, a musical comedy star, is "discovered" in her luxuriously-appointed flat in Leicester Square. Through the window we see flashing from the walls of the theatre opposite a brilliant electric sign with her name in enormous letters. She has quite an attractive "man about town"—I quote from the programme—to look after her, and is apparently doing splendidly in her profession, yet suffers from some never quite explained "divine discontent." There arrive suddenly two curious young cousins from Wales—it appears she herself was the daughter of a Welsh farmer, which is no shock to us regular theatre-goers, who are only too democratically glad to know how humble is oft the origin of our best musical comedy heroines.

From Wales.

These rough-stuff children of about eighteen each are oddly and uncouthly dressed and speak with pronounced Welsh accents, but are full of enthusiasm and confidence in their powers of conquering London. She will make a *grand succès* on the stage and he will be a great painter.

Then gradually the two young people, who had been so united in their affections and ambitions, drift apart. Quite unbelievably the star is so attracted by the awkward young Welshman, Jack, that she agrees to marry him; almost as improbably the man about town takes such a fancy to the ruddy-cheeked girl, Jill, that he is prepared to make her the star of the musical show in place of his former mistress.

Promise and Sincerity.

Then the eyes of Jack give way and he is condemned to two years' blindness; the selfish ex-star thereupon promptly gives him up. Unselfish Jill (whose name now occupies the electric sign) equally promptly counters by chucking her part, within five minutes of her first appearance as "lead," to devote her life to him; and the ex-star, without a moment's rehearsal, dashes off to resume her place not only as principal girl but, presumably, as mistress of the affections of the Man About Town.

There are numerous absurdities in this play. Yet it is a play of promise, and, beneath all its immature faults, of sincerity. The young author has ideas and ideals, and with more experience he should be able to give them successful dramatic expression. His acting, as that of Mr. Harold Anstruther, Miss Betty Hardy, and others, is excellent.

A Touch of Gal'antry.

"Journey's End." By R. C. Sherriff. (Stage Society.)

There is an incident in this play that to me was amazingly reminiscent of a short story by Lord Dunsany, which ranks among the most poignant and moving of its kind. It is an apparently simple little tale of a sergeant and a young private exchanging memories of their quiet village lives at home; only in the last few words do you learn that they are in an isolated section of the front-line trench, facing certain death. Just so did Lieutenant Osborne of the play, second in command of his battalion, and young Raleigh, the latest-joined subaltern, engage deliberately in talk of pigs and the rustic joys of the New Forest in their ten minutes' wait for a desperate raid on the German lines from which neither might return, and only one did.

Life in the Trenches.

That is the note of the play, which lives most exactly up to the old description, "a slice of life." It depicts just such a slice, within the compass of two or three days—as scene, a dug-out in our trenches before St. Quentin in March, 1918, just before the last great German push. Plot there is little or none, in the accepted sense of the term. Yet the play, which answers to none of the canons of a play, is vividly alive and instinct with a certain true grandeur and pathos.

Nothing could be, in a sense, more matter of fact. The nerve-frayed company commander, a brilliant soldier of 21, who just manages to keep sane on a bottle of whisky a day, the schoolmaster second in command, with his broad-minded judicial coolness, the subs and the soldier servant with his disingenuous explanations of why the tea tastes of onions, are none of them underlinedly heroic figures.

Psychology and War.

This play is indeed very largely a study in psychology, a locally coloured analysis of the reactions of a group of utterly different men to the stark and ugly tragedy of war.

"Journey's End" is a deeply interesting piece of work, finely written and finely acted the other day by Mr. George Zucco, Mr. Laurence Olivier, Mr. Maurice Evans Mr. David Horne and others. But it seems improbable that it will ever become a "West End Success." For one thing, there is not a single woman in the cast.

Behind the scenes in "Burlesque": Mr Nelson Keys reads the telegram offering him a big part at last. Standing on his right is Miss Claire Luce, the charming American actress who is his (stage) wife.

PLAYS TO SEE

SERIOUS—
"Jealousy," at the Fortune. So wonderfully acted by only two characters that they seem a crowd.

COMEDY—
"Burlesque," at the Queen's. "Bunch" Keys and a bunch of others in a bright play of American stage life.

MUSICAL—
"That's a Good Girl," at the Hippodrome. Jack Buchanan remains the premier of all jeunes premiers.

And his confession was that he had killed Gerald Selfe.

THE HANGING *of* ALFRED WADHAM

Illustrations by Howard Elcock

By E. F. BENSON

I HAD been telling Father Denys Hanbury about a *séance* which I had attended a few days before. The medium, in trance, had said a whole series of things which were unknown to anybody but myself and a friend of mine who had lately died and who, so she said, was present and was speaking to me through her. Naturally, from the strictly scientific point of view in which alone we ought to approach such phenomena, such information was not really evidence that the spirit of my friend was in touch with her, for it was already known to me, and might by some process of telepathy have been communicated to her from my brain and not through the agency of my friend. The medium spoke not in her own ordinary voice, but in a voice which certainly was very like his; but his voice was also known to me; it was in my memory even as were the things she had been saying. All this, therefore, as I was remarking to Father Denys, must be ruled out as positive evidence that communications had been coming from the other side of death.

"A telepathic explanation was possible," I said, "and we have to accept any known explanation which covers the facts, before we conclude that the dead have come back into touch with the material world."

The room was quite warm, but I saw that he shivered slightly, and hitching his chair a little nearer the fire, he spread out his hands to the blaze. Such hands they were; beautiful and expressive of him, and so like the praying hands of Albert Dürer; the blaze shone through them as through rose-red alabaster. He shook his head.

"It's a terribly dangerous thing to attempt to get into communication with the dead," he said. "If you seem to get into touch with them, you run the risk of establishing connection not with them, but with awful and perilous intelligences. Study telepathy by all means, for that is one of the marvels of the mind which we are meant to investigate like any other of the wonderful secrets of Nature. But I interrupt you; you said something else occurred. Tell me about it."

NOW I knew Father Denys's creed about such things, and deplored it. He holds, as his Church commands him, that intercourse with the spirits of the dead is impossible, and that when it appears to occur, as it undoubtedly does, the inquirer is really in touch with some species of dramatic demon, who is impersonating the spirit of the dead. Such a thing has always seemed to me as monstrous as it is without foundation, and there is nothing I can discover in the recognised sources of Christian doctrine which justifies such a view.

"Yes; now comes the queer part," I said. "For, still speaking in the voice of my friend, the medium told me something which instantly I believed to be untrue. It could not, therefore, have been drawn telepathically from me. After that the *séance* came to an end, and in order to convince myself that this could not have come from him, I looked up the diary of my friend which had been left me at his death, and which had just been sent me by his executors, and was still unpacked. There I found an entry which proved that what the medium had said was absolutely correct. A certain thing—I needn't go into it—had occurred precisely as she had stated, though I should have been willing to swear to the contrary. That cannot have come into her mind from mine, and there is no source that I can see from which she could have obtained it except from my friend. What do you say to that?"

He shook his head.

"I don't alter my position at all," he said. "That information, given it did not come from your mind, which certainly seems to be impossible, came from some discarnate agency. But it didn't come from the spirit of your friend; it came from some evil and awful intelligence."

"But isn't that pure assumption?" I asked. "It is surely much simpler to say

that the dead can, under certain conditions, communicate with us. Why drag in the devil?"

He glanced at the clock.

"It's not very late," he said. "Unless you want to go to bed, give me your attention for half an hour, and I will try to show you."

THE rest of my story is what Father Denys told me, and what happened immediately afterwards.

"Though you are not a Catholic," he said, "I think you would agree with me about an institution which plays a very large part in our ministry, namely, Confession, as regards the sacredness and the inviolability of it. A soul laden with sin comes to his Confessor knowing that he is speaking to one who has the power to pronounce or withhold forgiveness, but who will never for any conceivable reason repeat or hint at what has been told him. If there was the slightest chance of the penitent's confession being made known to anyone, unless he himself, for purposes of expiation or of righting some wrong, chooses to repeat it, no one would ever come to confession at all. The Church would lose the greatest hold it possesses over the souls of men, and the souls of men would lose that inestimable comfort of knowing (not hoping merely, but knowing) that their sins were forgiven them. Of course, the priest may withhold absolution, if he is not convinced that he is dealing with a true penitent, and before he gives it, he will insist that the penitent makes such reparation as is in his power, for the wrong he has done. But I think you would agree that in any case the priest cannot, whatever the result of his silence may be, repeat what has been told him. By doing so he might right or avert some hideous wrong; but it is impossible for him to do so. What he has heard, he has heard under the seal of confession, concerning the sacredness of which no argument is conceivable."

"It is possible to imagine awful consequences resulting from it," I said. "But I agree."

"Before now awful consequences have come of it," he said, "but they don't touch the principle. And now I am going to tell you of a certain confession that was once made to me."

"But how can you?" I said. "That's impossible, surely?"

"For a certain reason, which we shall come to later," he said, "you will see that secrecy is no longer incumbent on me. But the point of my story is not that: it is to warn you about attempting to establish communication with the dead. Signs and tokens, voices and apparitions appear to come through to us from them, but who sends them? You will see what I mean."

I settled myself down to listen.

"YOU will probably not remember" said Father Denys, "a murder committed a year ago, when a man called Gerald Selfe met his death. There was no enticing mystery about it, no romantic accessories, and it aroused no public interest. Selfe was a man of loose life, but he held a respectable position, and it would have been disastrous for him if his private irregularities had come to light. For some time before his death he had been receiving blackmailing letters regarding his relations with a married woman, and, very properly, he had put the matter into the hands of the police. They had been pursuing certain clues, and on the afternoon before Selfe's death one of the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department had written to him that everything pointed to his man-servant, who certainly knew of his intrigue, being the culprit. This was a young man named Alfred Wadham: he had only lately entered Selfe's service, and his past history was of the most unsavoury sort. They had devised a trap for him, of which details were given, and suggested that Selfe should employ it, which, within an hour or two he successfully did. This information and these instructions were conveyed in a letter which after Selfe's death was found in a drawer of his writing-table, of which the lock had been tampered with. Only Wadham and his master slept in the flat, and a woman came in every morning to cook breakfast and do the housework, and Selfe lunched and dined at his club, or in the restaurant on the ground-floor of this house of flats, and here he dined that night.

"When the woman came in next morning she found the outer door of the flat open, and Selfe lying dead on the floor of his sitting-room with his throat cut. Wadham had disappeared, but in the slop-pail of his bedroom was water which was stained with human blood. He was caught two days afterwards and at his trial elected to give evidence. His story was that he suspected he had fallen into a trap, and that while Mr. Selfe was at dinner searched his drawers and found the letter sent by the police, which proved that this was the case. He therefore decided to bolt, and he left the flat that evening before his master came back to it after dinner. Being in the witness-box, he was of course subjected to a searching cross-examination, and contradicted himself in several particulars. Then there was that incriminating evidence in his room, and the motive for the crime was clear enough. After a very long deliberation the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death. His appeal which followed was dismissed.

"WADHAM was a Catholic, and since it is my office to minister to Catholic prisoners at the gaol where he was lying under sentence of death, I had many talks with him, and entreated him for the sake of his immortal soul to confess his guilt. But though he was even eager to confess other misdeeds of his, some of which it was ugly work to speak of, he maintained his innocence on this charge of murder. Nothing shook him, and though as far as I could judge he was sincerely penitent for other misdeeds, he swore to me that the story he told in court was, in spite of the contradictions in which he had involved himself, essentially true, and that if he was hanged, he died unjustly. Up till the last afternoon of his life, when I sat with him for two hours, praying and pleading with him, he stuck to that. Why he should do that, unless indeed he was innocent, when he was eager to search his heart for the confession of other gross wickednesses, was curious; the more I pondered it, the more inexplicable I found it, and during that afternoon doubt as to his guilt began to grow in me. A terrible thought it was, for he had lived in sin and error, and to-morrow his life was to be broken like a snapped stick. I was to be at the prison again before six in the morning, and I still had to determine whether I should give him the Sacrament. If he went to his death guilty of murder, but refusing to confess, I had no right to give it him, but if he was innocent my withholding of it was as terrible as any miscarriage of justice. Then on my way out I had a word with one of the warders, which brought my doubt closer to me.

"What do you make of Wadham?" I asked.

He drew aside to let a man pass, who nodded at him: somehow I knew that he was the hangman.

"I don't like to think of it, sir," he said. "I know he was found guilty, and that his appeal failed. But if you ask me whether I believe him to be a murderer, why no, I don't."

"I SPENT the evening alone: about ten o'clock, as I was on the point of going to bed, I was told that a man called Horace Kennion was below, and wanted to see me. He was a Catholic and though I had been friends with him at one time, certain things had come to my knowledge which made it impossible for me to have anything more to do with him, and I had told him so. He was wicked. Oh, don't misunderstand me: we all do wicked things constantly: the life of us all is a tissue of sin, but he alone of all men I had ever met seemed to me to love wickedness for its own sake. I said I could not see him, but the message came back that his need was urgent, and up he came. He wanted, he told me, to make his confession, not to-morrow, but now, and his Confessor was away. I could not, as a priest, resist that appeal. And his confession was that he had killed Gerald Selfe.

"For a moment I thought this was some impious joke, but he swore he was speaking the truth, and still under the seal of confession gave me a detailed account. He had dined with Selfe that night, and had gone up afterwards to his flat for a game of picquet. Selfe told him with a grin that he was going to lay his servant by the heels to-morrow for blackmail. 'A smart spry young man to-day,' he said. 'Perhaps a bit off colour to-morrow at this time.' He rang the bell for him to put out the card-table: then saw it was ready, and he forgot that his summons remained unanswered. They played high points and both had drunk a good deal. Selfe lost partie after partie, and eventually accused Kennion of cheating. Words ran high, boiled over into blows, and Kennion in some rough and tumble of wrestling and hitting, picked up a knife from the table, and stabbed Selfe in the throat, through jugular vein and carotid artery. In a few minutes he had bled to death.

"Then Kennion remembered that unanswered bell, and went on tiptoe to Wadham's room. He found it empty; empty, too, were the other rooms in the flat. Had there been anyone there, his idea was to say he had come up at Selfe's invitation, and found him dead. But this was better yet; there was no more than a few spots of blood on him, and he washed them in Wadham's room, emptying the water into his slop-pail. Then leaving the door of the flat open, he went downstairs and out.

"HE told me this in quite a few sentences, even as I have told it you, and looked up at me with a smiling face.

"'So what's to be done next, Venerable Father?' he said gaily.

"'Ah, thank God, you've confessed!' I said. 'There is time yet to save an innocent man. You must give yourself up to the police at once.' But even as I spoke my heart misgave me.

"He rose, dusting the knees of his trousers.

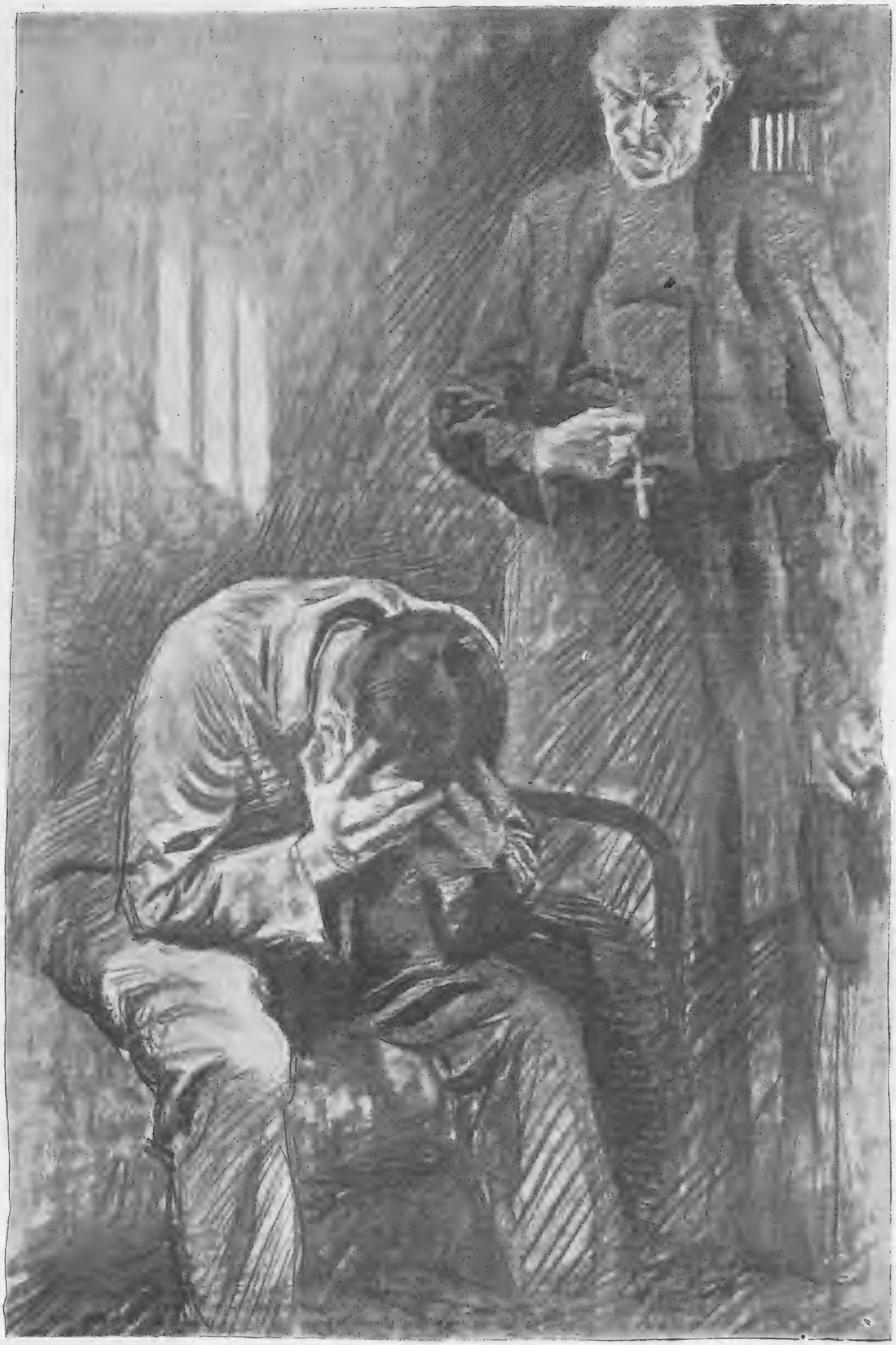
"'What a quaint notion,' he said. 'But there's nothing further from my thoughts.'

"I jumped up.

"'I shall go myself then,' I said.

"He laughed outright at that.

"'Oh, no, you won't,' he said. 'What about the seal of confession? Indeed, I rather fancy it's a deadly sin for a priest even to think of violating it. Really, I'm ashamed of you, my dear Denys. Naughty fellow!



I told Wadham I believed in his innocence.

But perhaps it was only a joke: you didn't mean it.'

"'I do mean it,' I said. 'You shall see if I mean it.' But even as I spoke, I knew I did not. 'Anything is allowable to save an innocent man from death.'

"He laughed again.

"'Pardon me: you know perfectly well that it isn't,' he said. 'There's one thing in our creed far worse than death, and that is the damnation of the soul. You've got no intention of damning yours. I took no risk at all when I confessed to you.'

"'But it will be murder, if you don't save this man,' I said.

"'Oh, certainly, but I've got murder on my conscience already,' he said. 'One gets used to it very quickly. And having got used to it, another murder doesn't seem to matter an atom. Poor young Wadham: to-morrow, isn't it? I'm not sure it won't be a sort of rough justice. Blackmail is a disgusting offence.'

"I WENT to the telephone, and took off the receiver.

"'Really, this is most interesting,' he said. 'Walton Street is the nearest police station. You don't need the number: just say Walton Street police. But you can't. You can't say "I have a man with me now, Horace Kennion, who has confessed to me that he murdered Selfe!" So why bluff? Besides, if you could do any such thing, I should merely say that I had done nothing of the kind. Your word, the word of a priest who has broken the most sacred vow, against mine. Childish!'

"'Kennion,' I said, 'for the love of God, or from the fear of hell, give yourself up! What does it matter whether you or I die a few years hence or now, if at the end we pass into the vast infinite with our sins confessed and forgiven. Day and night I will pray for you.'

"'Charming of you,' said he. 'But I've no doubt that now you will give Wadham full absolution. So what does it matter if he goes into—into the vast infinite at eight o'clock to-morrow morning?'

"'Why did you confess to me, then,' I asked, 'if you had no intention of saving him, and making atonement?'

"'Well, not long ago you were very nasty to me,' he said. 'You told me no decent man would consort with me. So it struck me, quite suddenly, only to-day, that it would be pleasant to see you in the most awful hole. I daresay I've got Sadic tastes, too, and they are being wonderfully indulged. You're in torment, you know: you would choose any physical agony rather than to be in such a torture-chamber of the soul. It's entrancing: I adore it. Thank you very much, Denys.'

"He got up.

"'I kept my taxi waiting,' he said. 'No doubt you'll be busy to-night. Can I give you a lift anywhere? Pentonville?'

"THERE are no words to describe certain darknesses and ecstasies that come to the soul, and I can only tell you that I can imagine no hell of remorse that could equal the hell that I was in. For in the bitterness of remorse we can see that our suffering is a needful and salutary experience: only through it can our sin be burned away. But here was a torture black and meaningless. . . . And then my brain stirred a little, and I began to wonder whether without breaking the seal of confession, I might not be able to effect something. I saw from my window that the light was burning in the clock-tower at Westminster: the House therefore was sitting, and it seemed possible that without violation, I might tell the Home Secretary that a confession had been made me, whereby I knew that Wadham was innocent. He would ask me for any details I could give him, and I could tell him. . . .

"And then I saw that I could tell him nothing: I could not say that the murderer had gone up with Selfe to his room, for through that information it might be found that Kennion had dined with him. But before I did anything, I must have guidance, and I went to the Cardinal's house by our Cathedral. He had gone to bed, for it was now after midnight, but in answer to the urgency of my request, he came down to see me. I told him without giving any clue, what had happened, and his verdict was, what in my heart I knew it would be. Certainly I might see the Home Secretary and tell him that such a confession had been made me, but no word or hint must escape me which could lead to identification. Personally, he did not see how the execution could be postponed on such information as I could give.

"'And whatever you suffer, my son,' he said, 'be sure that you are suffering not from having done wrong, but from having done right. Placed as you are, your temptation to save an innocent man comes from the devil, and whatever you may be called upon to endure for not yielding to it, is of that origin also.'

"I saw the Home Secretary in his room at the House within the hour. But unless I told him more (and he realised that I could not) he was powerless to move.

"'He was found guilty at his trial,'" he said, 'and his appeal was dismissed. Without further evidence I can do nothing.'

"He sat thinking a moment: then jumped up.

"'Good God, it's ghastly,' he said. 'I entirely believe, I needn't tell you, that you've heard this confession, but that doesn't prove it's true. Can't you see the man again? Can't you put the fear of God into him? If you can do anything at all, which gives me any justification for acting, up till the moment the drop falls, I will grant a reprieve at once. There's my telephone number: ring me up here or at my house at any hour.'

"I was back at the prison before six in the morning. I told Wadham that I believed in his innocence, and I gave him absolution for all else. He received the Holy and Blessed Sacrament with me, and went without flinching to his death."

FATHER DENYS paused.

"I have been a long time coming to that point in my story," he said, "which concerns that *séance* you spoke of, but it was necessary for your understanding of what I am going to tell you now, that you should know all this. I said that these messages and communications from the dead came not from them but from some evil and awful power impersonating them. You answered, I remembered, 'Why drag in the devil?' I will tell you."

"When it was over, when the drop on which he stood yawned open, and the rope creaked and jumped, I went home. It was a dark winter morning, still barely light, and in spite of the tragic scene I had just witnessed, I felt serene and peaceful. I did not think of Kennion at all, only of the boy—he was little more—who had suffered unjustly, and that seemed a pitiful mistake, but no more. It did not touch him, his essential living soul, it was as if he had suffered the sacred expiation of martyrdom. And I was humbly thankful that I had been enabled to act rightly; had Kennion now, through my agency, been in the hands of the police and Wadham alive, I should have been branded with the most terrible crime a priest can commit.

"I had been up all night, and after I had said my office, I lay down on my sofa to get a little sleep. And I dreamed that I was in the cell with Wadham and that he knew I had proof of his innocence. It was within a few minutes of the hour of his death, and I heard along the stone-flagged corridor outside the steps of those who were coming for him. He heard them, too, and stood up, pointing at me.

"'You're letting an innocent man die, when you could save him,' he said. 'You can't do it. Father Denys, Father Denys!' he shrieked, and the shriek broke off in a gulp and a gasp as the door opened.

"I woke, knowing that what had roused me was my own name, screamed out from somewhere close at hand, and I knew whose voice it was. But there, I was alone in my quiet empty room, with the dim day peering in. I had been asleep, I saw, for only a few minutes, but now all thought or power of sleep had fled, for somewhere by me, invisible but awfully present, was the spirit of the man whom I had allowed to perish. And he called me.

"BUT presently I convinced myself that this voice coming to me in sleep was no more than a dream, natural enough in the circumstances, and some days passed tranquilly enough. And then, one day, when I was walking down a sunny crowded street, I felt some definite and dreadful change in what I may call the psychic atmosphere which surrounds us all, and my soul grew black with fear and with evil imaginings. And there was Wadham coming towards me along the pavement, gay and debonair. He looked at me, and his face became a mask of hate. 'We shall meet often, I hope, Father Denys,' he said, as he passed.

"Another day I returned home in the twilight, and suddenly I heard the creak and strain of a rope, and his body, with head covered by the death-cap swung in the window against the sunset. And sometimes when I was at my books, the door opened quietly and closed again, and I knew he was there. The apparition or the sense of it did not come often or perhaps my resistance would have been quickened, for I knew it was devilish in origin. But it came when I was off my guard, at long intervals, so that I thought I had vanquished it, and then sometimes I felt my faith to reel. But always it was preceded by this sense of evil power bearing down on me, and I made haste to seek the shelter of the House of Defence, which it set very high. And then last Sunday, only——"

He broke off, covering his eyes with his hand, as if shutting out some appalling spectacle.

"I had been preaching," he resumed, "for one of our missions. The church was full, and I do not think there was another thought or desire in my soul, but to further the holy cause for which I was speaking. It was a morning service, and the sun poured in through the stained windows in a glow of coloured light. But in the middle of my sermon some bank of cloud drove up, and with it this horrible forewarning of the approach of a tempest of evil. So dark it got that, as I was drawing near the end of my sermon, the lights in the church were switched on, and it leaped into brightness. There was a lamp on the desk in the pulpit, where I had placed my notes, and now when it was kindled it shone full on the pew just below. And there with his head turned

upwards towards me, with his face purple, and eyes protruding and with the strangling noose round his neck, sat Wadham.

"My voice faltered and ceased, and I clutched at the pulpit-rail as he stared at me and I at him. A horror of the spirit, black as the eternal night of the lost closed round me, for I had let him go innocent to his death, and my punishment was just. . . . And then like a star shining out through some merciful rent in this soul-storm came again that ray of conviction that as a priest I could not have done otherwise, and with it the sure knowledge that this apparition could not be of God, but of the devil, to be resisted and defied even as we defy with contempt some sweet and insidious temptation. It could not therefore be the spirit of the man at which I gazed, but some diabolical counterfeit.

"And I looked back from him to my notes, and went on with my sermon, for that alone was my business. That pause had seemed to me eternal: it had the quality of timelessness, but I learned afterwards that it had been barely perceptible. And from my own heart I learned that it was no punishment that I was undergoing, but the strengthening of a faith that had faltered.—"

SUDDENLY he broke off. There came into his eyes as he fixed them on the door a look, not of fear at all but of savage relentless antagonism.

"It's coming," he said to me, "and now if you hear or see anything, despise it, for it is evil."

THE door swung open and closed again, and though nothing visible entered, I knew that there was now in the room a living intelligence other than Father Denys's and mine, and it affected my being, myself, just as some horrible odour of putrefaction affects one physically: my soul sickened in it. Then, still seeing nothing, I perceived that the room, warm and comfortable just now, with a fire of coal prospering in the grate was growing cold, and that some strange eclipse was veiling the light. Close to me on the table stood an electric lamp; the shade of it fluttered in the icy draught that stirred in the air, and the illuminant wire was no longer incandescent, but red and dull like the embers in the grate.

I scrutinised the dimness, but as yet no material form manifested itself. Father Denys was sitting very upright in his chair, his eyes fixed and focussed on something invisible to me. His lips were moving and muttering, his hands grasped the crucifix he was wearing. And then I saw what I knew he was seeing: a face was outlining itself on the air in front of him, a face swollen and purple, with tongue lolling from the mouth, and as it hung there it oscillated to and fro. Clearer and clearer it grew, suspended there by the rope that now became visible to me, and though the apparition was of a man hanged by the neck, it was not dead but active and alive, and the spirit that awfully animated it was no human one, but something diabolical.

Suddenly Father Denys rose to his feet, and his face was within an inch or two of that suspended horror. He raised his hands which held the secret emblem.

"Begone to your torment," he cried, "until the days of it are over, and the mercy of God grants you eternal death."

THERE rose a wailing in the air: some blast shook the room so that the corners of it quaked, and then the light and the warmth were restored to it, and there was no-one there but our two selves. Father Denys's face was haggard and dripping with the struggle he had been through, but there shone on it such radiance as I have never seen on human countenance.

"It's over," he said. "I saw it shrivel and wither before the power of His presence. . . . . And your eyes tell me you saw it too, and you know now that what wore the semblance of humanity was pure evil."

We talked a little longer, and he rose to go.

"Ah, I forgot," he said. "You wanted to know how I could reveal to you what was told me in confession. Horace Kennion died this morning by his own hand. He left with his lawyers a packet to be opened on his death, with instructions that it should be published in the daily Press. I saw it in an evening paper, and it was a detailed account of how he killed Gerald Selfe. He wished it to have all possible publicity."

"But why?" I asked.

Father Denys paused.

"He gloried in his wickedness, I think," he said. "He loved it, as I told you, for its own sake, and he wanted everyone to know of it, as soon as he was safely away."

A face was outlining itself in front of him.

The butchers buy the beasts and the public buys the beef.

A Royal Highland steer. One of the King's exhibits at the Smithfield Club Show.

THE ROAST BEEF of old ARGENTINE

By E. T. Brown

WHAT is the matter with the roast beef of old England? Was it less good than the old folk said it was, or has a change come over our modern tastes? Where are we going? Is it beef that we want or something that is not beef? These are among the questions that are being asked in many circles at this time of the year, when the memory of the fat stock shows are fresh in the mind and when our shops are filled with Christmas fare.

Cattle feeders, of course, like to win prizes at these shows, and yet the specimens that often gain the awards are neither the beasts that put money into the pockets of the feeders nor produce the meat the public wants. Agriculture in this country is always a thing apart. The public expects the feeder to know exactly what he wants; the feeder expects the public to know exactly what it wants. Neither knows, and neither tells the other because neither knows. The one knows not what to ask for, and the other knows not what to give.

But the one—the public—knows what it likes and buys it. Therefore, the producer should know what to offer. There is, perhaps, some excuse for both sides, for, generally speaking, the buyer of meat does not really know what he is buying every time, and the British feeder finds it rather difficult to keep pace with the gradual changes in public taste.

Baby Beef's The Thing.

The change in public taste during recent years has been most decidedly in favour of tender beef, better known as baby beef. But this change has not been brought about, or even very much encouraged, by the producers of England's beef. Rather has it been encouraged by the roast beef of Argentina.

We in England are now gradually coming round to the point of view that we like beef young and tender, and that we like to be able to get the joints we desire. It must be admitted, however, that while this is so, one often finds it necessary to go to the "foreign" meat shop in order not to be disappointed. The public buys foreign meat because it likes foreign meat, and not because it prefers to buy from the foreigner.

What England Forgets.

Many of our farmers apparently forget that British agriculture is an industry subsidiary to the welfare of the nation as a whole, and in the matter of meat production it ought to be possible to produce just what is required. Farmers have many complaints, both against the Government and against industrialists in general, but that is no reason why they should fail to give—or rather sell—the public what it wants. When it can be proved to the general population that the farmers' interests are bound up with those of the rest of the community, then it will be possible for the British farmer to reap a far greater reward as a result of his unassailable position at the base of our general welfare.

What the Argentine Remembers.

As it is, the foreign purveyors not only outstrip the English producer, but the butcher as well. Years ago the Argentine and other countries preparing for the English market commenced to breed the stuff that was most in demand. They bought our best breeding animals for the purpose—and now they are beating us.

We are, however, at last learning our lesson, and are coming slowly to realise that the old methods will not do. We are tackling the matter, but only in a half-hearted fashion. We talk about baby beef and yet we do not produce it. We go on sending stuff to market expecting it to represent the roast beef of old England, while, at the same time, we are told that nobody wants it. Yet the butchers buy the beasts and the public buys the beef, paying dearly for it, and everybody is a little nearer to the bankruptcy court.

What the Pessimists Say.

We are told by some that it does not pay to produce the usual three-year-old beef, the cost of production and the reduced price which it makes rendering the whole business unprofitable. We are also told that although calves at twelve to fifteen months old can be made to turn the scale at ten hundredweight the business does not pay, because milk is required to do the trick. So that betwixt it all there is some difficulty in deciding what the roast beef, of which we boast so much, really is unless it comes from the Argentine.

It is not the big beasts we see at some of the cattle shows that are going to help the British farmer in days to come. Whether milk is required for the purpose or not, baby beef is the thing of the future. It would be much more important, even now, if the public understood more about the practice of meat buying. I have pointed out how the Argentine has set the example in the matter of small joints of tender quality, and how this is being met, though not very profitably, by the production of baby beef at home. But the greater part of English beef production, which consists very largely of three or four-year-old animals, still remains to be accounted for, and it is here that we lay our hands on the most unsatisfactory part of the whole business.

John Citizen a Bad Judge.

There are still many people who do not know what good beef is. That is why English produce can be bought in the livestock markets of the country at knock-out prices and retailed by butchers at a figure approximating those charged for beef from animals under two years old.

John Citizen is not sufficiently discerning in the quality of the meat he buys, or one would wonder what destiny awaited the big scrub-bred cattle to be met with in the majority of our livestock markets every day of the week.

Once John Citizen learns how to distinguish between good and bad beef, the day of these large beasts is over.

On the bleak moorland the Highland cattle thrive.

Poultry From Abroad, Too.

To some extent the same is true of turkeys and geese. During the last few years the craze for huge birds has died down, and to-day it is the smaller birds that are mostly in demand. The turkey weighing 30 to 35 lbs., and even more, and the goose almost as heavy, are happily things of the past. The housewife to-day demands a bird weighing at the most 16 lbs., while that round about the 12 or 14 lbs. mark is more popular still. This has meant a great improvement in quality. Immense birds are nearly always coarse and lack flavour.

While we produce a goodly proportion of the turkeys we require in this country, we still import vast quantities from abroad. And the foreign turkey raiser has learnt the same lesson as our Argentine rivals. He has realised that it is the smaller birds of outstanding quality that meet with the readiest demand. If only our farmers would seriously take up the question of turkey raising, instead of playing at it as so many of them are at present, they would be able to beat the foreigner every time. We can produce the finest birds in all the world.

Before the ploughman homeward plods. A scene in East Lothian at sunset.

A Composer's Spoilt Christmas

By A. Kalisch

MY friend, the promising young composer, Purcell Boyce of the Diplomatic Service, spent an exciting and unusual Christmas, the result of which was to leave him in anything but a frame of mind befitting the season of universal goodwill, and it must be admitted that he had good cause for feeling at least disgruntled.

His First Symphony, the result of months of hard toil, had been played at a concert in London on a day when he was abroad for his country's good, and one of his friends sent him as a Christmas present a complete set of press cuttings relating to the great event, and with it a letter saying:

"I am afraid, old man, you will be disappointed with all this; but the fact is it was an unfortunate day for there was very little room for anything about music in any of the papers. I hear that one of the critics was almost threatened with physical violence by his chief sub-editor, if he dared to write more than ten lines. Not only had there been on the day before an inter-Dominion Dart Contest in Kenya, but an eminent film star had been to lunch with a distinguished literary man, both of which made great demands on the available space. Naturally the Dart Contest came first because the proprietors had spent thousands in cables.

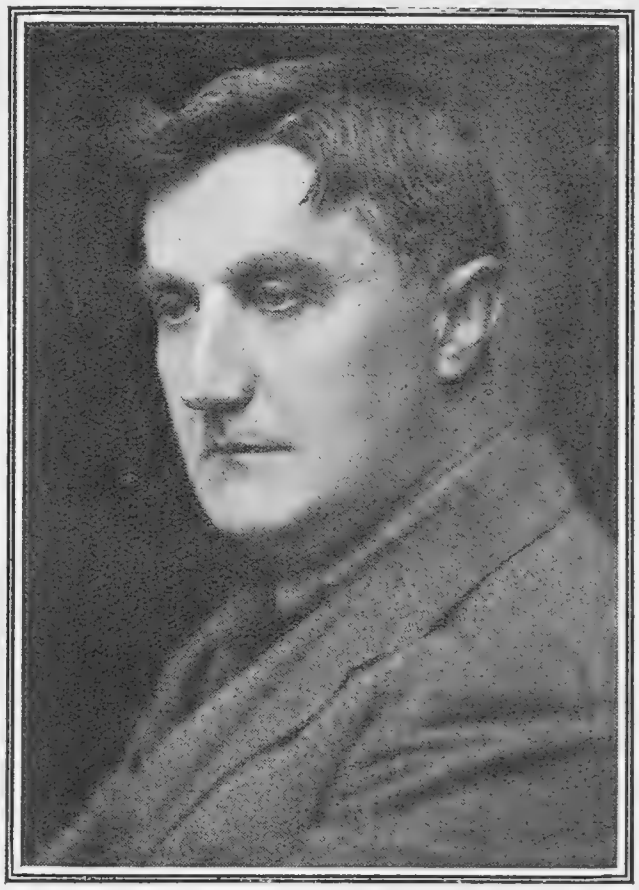
The film star demanded more still; she insisted on letting the public know how she felt before going to lunch, what she thought it advisable to put on; and after the lunch she was bursting to tell the world what her impressions were of the great literary man; and pushing young writers on the press devoted columns to telling us how the great man refused to be drawn as to his impressions of the lady."

This rather took young Boyce's appetite away, but during breakfast he worked through the pile of papers.

The Critic's Ideal Evening.

In the first paper that he took up his eye rested at once on a paragraph headed "Rhythms," but on looking more closely he found that it was merely an article by "Titian" on the paintings of Nevinson and the brothers Nash. His spirits rose when he saw an article in a weekly paper headed "A New Symphony," and he read as follows:

"Mr. Boyce has set his confréres a good example. He took the precaution to having the full score of his Symphony sent to me before the production. Having read it, I felt it would be superfluous to go to the concert to hear the work for, as I have often said, one can know more about new music by reading the score before the fire with one's feet on the mantelpiece and a cigar between one's lips, than by sitting in an uncomfortable seat in Queen's Hall, where the personalities of the conductor and the players, which may be extremely antagonistic, come between one and the music.



VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS was born fifty-six years ago. He was educated at Charterhouse, Cambridge, and at the Royal College of Music, of which he is now a distinguished ornament.

He is to produce a new opera called "The Fat Knight," that is to say Falstaff, at the Royal College of Music early in the New Year, having already won his operatic spurs with "Hugh the Drover." Since he produced his London Symphony in 1914, he has been recognised as one of the leading influences in English music, though his talent had been acknowledged before.

Mr. Boyce is no doubt a bright young thing, and his Symphony is not without good points, but I failed to discover in it any idea which can honestly be called seminal.

I wish we knew more about the personality of young Boyce. My readers will know by this time how much has been done in the way of research to show what worthless people most composers have been. One of the greatest merits of the twentieth century is that it has done away with the fables of the nineteenth century biographers who insisted on putting halos on the heads of all great musicians, but we know better.

To judge by this Symphony I should imagine that Mr. Boyce was quite an average young man, not a plaster saint, who has worked well and played the sedulous ape to the academic models of the end of last century. Some day perhaps I shall be able to hear this Symphony and confirm my opinion that it is a quite creditable work."

This was cold comfort to poor Boyce, who began to wonder how much or how little the writer knew about the peccadilloes, which were small, of his youth.

True Functions of Melody.

The next article perturbed him still more wonderment and perturbation. He read:

"Mr. Boyce, whose new Symphony was produced during the week deserves encouragement, but I think he should be warned against the grave error of mistaking the proper proportion between the true functions of melody, the essential nature of harmony and the value of rhythm. This can be best represented by figures. There should be 33⅓ of each, and a+b+c should equal 100. It will be found that all great music conforms more or less to this plan."

Egocentric Music.

There next came from another monthly something still more cryptic and oracular: "More egocentric music!—Music which is to be worth anything—should tend to the cosmic," and so on for half a page . . . . "... we have had enough of Romance, of professorial babblings about Form, which no musician of to-day heeds at all, and sweetness. What music wants nowadays is an acid tang. There is little hope for young men who are bound hand and foot by clichés. . .

"And how, sighed Boyce, "can clichés bind anything?" "He is still hide bound, but I will not say that he may not one day be emergent on larger horizons."

The last was more illuminating still: it was from the Society columns of an evening paper.

"The production of Mr. Boyce's Symphony was quite an event of the Little Season. Many distinguished hostesses had dinner parties who afterwards 'came on.' Lady 'Baba' Montmorency brought a large party to the Queen's Hall, and so did Lady 'Topsy' Vipont, and Mrs. 'Jimmie' Sealyham, the allure of whose new mink coat was universally admired.

Young 'Rottie' Blackpool, the Lancashire cotton magnate who had shared many Cambridge escapades with the composer, and before he relapsed into Diplomacy had been 'sent down' with him for bashing in a policeman's helmet on Guy Fawkes night, created a sensation by walking into the Hall in plus-fours. He had been held up by a motor mishap and would not miss the first performance of his friend's new work. After the concert they all crowded into the artists' room to congratulate the composer on his success. They all went on to Biffi's to supper."

"Now," said Boyce, "I really do know what musical London really thought, and what a deuce of a lot these lady journalists *do* know. I was two thousand miles away." And then he finished his breakfast, wondering more than ever at the wisdom of the oracles.

OMAR up to DATE

A Rollicking Rubaiyat translated from the English by Ruddick Millar.

I

Awake ! for Tommy, that Young Hopeful bright,
Has flung a Boot which puts the Stars in Sight ;
And Little Mary, aged three and a half,
Is pulling Papa's Hair with all her might.

II

Dreaming when Tom's Right Hand was raised on High,
I heard a Voice within the Kitchen cry
"Awake, you Lazy Lout, and hurry up ;
The Nine Fifteen will soon be passing by !"

III

And, as the Clock struck, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door !
You know that we are Bank Clerks, due at ten,
And may not get a Blessed Drink till four !"

IV

Now, the New Year reviving old Desires,
The Simple Soul a Diary acquires ;
For a few weeks he faithfully records,
And then his Zeal—and Diary too—expires.

V

My Watch indeed has gone to Uncle Joe's ;
My Salary to Heaven Only Knows ;
But still the Bank some Filthy Lucre yields,
Though even It has threatened to Foreclose.

VI

Come, fill the Cheques, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment and Precaution fling ;
The Bird of Time has but a little day
To buy—and Lo ! the Sales are in full swing.

VII

And look—a thousand Flappers with the Day
Broke—and Assistants battered into Clay ;
And this first ambulance of many rows
Shall take poor Jones and Robinson away.

VIII

But come with old Guy Yam and leave the Lot
Of Remnants, Double Widths and such forgot ;
Let Maggie lay about her as she will,
Or Wild Wives cry "Attendance !"—heed them not.

IX

Here with a good Cigar within "The Bough,"
A Mug of Ale, a Book of Form, and Thou ;
While Wifie thinks I'm busy at the Board ;
And we will not go home till morn I vow.

X

The Worldly Hope men put their Shirts upon
Is scratched—or else it runneth, and anon
Comes in thirteenth—or, if it gets a Place,
They look around to find the Bookie gone.

XI

Alas ! the old Firms vanish with the Doughs !
The Book's sweet-scented manuscript doth close !
The Rotund Gent that on the Courses sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows ?

XII

How sweet is Golden Sovereignty think some,
Others how blest the Legacy to come ;
Ah, take the Cash in Hand and leave the rest,
But do a Get before the Peelers come.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

OMAR up to DATE *(continued)*

XIII

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Moving Picture Show,
Played on a Cloth known as the Silver Sheet,
On which the Handsome Figures come and go.

XIV

And if the Stocks, Shares, in which you invest,
End in the Nothing all Things end in—yes—
Then fancy while thou art, thou art but what?
A Mog, a Mutt, a Boob, and nothing less.

XV

While the Rose blows along the river brink,
With old Guy Yam the Ruby Vintage drink;
And when the Waiter with a heavy Bill
Draws up to thee—take that, and do not shrink.

XVI

'Tis all a Chequer Board of Nights and Days,
Where Womankind with Men for Pieces plays;
Hither and Thither moves and mates and flays,
And one by one back in Bankruptcy lays.

XVII

The Ball no Question makes of Aye and No,
But right and left the Players strike it so;
And he that tossed thee down into the Field
Knows that the Referee's afraid to Blow.

XVIII

The Moving Fingers bite—and having bit
Move on; nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure that Lobster back into the Pot,
Or all thy tears make Salad out of it.

XIX

Listen again. One evening at the Close
Of Business, ere I had my Daily Doze,
I took a Stall's Seat at a First-night Show,
With the Play Population round in rows.

XX

And, strange to tell, among the Acting Lot
Some could articulate, while others not;
And suddenly a wrathful Stallite cried
"Who is the Plotter, pray, and what the Plot?"

XXI

Then said another, "Surely not in vain
My carcase from the Clubroom Fire was ta'en,
That he who subtly took my five and nine
Should dish me up the same old Stuff again!"

XXII

None answered this—but after Silence spake
A Pitite of a more ungainly make,
"They cannot call this Blinking Stuff a Play!
What! Did the hand then of the Author shake?"

XXIII

So while the Actors one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Bar that all were seeking,
And then they jogged each other, "Brother, Brother!
Hark to the Beer and Whiskey Corks a-squeaking."

XXIV

Ah, Shaw, could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this Bally Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then—
Throw the Darn Lot upon a roaring fire.

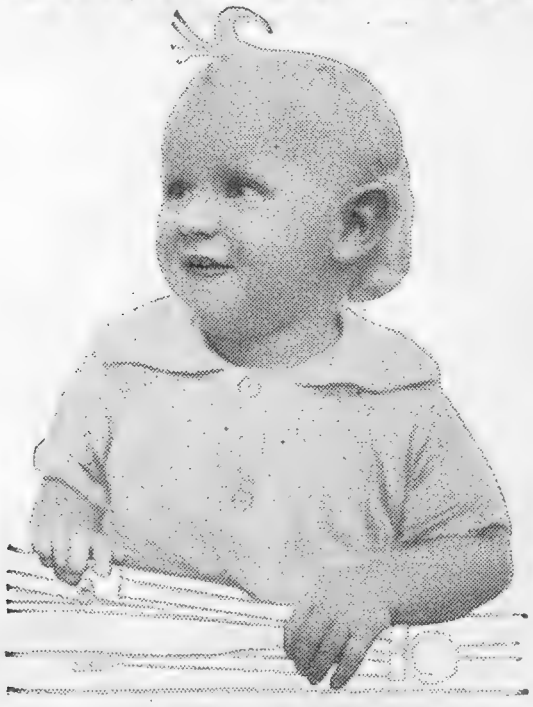
XXV

And when Thyself with Niblick bright shall pass
Among Plus Fours far scattered on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I had one—turn up an empty glass.

TAMAM SHUD.

VERY LOYAL CADDIE: *"He ain't exactly a champion golfer—but 'e can make a club whistle."*

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



Will you help this Baby and his 8,000 brothers and sisters.

8,000
CHILDREN BEING SUPPORTED.

10/-
will feed one child for ten days at the Christmas Season.

Please be a Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

THIS is the way

To get your hair neat and tidy—and to keep it so, use ANZORA every morning. It masters the hair, and whatever your exertions it remains sleek and smart.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

ANZORA masters the Hair!

Refuse all Substitutes

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

When it's Parquet Floors—

Vigers' Oak Parquet is an ideal flooring, adding considerably to the comfort and value of any house. Moderate in cost, it is beautifully finished, most hygienic, and unequalled as a dancing floor.

Our price for floors laid complete, polished and waxed by experts, ranges from 12/9 per square yard in the London district. We lay anywhere in the United Kingdom.

VIGERS, SONS & CO., LTD.
59, POLAND STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
(Where specimens can be seen.) *Telephone: REGENT 7561*

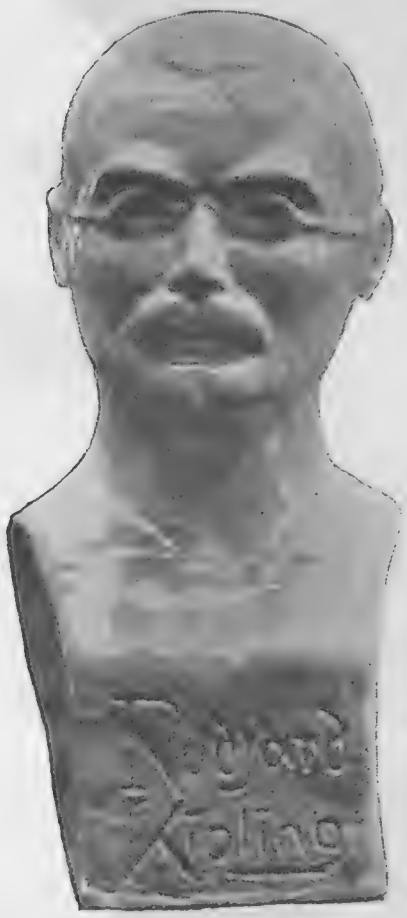
SEND
BRITANNIA
TO YOUR FRIENDS OVERSEAS.

RUDYARD KIPLING: HIS SCHOOL and YOUTH

By G. C. Beresford

(*The original M' Tutk in Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky and Co.*)

How much Rudyard Kipling owed to his friendship with his Headmaster is made clear in this concluding instalment of Mr. Beresford's article. He was allowed exclusive use of the Headmaster's library in which he read with "four fingers inserted in the leaves of a book ready to turn over a leaf every three seconds."



Rudyard Kipling as a sculptor saw him.

OF the multitude of boys depicted or mentioned in *Stalky & Co.* all but half-a-dozen are a misty crowd, and seem to have no originals in real life. The trio, or the three boys in a study, had an actual existence, but they were in fact but a pale reflection of what they have become in the printed page. Art and nature have changed places, and the beings of fancy are more real than the actualities. The elaborate series of escapades and practical jokes so lavishly drawn, modelled and painted in *Stalky & Co.* is, I am afraid, not biography. Much as I should like to endorse this radiant succession of achievements, I frankly cannot claim that the adventures took place substantially as described and according to catalogue.

These carefully designed plots and counter-plots are believed, in some cases, to have taken place somewhere and at some time, but not at Westward Ho! and not in Kipling's time. They are the special glories of diverse schools and colleges, culled with care, and brought together with craftsmanlike skill to make a coruscating whole. The trio are too good to be true; such masterful youths would require little further education in this world.

Kipling Tradition.

ONE biographer of Kipling astounds us by saying "the boys were true to life," and further horrifies us by boldly declaring that "there was played a still more amazing series of practical jokes too wicked for type"—which brings us at a bound into a region of epic grandeur; one breathes the atmosphere of the Morte d'Arthur and hears the songs of Roland and Oliver.

As a matter of fact, the real youths were too highbrow for practical jokes with dead cats and catapults. The pranks existed more as an attitude of mind than as deeds done in a material world. No. 5 study was ever "agin' the Government." It was something like Chelsea: it poured contempt on any ideals that had not its hall-mark, and refused to enlist under any banner but its own.

If, then, we may not believe in the resounding deeds of *Stalky & Co.* as an educative force in Kipling's life, what influence had the college as a whole upon him? It was an institution set up to mollify and humanise the fiery, untamed Anglo-Indian youth. The college was not in business as a complete outfitter and supplier of patriotic aspirations, nor as the provider of an expansionist rig-out, guaranteed to remain bright red, though severely gassed by "Little England" rhetoric. Certainly the machine could also be reversed and mildly imperialised, an "Art and Literature" epicurean. Kipling's traditions, being artistic and literary, the school function with regard to him was to wean the infant by a kindly transition. It took him from a London atmosphere with leanings to the æsthetic, and planted him in more bracing surroundings. The diversion from high art to the imperial ideal was not too sudden: under too rapid a change his genius might have taken alarm and fled.

India it was that mixed the brew to full potency! It was in the shining East that Kipling's stirring gospel developed to its fullest extent; for in India he saw the business of life, the opportunity for sacrifice, and the call of duty on a great scale and staged with magnificence. It was this which impressed him, and gave wings to his genius.

An Exclusive Privilege.

ANOTHER influence in the general building up of the authentic Kipling during his schooldays was the great advantage he enjoyed in his friendship with the Head. To this friend ship was due the throwing open of the Head's private and extensive library for Kipling's exclusive use. He was the only boy so privileged, perhaps in the whole history of the school. The favour was especially useful during his editorship of the college *Chronicle*. This is described with beauty and skill in the beginning of the story.

"The Last Term":—

> "He gave Beetle the run of his brown bound, tobacco-scented library; prohibiting nothing, recommending nothing. There Beetle found a fat armchair, a silver inkstand, and unlimited pens and paper. There were scores and scores of ancient dramatists. . . . Then the Head, drifting in under the pretence of playing censor to the paper, would read here a verse and here another of these poets; opening up avenues. And, slow breathing, with half-shut eyes above his cigar, would he speak of great men living and journals, long dead, founded in their riotous youth";

—referring here to Morris, Burne-Jones and himself at Exeter College, Oxford, and the alliance afterwards with Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—

> "—of years when all the planets were little new-lit stars trying to find their places in the uncaring void, and he, the Head, knew them as young men know one another. So the regular work went to the dogs, Beetle being full of other matters and metres. . . ."

A Quick Reader.

THIS is authentic autobiography, and is one of the few things that may be safely lifted from *Stalky & Co.* To the Head's library was added the Padré's, and he was

A GROUP OF KIPLING'S MASTERS AT WESTWARD HO!

Standing: Willes (Chaplain), Pugh*, Green. On ground: Evans*, Bode. Seated: Stevens, Carr, Price* (Head), Osborne, Col. Russel (Sec.), Crofts*. (*Mentioned in Stalky & Co.)*

(*Reproduced by permission of Jonathan Cape, publisher of Stalky's Reminiscences.*)

invited to sit there reading and reading, and perhaps discoursing with the Padré till all hours, even to take away books from it to the study.

Kipling was one on whom such privileges were by no means wasted. He was such an omnivorous reader that two libraries were by no means too large a feast. He read at an enormous speed, holding the book close to his eyes, with his four fingers inserted into the leaves, ready to turn over a leaf every three seconds. His eyes skimmed down the pages as if the printing were down the page and not across: five or six lines were read at a time, and yet the meaning of the text was perfectly absorbed, as we frequently proved by snatching the book from his own hands and questioning him as to the precise contents of the last six pages.

"The Jampot."

KIPLING'S editorship of the *United Services College Chronicle* was of considerable educative influence. It placed upon him the necessity of producing a reality, and seeing himself occasionally in print, more especially as he wrote everything except the routine portion and the games reports. Most of the work was, of course, in prose: but with Kipling verse would have its part.

A lesser work suited to the occasion was *The Jampot*, a gem modelled on Browning. It described two boys struggling for comestibles. I give one fine stanza:—

"But neither of us shared
The dainty—that's your plea:
Well, neither of us cared,
I answer. Let me see,
How have your trousers fared?"

With regard to Kipling's debut as a great short story writer, it is a strange fact that he was not a great teller of stories at school. Where boys sleep in dormitories it is, or was, generally

Group taken at Westward Ho! by Mr. Crofts (King) with Kipling in the centre (1882)

(Reproduced by permission of Jonathan Cape, publisher of Stalky's Reminiscences.)

the custom to tell stories to each other until they are sleepy enough to dose off. One would think that Kipling would shine here when a boy, and that he would be a standing dish, a never-failing resource for those who were not inclined to sleep; but truth, which is a strange thing, compels me to say that the construction of thrilling plots and the power of telling breathless tales of his own invention were not part of his mental equipment at that time.

Doggerel Verse.

WHAT, then, was it that constituted his literary ability—that was so conspicuous? It was his command over versification and rhyme and metrical expression generally, also his knowledge of literature, comprehensive for his age, due to his voluminous and rapid reading. One instance of his command over verse was his writing of the school epic called *Vive la Compagnie*. It was the custom at the breaking up of the Christmas holidays to inflict amateur theatricals and music on friends and neighbours. I don't know how they survived, the whole entertainment lasting on one occasion, as the Head said, "three mortal hours and yet a half."

At the conclusion of this massacre of the elderly by the innocents the head boy of the school recited or chanted twenty couplets of doggerel verse, detailing the notable school events of the past twelve months.

At the Christmas break-up of 1880 Kipling wrote half the couplets. At the same date in 1881 the whole twenty couplets were the outpouring of his muses alone, the entire school concoction being cast aside as comparatively worthless, to the chagrin of a whole nest of singing birds—leaving them, alas! in the condition of mute, inglorious Miltons. But Time, who devours his children, has not left us even a line of Kipling's epic.

THE basis of each and every Mullard Valve is the same—the wonderful Mullard P.M. Filament. They are easy to buy. Every radio dealer sells them.

Mullard
THE·MASTER·VALVE

ADVT. THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO., LTD., MULLARD HOUSE, DENMARK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

Arts

"Dinner by invitation," music by Marconiphone.

TRICKS *and* QUIPS WITH YOUR SET

By ROBERT W. BEARE

BESIDES the excellent fare which will be provided by the broadcasting authorities during the Christmas holidays, there are many interesting tricks which may be played for the amusement or mystification of the children—young and old—with any ordinary wireless set. The simplest of all, of course, is the employment of a gramophone and an electrical pick-up to supplement the official programmes; and, as one's hours at the festive season are apt to be a little erratic, dance and other music is liable to be desired at times when it would be unreasonable to expect the broadcasting stations to be still at work. This is scarcely a trick, of course; though with such records available as the Clapham and Dwyer (Columbia) imitation of a broadcast turn, it would be quite easy to persuade the listeners that real wireless was being heard.

In homes where the Christmas spirit is maintained in spite of modern utilitarianism, even down to the presentation of a living Santa Claus, many mysterious effects may be obtained by the use of a simple little microphone, such as the Skinderviken "button." This is a tiny gadget, costing only a few shillings, with remarkable powers, and the fullest instructions for its employment are given with the microphone. Even without spending any money, however, the wireless set with its distant loud speaker may be converted into a loud-speaking telephone system, for, as many of us know, an ordinary telephone earpiece acts as an excellent microphone, and the operator can exercise his ingenuity in a score of ways.

A Voice from the Orient.

No one is over-critical at Christmas, and I expect to hear from BRITANNIA readers that some remarkable long distance reception has been achieved during Yuletide! "Pekin calling!" I can imagine the cheery wizard murmuring optimistically into the temporary "mike" in a disguised voice. But it isn't for me to suggest the jokes which can be worked; we all of us like them better when we have thought of them ourselves.

As to the method in which a 'phone earpiece can be used, again radio sets vary so much in circuit and design that it is not possible to be specific. Often it is sufficient to remove the ordinary aerial and earth leads, and connect the two wires from the telephone in their place. Any sound made close to the 'phone is then reproduced in a much amplified form from the loud speaker. In other cases it may be necessary to remove the connections to the primary of the first low frequency transformer, substituting the microphone connections. This is entirely a matter for experiment with each individual set; but the amusing results are worth a little trouble.

In this matter, of course, those people are lucky who possess a set which is already fitted with terminals or a socket for the connection of a gramophone pick-up—a growing practice, by the way, among manufacturers of portable sets. The plug is inserted or the connections made, and the instructions followed for the ordinary combined use of gramophone and wireless set, but instead of a pick-up at the end of the double wire, the telephone earpiece or microphone is attached. Many portables not only have the gramophone socket, but are so designed that they can be used with a separate, external loud speaker. Such equipment is obviously ideal for Christmas "radio" tricks.

Portable Improvements.

Makers of portables are only now beginning to realise the ease with which they can more than double the usefulness of their sets by rendering them capable of home use with ordinary aerial and earth, loud speaker and batteries. Generally the attachment of an outside aerial materially reduces the selectivity of these sets, in spite of making them enormously powerful, so that it might be argued that comparatively little is gained; while the small loud-speakers used nowadays are so good that here, again, I will concede the possibility that many people might find them quite sufficient for their purposes.

In regard to the batteries, however, no argument is possible. Size and weight are necessarily restricted, and although the dry H.T. battery, which is a part of the set's equipment, will work quite well when the set is used as a portable, it cannot possibly be very durable under the ordinary conditions of home use. With either the modern type of three-valve set, using a screen grid H.F. valve and a pentode, or the older type of five valver, the demands upon the battery are fairly heavy, and it is just as well to conserve the small self-contained equipment as much as possible. If only sockets or terminals were fitted, with possibly a switch to disconnect the battery inside the case, it would be an easy matter to attach an eliminator or other source of H.T. with most advantageous results.

If your radio won't work write to BRITANNIA *about it.*

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him,
c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Radio Literature.

Radio has reached the dignity of possessing a literature of its own, and the list of available books of all kinds on the subject is rapidly becoming a long one. Three new volumes have just been issued: *The Book of the Neutrodyne*, by J. H. Reyner (Cassell, 1s. 6d.); *Everyman's Wireless*, by Ernest H. Robinson, known to many as 5YM (Cassell, 3s. 6d.); and *Wireless, the Modern Magic Carpet*, by Ralph Stranger (Partridge, 3s. 6d.). Each of these productions has its special appeal. The first is one of particular application to those who are already relatively expert and desire to obtain an insight into the problems and pitfalls of high frequency amplification. Mr. Reyner has long been recognised as one of the leading authorities upon radio in general, and especially upon the particular branch with which he deals in this little book, which is remarkably good value at its moderate price.

The other two books, which are also mercifully inexpensive, cover the wide subject from start to finish. *Everyman's Wireless*, for instance, tells in plain, untechnical language just what the average man requires to know in order to choose a set which will best serve his requirements and to maintain that set at maximum efficiency. It is full of valuable information and brings the reader right up to date in regard to the latest improvements. *The Magic Carpet* similarly avoids technicalities at the outset, and read carefully from cover to cover is a complete course of instruction conveyed in most interesting fashion.

A Home Construction Departure.

The latest firm to enter the portable field is Mullard, and complete blue prints and constructional details are now available for a compact edition of the Mullard Master Five Circuit. In the specimen of the assembled set, which I have seen, this departure proves to have many points of special interest. It is essentially simple to operate, having only the one main tuning dial; while the provision of a grilled opening at the rear of the case as well as in the normal position for the loud-speaker in front, tends materially to improve tone by relieving the back pressure on the cone which is liable to arise when the speaker is boxed in. The set is easy to make; in fact, anyone with no radio knowledge whatever could make no mistake in the assembly if the very clear instructions issued as a supplement to a recent issue of Mullard's *Radio for the Million* are carefully followed. The set has a particularly fine performance on the long wave stations, though it has naturally a wide range on medium wave length broadcasting also, and I regard the Master Five portable as an unusually happy combination of circuit details and components. The simplicity of building this set, together with excellent performance and appearance, will, no doubt, gain for it very wide popularity.

T'WAS CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE ZOO-HOUSE

A view of Christ's birthplace.

CHRISTMAS in MODERN BETHLEHEM

By Clair Price

CHRISTMAS this year marks the eleventh anniversary of the British capture of Bethlehem from the Turks. Armies have fought across the rocky hillsides of Palestine since the Russians kept their last Christmas festival at Bethlehem before the war. Possibly you know what shrapnel does to a rocky hillside; possibly you can imagine what a dreadful business the fighting in Palestine was. Yet throughout its long course both the Turkish and the British commands scrupulously avoided the religious sites with which the little country is stippled. The ancient rock-hewn cistern at Bethlehem, known as David's well, and the small domed Moslem burying place known as Rachel's Tomb stand in 1927 exactly as they stood when the last of the tourists fingered the last of the Baedekers before them in 1913. The fortress wall of the oldest church in Christendom stands atop the slopes of Kharrebeh at the eastern end of Bethlehem as stark and whitish-grey in 1927 as it stood when the last of the Russians kindled their camp fires beneath it in 1923. The sound of clashing arms without comes dim with distance into the gold and jewelled silence inside the Church of Holy Nativity.

A War-Scarred Town.

IT is upon the town of Bethlehem that the fighting has left its scars and among the townsmen that the stresses and strains of these last five years have done their work. You may still see, if you look sharply, a single line of old Turkish trenches zig-zagging, like a grey hair, across the far side of the Rahib Valley to the south of the town. You may dine in one or two weirdly new restaurants in the town whose owners are natives and whose cooking is degraded British, consisting in the main of tea, hard-boiled eggs and Western bread. You will see none of the street dogs that scavenged the town in the old days. You will see a few of the 250 war orphans which a native charity commission is caring for—some of them lodged with the Sisters of St. Joseph, a French order, some with the Sisters of the Rosary, a native order, and the rest farmed out in dwellings about the town.

You will find a new drainage system on the Rahib side of the town (the south side), and on the Kharrebeh Valley side (the north side) you will find that the old Turkish system has been dug up and modernised. Also, you will find, if you look into the matter, that the town's building regulations forbid the introduction of red tiled roofs, modern windows, or any other Western gadgets which might mar the white cubic harmony of the place.

You may pay one Egyptian pound to your carriage driver to fetch you down from Jerusalem in 1927, where in 1913 half as much in Turkish piastres would have sufficed. When you reach it, you will find that modern Bethlehem is a blanket of sharp staccato, white atop the greyish-brown of an elongated hill. Jerusalem lies five miles to the north of it. Hebron lies fifteen miles to the south of it. The Dead Sea lies twelve miles to the east of it, at the bottom of a tremendous wilderness of rocks, ravines and ravens. Bethlehem lies on the very roof of Palestine, half a mile above the trucks of the ships at Jaffe. It is a Christian town, the most Christian town in the south of Palestine. Its population consists of 7,000 Christians and a remnant of Moslems whose number hardly exceeds 500.

In a quarrel over a new tax levy its Moslems were driven out in 1831 and Ibrahim Pasha wiped out the Moslem quarter in 1834, since which time Bethlehem, like Nazareth in the north of Palestine, has been a pugnaciously Christian town. Despite the fact that it is sacred to Moslems, Christians and Jews alike as the birthplace of David, its Christians have refused to tolerate Jews, and Moslems have been permitted to live in it on sufferance. For centuries in the old days the Christians of Bethlehem quarrelled with the Moslems of Hebron and with the Bedouin.

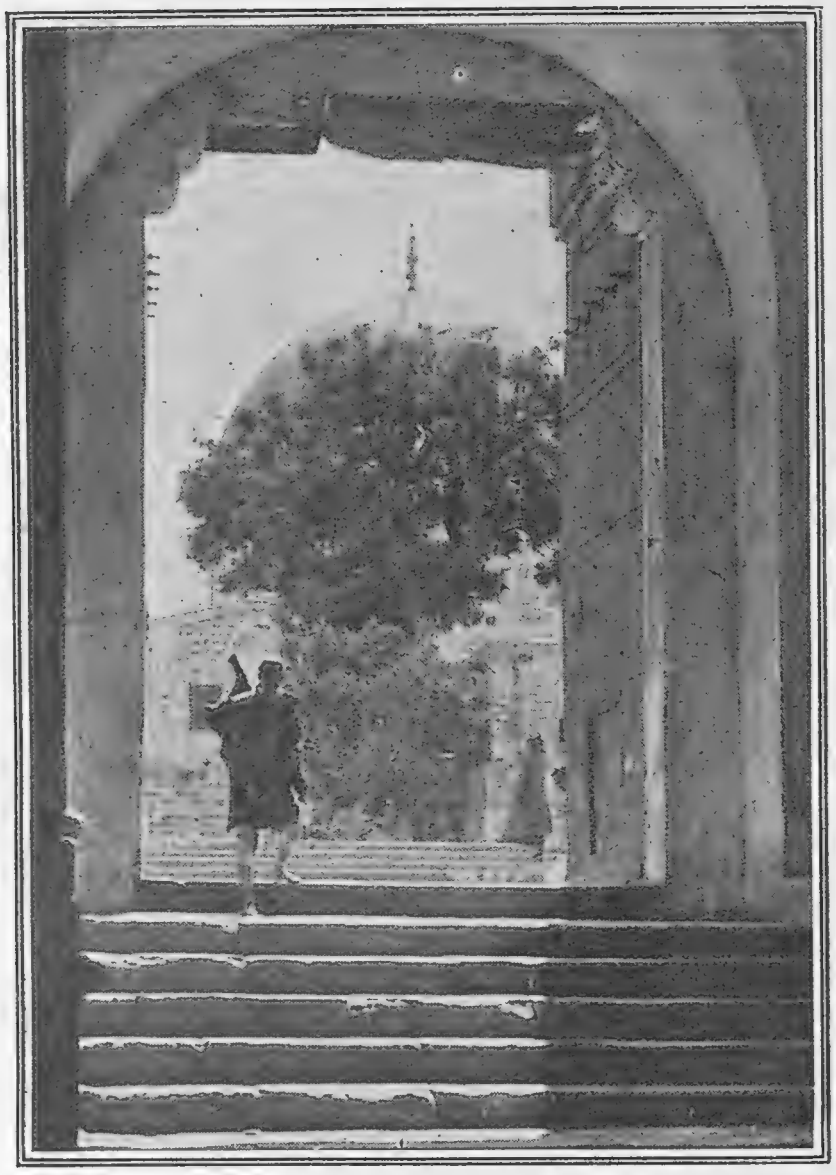
A Levantine Christian girl in native costume. This costume is dying out in the rage for Westernisation.

Thrift of the Townsmen.

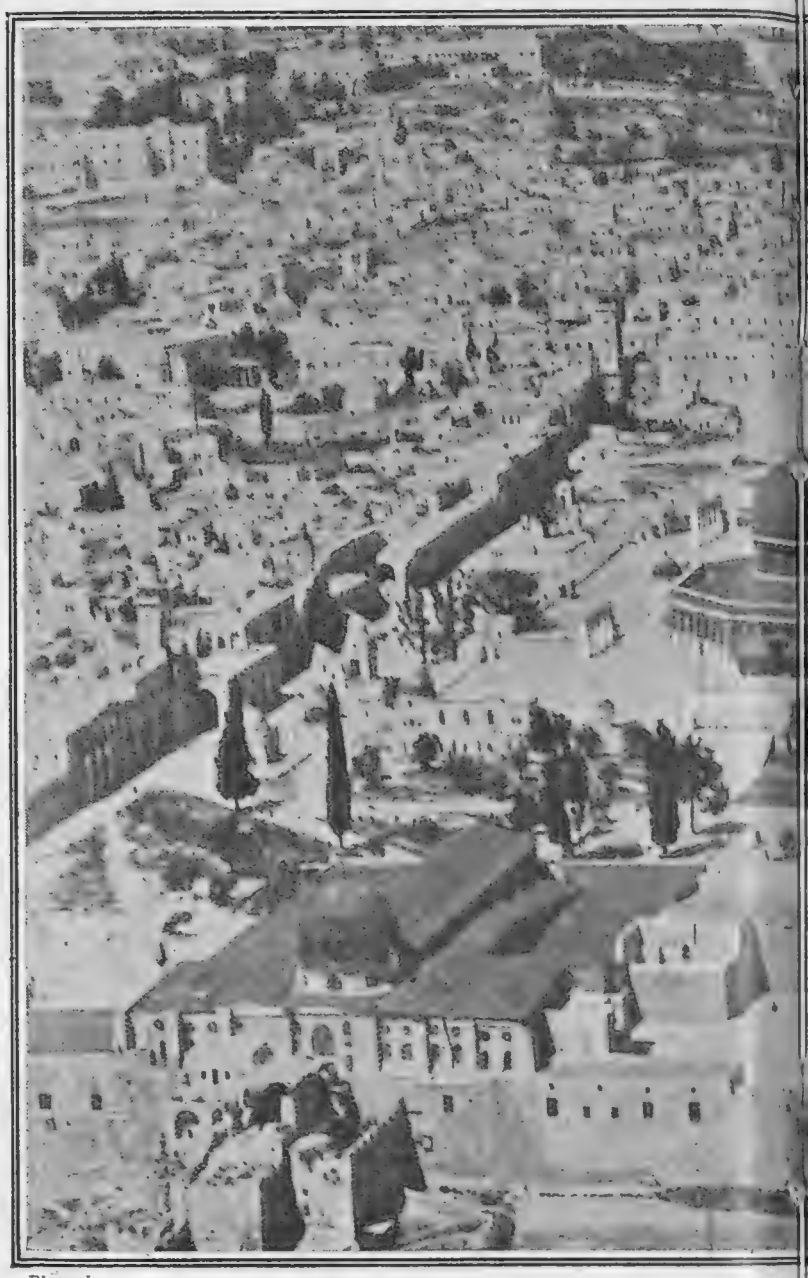
BEING Christians, the townsmen of Bethlehem have developed a perfect genius for thrift. They grow barley, olives, fig and grapes; before the wines of Richon le Zion became popular in Palestine, the wines of Bethlehem were widely known. They are breeders of live stock, mechanics, carpenters, masons and weavers. When Solomon built his Temple at Jerusalem it was the people of Bethlehem who wove his curtains of purple and fine linen. They still do much of Jerusalem's work, for the millions of money which used to pour into the city annually to keep candles burning have habituated most of its population to a life of idleness.

You may see the men and women of Bethlehem tramping up to Jerusalem even

THE LAND OF THE BIBLE STORY H



The Gate of the Cotton Merchants, through which is seen the Mosque of Omar, built on the site of Solomon's Temple, one of the most venerated shrines in the world.



Photos by

Jerusalem as seen from the air, wit

All that is left of the grand temple at Sebistiyeh, built by Herod the Great in memory of the Roman Emperor, Augustus.

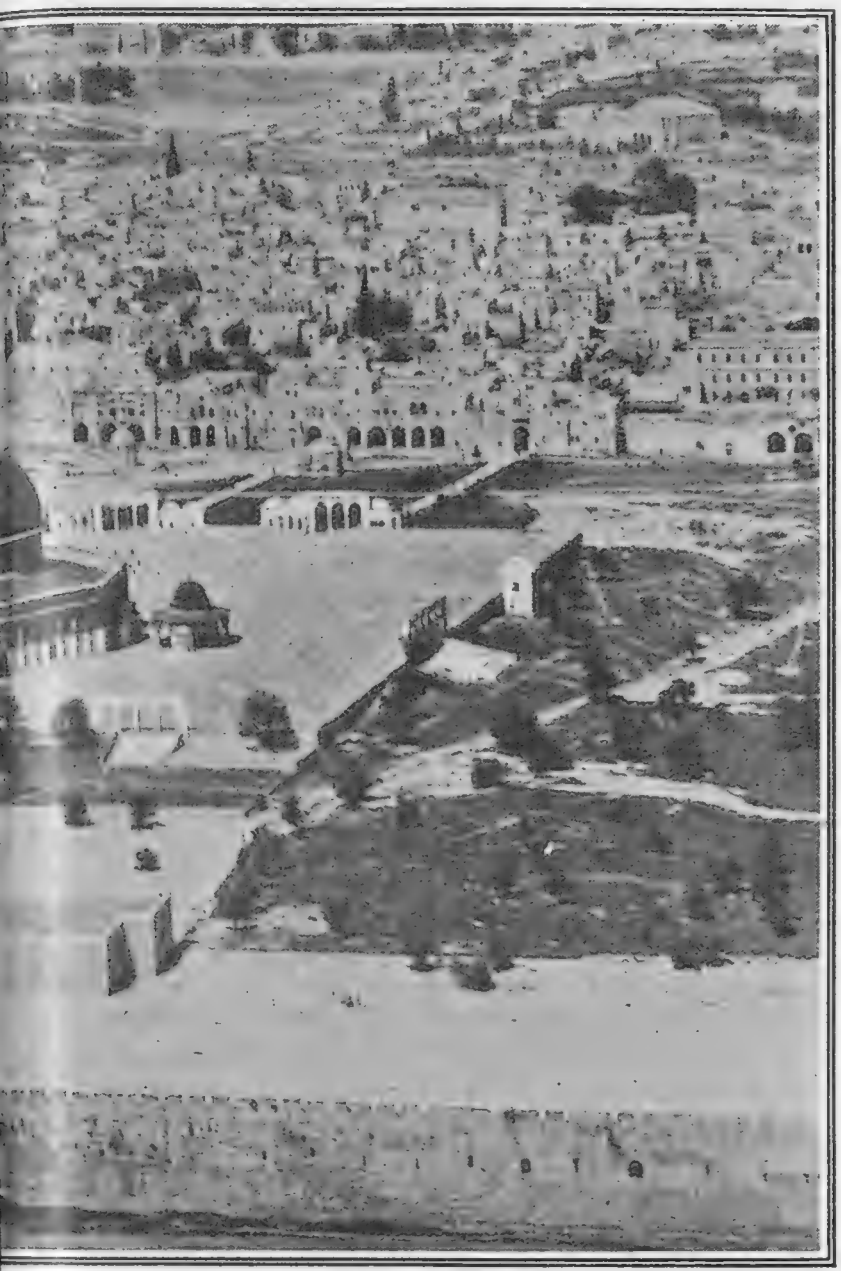
to-day to begin their day's work early in the morning, and you may see them tramping stolidly out of Jerusalem in the evenings for their five-mile walk home, with the cold rain scudding up from behind the Mount of Olives.

Hundreds of them have gone even further from home than Jerusalem. In the old days many used to consign themselves from Jaffe to a Marseilles steerage agent with no notion of their ultimate destinations. You could find them peddling lace anywhere from Haiti to the Argentine. Having emigrated as peasants in fezzes and skirts, they began with an arm basket and five-peso credit, out of which they created bank accounts and fine stores; and after absences of some ten years' duration they returned to Bethlehem in hats and trousers, and their old neighbours who came in fezzes and skirts to borrow money from them addressed them as "effendi." The very name of the town indicates its reputation. Its native name, Beit Lahm, is good Arabic for "house of breads."

But their principal occupation used to be the manufacture of souvenirs and articles of religious interest out of Olive wood and Red Sea mother of-pearl. In the old days every other house in the town lived on Russian pilgrims and tourists. Fifty different sorts of rosaries, made of fifty different sorts of vegetables and mineral beads, were made at Bethlehem.

Mother-of-pearl, was imported in the raw shell by caravans from the Hejaz, and the

AS BEEN LITTLE CHANGED BY TIME



Donald McLeish.

The Mosque of Omar dominating the city.

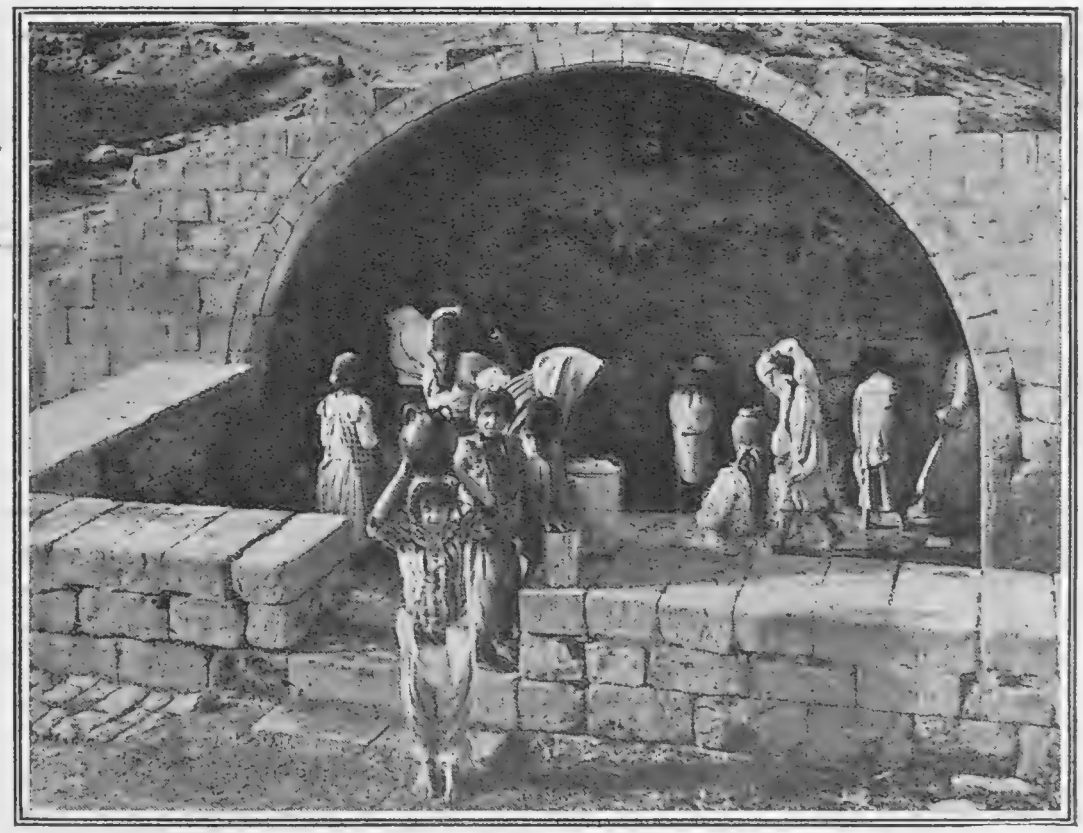
A street scene in Bethlehem, the birthplace of our Saviour and the home of David. Much the same to-day as it was in olden times.

men of Bethlehem, seated cross-legged on their stone floors before low wooden benches, white with mother-of-pearl dust, carved it by hand with meticulous nicety, made possible only by Palestinian patience, into exquisite bas-reliefs of such biblical subjects as the Birth, the Agony, the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. The largest and finest of their pieces required from six months to a year for completion and commanded prices which, after an hour's coffee and cigarettes, might have been bargained down to £50. The smaller pieces were done into curios, crosses and crucifixes. For 500 years Bethlehem and mother-of-pearl have been synonyms.

The Past Still Lives.

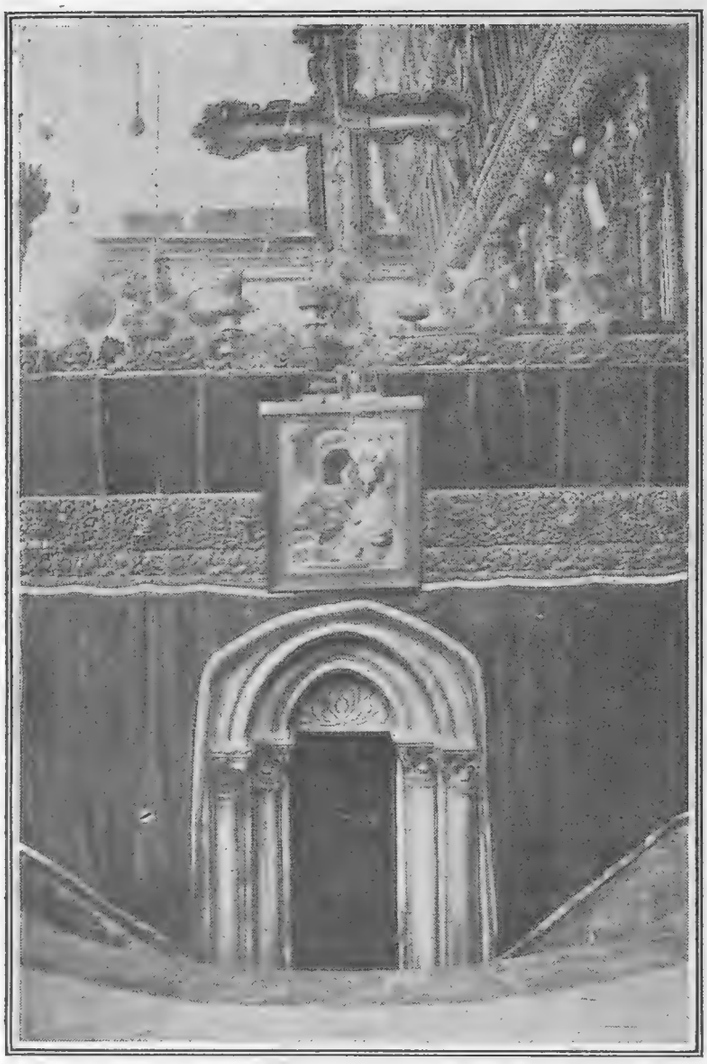
ON the surface, the broad warmth, the white glare and the poppy colours of Bethlehem are much the same to-day as they were in the old days. You may see them at their best in the market-place which lies between the white stone Government building and the fortress wall of the Church of Holy Nativity, where the unveiled women of Bethlehem are busy at their morning's marketing. Their embroidered waists and their tall peaked headdresses of white and green—the same headdress that the returning Crusaders brought back to their ladies of the Middle Ages—make the women of Bethlehem recognisable anywhere in Palestine.

Little groups squat on the flagstone pavements of the market-place with their skins



Drawing water from Mary's Well at Nazareth.

CHRISTMAS IN MODERN BETHLEHEM (*Contd.*)



Interior of the Church of the Nativity.

of sour milk, their sheets of bread and their panniers of fat lamb's tails beside them. Goats and fat-tailed sheep, herded together by Bedouin shepherds, lie along the edges of the spacious scene. In the shade cast by the lofty wall of the church camels lie chewing the cud, their legs folded beneath them like the blades of a jack knife, their bells breaking into a heavy tinkle as they gulp.

Church of The Holy Nativity.

OF the splendour of the chapels within it, the stark exterior of the Church of the Holy Nativity gives no hint. Its fortress wall is severe and mediaevally military. It is an instant reminder of the Crusader's tales. It was built to stand sieges and its single doorway is so small that one has to stoop to enter it.

Twenty centuries ago, its site was a bare limestone hill overlooking the wilderness of the Dead Sea, with a grove, a number of caves and an ancient inn whence the caravans left for Egypt. When Christianity was adopted at Constantinople in 326, the Empress Helena identified a cave on its eastern slope as the site of the Birth, and her son Constantine had the grove cut down and the cave enclosed. A basilica which, restored, added to and surrounded by Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Armenian Monasteries, is the modern Church of the Holy Nativity. The site soon attracted pilgrims. Other traditional sites grew up around it. By 600, the churches and monasteries which clustered about it began to be known throughout a rapidly expanding Christendom.

Their fame increased until 1099 when the Arabs, enraged at the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, destroyed them all. In 1244, the Kharazmian invasion from Turkestan devastated the churches and monasteries which the Cru aders had restored. In 1489, the again restored fortifications and monasteries were pulled down. Thereafter Bethlehem lost its prestige until the last two or three centuries, when it was gradually recovered under Ottoman rule. To-day, in 1928, the Church of the Holy Nativity (its ecc'esiastical name is the Church of St. Mary) is a vast fortress of churches, monasteries and schools which traces its lineage direct from Constantine's basilica of 330.

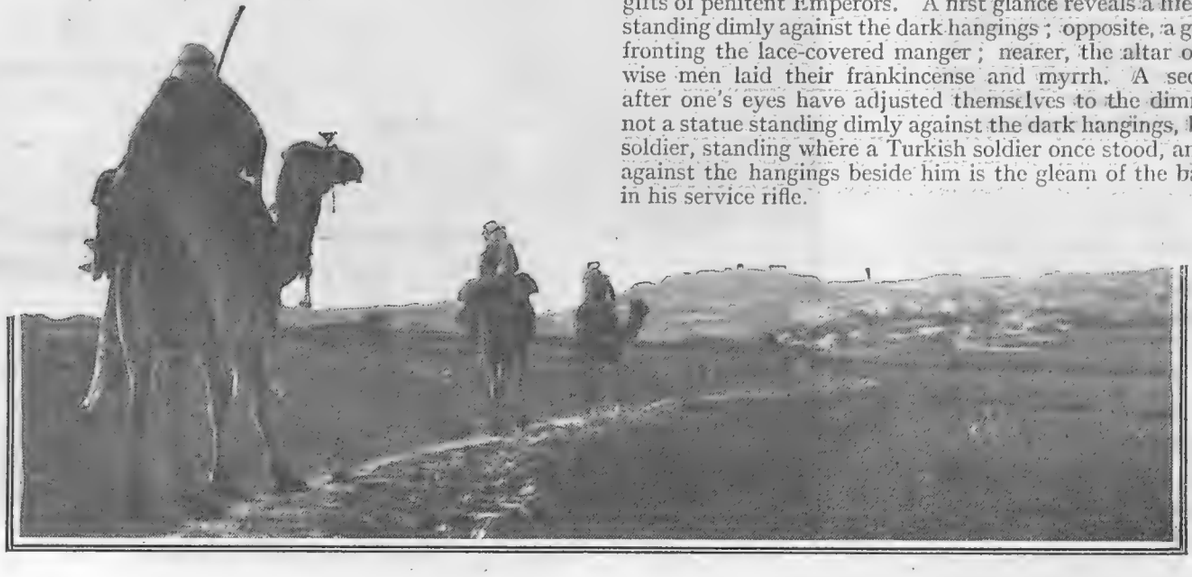
The small outer door of the church ushers one into the nave, which is as stark and forbidding as the exterior of the vast building. From the nave one enters the Roman Catholic Church, which glitters with hanging lamps and with the quaint brilliance of sacred pictures. It is here on Christmas Eve that the Catholic community observes its Christmas.

The Catholic Service.

THE Catholic service begins at 10.30 o'clock on Christmas Eve and lasts until 2.30 o'clock in the morning. The gorgeous drill, display and repetitions, the marching and counter-marching of acolytes gleaming in purple and gold and floating in snowy vestments, the changing of the Bishop's robes, slippers, gloves and caps, the unending intonation of four readers droning the four Gospels for two hours in Latin—the accumulated ritual of fifteen centuries—makes up this marvellous Christmas service. At midnight an organ lullaby preludes the sudden folding back of a curtain above the altar revealing a manger-cradle containing the symbolic doll, at the sight of which organ and choir burst into magnificent Gloria in Excelsis. Thereafter the stately procession of priests and acolytes, chanting and swinging censers, moves continually back and forth through the aisles and up to the High Altar, the audience sinking to its knees as the Bishop advances with the symbolic doll in cambric and lace nestled in his arms.

Some twenty feet below the floor level of the vast church is a chain of caves, whose walls are living limestone, and whose connection is made by winding subterranean passage-ways hewn out of the living rock and barely big enough to stoop through.

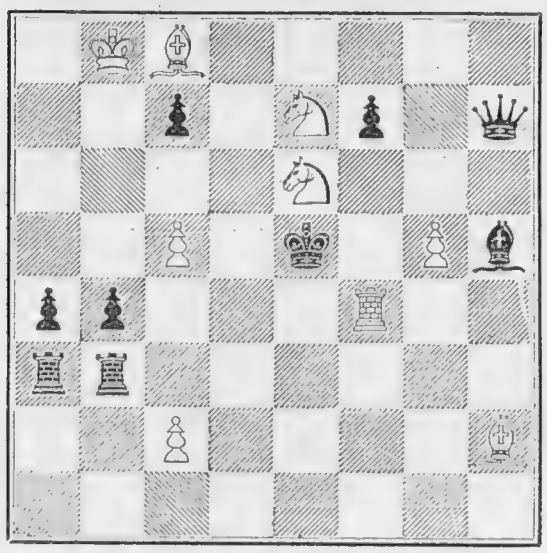
One finds the Chapel of the Nativity at the foot of narrow, rock-hewn steps, to be descended with due attention to one's lighted candle and to the slipperiness of the worn steps. It is dimly lit with hanging lamps, whose smoke has blackened its low stone roof with the accumulated soot of centuries. Its floor is encased in worn marble and its walls are hung with unlit lamps, figures of saints and woven silk hangings of silver, blue and dark red—the gifts of penitent Emperors. A first glance reveals a life-sized statue standing dimly against the dark hangings; opposite, a gilded railing, fronting the lace-covered manger; nearer, the altar on which the wise men laid their frankincense and myrrh. A second glance, after one's eyes have adjusted themselves to the dimness, reveals not a statue standing dimly against the dark hangings, but a British soldier, standing where a Turkish soldier once stood, and the gleam against the hangings beside him is the gleam of the bayonet fixed in his service rifle.



On the road to Bethlehem.

CHESS. By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 4
By A. M. HARPER (South Wales).



White to play and mate in two moves.

SELECTED GAME.

Game No. 4. Played in the Bad Kissingen Tournament. Niemzowitch crumpled up ingloriously before the furious onslaughts of his adversary.

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING.

White Niemzowitch	Black Marshall	White Niemzowitch	Black Marshall
1 P—Q4	Kt—KB3	14 P—QR3	KtxP!
2 P—QB4(a)	P—QKt3	15 RxKt	QxR
3 Kt—QB3	B—Kt2	16 PxKt	QxKBP
4 B—Kt5	P—K3	17 Q—Q1	KR—Q1
5 Q—B2	P—KR3	18 Q—K2	Q—B5 ch
6 B—R4	B—K2	19 K—B2	P—QR4!
7 P—K4	O—O	20 PxP(d)	RxP
8 P—K5?	Kt—Q4	21 Kt—B3	R—R8
9 B—Kt3(b)	Kt—Kt5	22 K—Kt3	P—QKt4!
10 Q—Kt3	P—Q4	23 Q—K5(e)	PxP ch
11 PxP e.p.	BxQP	24 K—Kt4	Q—B8
12 O—O—O	QKt—B3	25 Kt—QKt5	P—B4 ch!
13 BxB(c)	QxB	White resigns (f)	

(a) In the last World's Championship Black always continued, 2 . . . P—K3.
(b) If PxKt, BxB; with advantage for Black, but why not 9 BxB?
(c) To prevent 13 . . . Kt—R4; 14 Q—R4, B—B3; 15 Kt—Kt5 (if Q—R3, Kt—K6 ch), P—R3.
(d) If P—Kt5, the RP marches on to glory.
(e) PxP or KtxP are both useless.
(f) If KxP, R—Q1 ch; or if QxP, QxPch.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

Problem No. 3 (Hallam). Key R—QB3 (threat Q—Q3). The key pins the White Q and allows a Black ch. Unpinning of the Black B occurs if 1 . . . P—K4, and 1 . . . Kt(B1)—Kt3 provides a nice self-block. An interesting and clever 2er.

End-Game (No. 3):—8; 4R3; 8; 8; 6Kt1; 2qKt2K1; 8; 5k2. White to play and win.

Correct solutions of Problem No. 1 have been received from J. H. M. Gray, H. J. Davidson, E. K. Farley, J. Christie, H. D. Bullock, J. Brown, H. A. Robertson, and P. W. Alford.

London Congress:—The programme of the Christmas Congress—at St. Bride Inst., E.C.4, December 31st to January 5th—includes a Major Tournament, prizes, £6, £4, £3, £2; Minor Tournament, prizes, £3, £2, £1, 10s.; Evening Tournament, if sufficient entries; Open Boy's Championship of London, prizes, £2, £1 10s., £1, 15s., 10s. The winner of the boy's championship will hold the "Griffith Cup" for one year.

We join in the chorus of disapproval aroused by Capablanca's "new" ideas, and, although we have the greatest admiration for his Chess genius, we are inclined to the view that, had he proved himself to be invincible in the last Championship match, his suggested changes might have carried a little more conviction.

LIFE *and* LAUGHTER

Leaves from the Editor's Joke Book

The Morning After.

Jock Mackay was not often favoured with company at his little farm perched high above the loch, and when his old friend Tam Macpherson wandered over from the neighbouring village they had much of local scandal, church affairs, the price of sheep and such-like matters to discuss.

And Jock's brew, which, as gossip alleged, had never paid revenue duty, was a potent fluid greatly conducive to conversation.

So the two sat chatting, oblivious to the passing of time, and the early hours of the wet morning arrived before Tam made up his mind to take leave of his host, when, waving aside all protestations, Jock insisted on seeing him as far as the road.

"Ye ken the ould brig over the burn," he declared, "It's verra dangerous. I'll jest tak the stable lantern and see ye by it."

The two sallied forth somewhat unsteadily, negotiated the bridge safely and bade adieu. Then old Jock dawdled homeward, and on the way met the Laird riding out early to attend a distant shoot.

"A 'saft' mornin', Laird," greeted Jock.

"Aye! its a saft mornin', Jock, but what are ye doing with the canary in the cage?"

Worth It.

The train left London for a northern destination. Two occupants of a carriage—a Jew and a Gentile—eyed one another with interest and eventually conversed.

Said the Jew, "Tell me, vot ith your pizzineth up north."

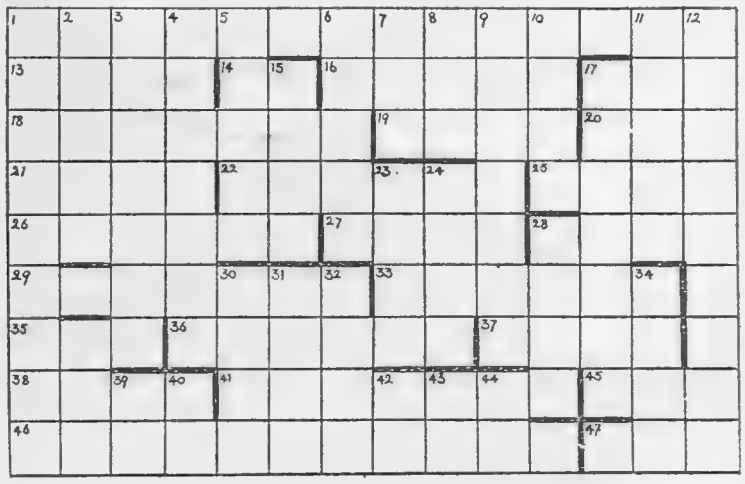
"Oh!" said the other, "I'm a thought-reader, touring the halls."

"I vill bet you a qvid that you will not tell me vot I am tinking about," said the Jew.

"Easy," said the other. "I'll take your bet. Well, when you get to——you will buy a stock of cheap jewellery and rent a shop. Then you will go out and insure the lot. A few weeks after there will be a fire. Am I right?"

"No," said Jew, "you're not. But the idea's vorth a quid."

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.—No. 4.



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Uncontrollable.
13. To vex.
14. Home of Abraham
16. Storming.
17. Quaker family.
18. Well-known singer
19. Common sense.
20. Enoch's grandmother.
21. Troubles.
22. Greek brigand.
25. Blood fine.
26. A dipterous insect.
27. To frown.
28. Continually.
29. O.K.
33. Wild ass.
35. None is.
36. This whale is a social whale.
37. Wood of Guiana tree.
38. Form of tossed.
41. Unlawful.
45. To constrain.
46. Unnecessary.
47. A brief reply.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Crumbs in the bed
2. Guffaws. [are.
3. Skaters.
4. Springy.
5. Is sullen.
6. Part of spur.
7. Girl's name.
8. With pod, my legs are all alike.
9. Bluish or grayish.
10. A broken seat.
11. Term of endear-
12. Curses. [ment.
15. Seventy-two sheets of parchment.
17. Zealous.
23. Burmese tree.
24. This beef is cured.
28. Equal.
30. Scotch blood.
31. Demi.
32. Cultivate.
34. Manchester is noted for.
39. Dickens hero (init.).
40. Musical note.
42. French town.
43. Command.
44. Symbol for gold.

Answers to Last Week's Crossword:—

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Tew. 2. Gabber. 3. Abbot. 14. Scarf. 15. Oudenarde. 17. Auditor. 18. Iberian. 19. Madder. 21. Stele. 22. N.W.T. 23. Buyers. 24. Sledges. 26. Antigropelos. 35. St. 36. Statuary. 37. Nexus. 40. Ailette. 41. Gnat. 42. Ray. 43. Geum. 44. Termes. 46. Eild. 17. Ask. 48. Sally. 49. Aerate.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Tsamba. 2. Ecu. 3. Waddy. 4. Gride. 5. After. 6. Boors. 7. Bur. 8. Edits. 9. Rebel. 10. Anele. 11. Bared. 12. Brings. 13. Tent. 16. Dawes. 20. Aunties. 21. Spore. 25. Stryde. 27. Taluk. 28. Items. 29. Gutta. 30. Ratel. 31. Pygmy. 32. Ennea. 33. Lease. 34. Oxter. 36. Saga. 38. Uria. 39. Salt. 45. R.L.

"Bless you," said Iris absently, and was lost in the contemplation of a dirty-coloured sky.

LE TRAIN ROUGE

By OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

Illustrated by C. MORSE.

THE railway porter at Victoria Station who chose the exact spot where to deposit, after a whim of his own, a heap of shining suit cases, a bag of golf clubs, two tennis rackets and a portable gramophone, was a happy man. He chose, with a sense of humour all his own, the exact centre of the whole station, where every other porter, passenger and messenger boy, met and collided. He was a nice man, for all that, for he wore a bright red tie as a duty and not as a pleasure. That is why he was a nice man.

The centre of a railway station is an awkward place in which to retain one's dignity, especially when at any moment blue eyes might seek recognition, or a Duchess might ask one the time. Which would be just a pose, of course, with the station clock so near. A glance at this told me that there was still time for me to go for a walk and see the change of the guard at the Palace, or some other similar pleasure.

However, not being a military man, my mind wanders to other tastes. My career demands that I assume a mantle of hypocrisy and pretend to be a psychologist of the first water. It also demands me to have a vast knowledge of human nature, and to know absolutely everything, if not more, about the *woman*. I know or am supposed to know, everything about women, but it is o much more convincing to say "Oh! yes, the *woman*," as if describing something one has seen at the Zoo. Intriguing thing, the *woman*. Rather like the Tattoo; brings a lump into your throat, sometimes. You know the kind of thing. You have watched all its movements, you have studied its life at close quarters, you have gazed on it at all hours of the day from all kinds of places and positions, and you have begun to know it by heart. *It* has become an existing thing. And you have become a sex psychologist; wonderful man!

In the blissful thought that this absurd thing might be true, you seek, much in the same way that a detective seeks a clue, for a place wherein your newly-attained and glorious powers might be put to their best use. What could be better, than that feeder of the world's emotions—a bookstall, named after a million men in the British Empire. Let us see, then, what it has to offer. It is surrounded, like all good things should be, by a horde of people.

It was then that I saw three shining half-crowns. And I saw also a novel being handed over. A dirty hand (it had fingered a million pieces of printed matter only that day) swept the three shining coins of the realm out of sight. The girl, dressed entirely in red, except her shoes and stockings, which were more subdued and as a contrast behaved exceedingly well, turned round. I gazed into blue eyes! They were friendly, oh! so friendly. The lips beneath them smiled.

"Monte Carlo?" said she.

"Iris!" I said, and nodded.

"Brave man!" said she as we walked side by side to where my luggage proved a stumbling block, as it were, of a hurrying, scurrying crowd.

"Why brave?" I asked and lit a cigarette.

"Because," she replied, as she took the cigarette away from my hand and placed it between her lips. "Because, it is a long journey, because, you're a dear, weak boy, and because you'll have me as a companion all the way! Now say you're pleased."

"We have known each other too long, Iris. It is not longer necessary. You know I am more than pleased. I would have preferred, I do not mind telling you, for so long a journey and so weak a youth, an unmarried lady who would and could have flirted outrageously with me."

She smiled. An amazing smile, because it meant everything and nothing

"Could I, and would I, make love to you, Oscar? Do you need the answer in the affirmative, or shall we leave it in the lap of the gods, who f om now on, reign among blue skies and sunshine."

Once I had loved Iris. But that was long ago. Long enough to be proud of the fact. One couldn't help loving Iris. Without as much as lifting a little finger, and the littlest was very little indeed, she compelled the man to love. She did not, however, demand the kind of love that one ever regretted. It was the kind of mute adoration that is exp essed in sympathetic eyes; it was the kind of love that neither grew nor diminished. It just burnt ardently and steadily, and was never made emphatic unless by special request. And if you knew Iris, as I have known and still know Iris, the special request never came.

Heaven help the man who ever expressed his love for Iris in diamonds or pearls. Iris was the kind of girl who was in love with love. The mere realisation of knowing that a man was in love with her gave her immense satisfaction. She could, however, discuss the situation quite cold-bloodedly. By that I do not mean that one got into the habit of introducing one's friends and saying: "Oh! Iris, darling, this is Mr. Addle, the stock-broker, he is in love with you," and that she would probably reply "Oh, my dear, God bless you, and won't you stay to tea!" There was nothing like that about Iris. She read everybody's secret and kept her own.

"I think," said Iris, breaking the trend of my thoughts, "we had both better make

ourselves comfortable in the Pullman, for we both have a lot to tell each other, now that I'm married and you're still a happy bachelor. Not," she added hastily, "that I'm unhappy. Guy is the dearest, funniest thing that ever happened, and we adore each other."

AT last the train escaped the station in a blaze of noise and steam. Voices shouted in rhythm with the wheels, doors banged, clanged, and shut with terrific din. Syrens, whistles and women shrieked, howled and screamed mercilessly. An inferno of sound, everyone of us a devil adding to the confusion. The ecstasy of noise. How one loved to hear it all before the escape into the beyond, the silence . . .

"You were saying?" I said to Iris, as the train turned the bend into open suburb, which is nearly as good as open country.

"That it is a funny world. When we last parted there was not a sound to be heard, except the slight splash of Italian waters against a bridge of sighs, and a foolish woman throttling a sob . . ."

so wicked and so devastatingly beautiful."

She threw the book, for which she had exchanged three shining half-crowns, on the seat beside her.

"Will you write a book one day about an Iris who was not a wicked woman? An Iris who was not unlike the flower; it's a pretty flower, and it doesn't always grow in a world of shame. Could you write about an Iris to whom love was not an exotic vice; could you, do you think?"

Her voice was pleading now, her eyes shone with a strange light, and extraordinarily tenderly too; and she patted my hand caressingly and childishly.

"I think I'd be a fool if I did," I said. "You see, an Iris of the world we live in to-day is pale, pale as death. For she leads a life that leads quickly to death. Her paleness is the paleness of vice. So no one, you see, would believe me if I wrote of an Iris who was only in love with love . . ."

"So glad you've come," said Guy, and smiled cheerfully.

I was glad that at that moment the train gave a jolt and the smoke of my cigarette entered her eye. She coughed and spluttered, and her nose became slightly red. Handkerchief to the rescue. Clumsy words of distress. The cigarette crushed in an ash-tray, and the incident was ended.

"I'm sorry you're here, Iris," I said, in reply to something she just mentioned. "I had come away with the firm decision of writing at least one story about the Riviera, and having met you has destroyed my hope, in the fact that you will have to be the heroine. No honest author has ever met a woman called Iris and failed to write about her . . ."

"You are right, my friend," and her eyes were rather sad, as she pointed to the title of the novel she had just bought, "but, alas! they are never the Irises of life. They are not even my sisters. They are all so cold,

PARIS!

"Monsieur désire quelque chose à boire?"

The attendant in the restaurant car of *le train bleu* was a welcome contrast in his cool white, and youthful face with the fascinating smile, to everything we had seen in the cold, clammy streets of Paris. He was, to Iris and me, the herald of the sunshine we were to meet on the Côte d'Azur. Outside, it was still raining, but as the train flew along greasy tracks with only a gentle murmur, and an occasional lilt, that must have been the song of the wheels, the dreary weather only accentuated the atmosphere inside, which was an atmosphere of gaiety and repose.

"My favourite *apéritif*," said Iris, "is vermouth cassis, and as it is my favourite cocktail it shall be yours. *Garçon, deux vermouth cassis avec de la glace.*"

"*Bien, madame.*"

WE had a table to ourselves, and for this we were genuinely thankful. Not that either Iris or I were too snobbish to share a table.

Hers was not the type, I feel, who would have fitted in with the two gay young things occupying a corner table, and who continually sang snatches of songs from the latest musical comedies of three continents, one of them being America! Iris would not have liked, I again feel, to hear their strident laughter, close at hand. Nor would she, I gather, have cared to join the young man and young girl who shared the world together near at hand. His knee was nudging hers. Oh, boy, only do it when the tablecloth is large; poor inexperienced jeunesse, and not even dorée! One could almost hear her say, "Must you do that, George,?" and his lame reply, "But it *is* done, you know, Daphne!"

And Iris would have absolutely refused to sit by the oily gentleman beside the stout lady who carried Cartier's shop window on her chest. Breathing with difficulty, for some of the stones were really very heavy, she kept asking the poor man: "Vot I vant to know, Jimmy, is vy you lent the man the money . . ."

"Do you think I'm beautiful," said Iris suddenly.

What was a mere man to say? Should he punish the vanity of the woman by telling her she was only pretty? Should he tell such a terrible lie? A devil at one ear told him he should; an angel at another ear told him not to, and the Angel being Iris, the mere man called wisdom to him and shut his silly mouth.

EARLY one afternoon in the February of last year a nun walked through the streets of Seville, from the Cathedral to the Monastery Garden that lay outside the town. She walked with firm tread, smoothly and quickly; looking neither to the right nor to the left. Her beauty was the pure beauty of a Madonna.

In her black and white flowing robes, the uniform of her church, one could have wished for nothing more convincing than this example of the power of God to make all good things beautiful. She crossed many streets; her eyes lifted above the heads of the people. As she passed on her way both man and woman bent on one knee and crossed their hearts.

Hers was a loveliness made by Heaven for just the earth to gaze upon and leave untouched. Sister Teresina was an Iris in Spain. One appreciated her beauty without wishing to describe it. Not that one would be successful in describing such beauty.

The last I remember of Sister Teresina was when I saw and heard a slim hand tap on oak doors of the monastery outside Seville. Into her waiting arms were placed two bottles of shining red liqueur, intended for the table of the priests of the church of St. Dominic. As she turned, her eyes caught mine; they were sad and soulful and they told me that the arms would have much rather borne a baby. . . .

The same sad eyes were looking into mine now, as the train rambled along on what seemed an endless journey. It seemed endless because we had forgotten from where we had come, and we knew not, Iris and I, to where we were going.

"Yes," I said, "I think you are beautiful; as beautiful as a fairy tale!"

You mean *once upon a time?*" suggested Iris, maliciously.

"Indeed no," I said, decisively, "not by any means. *Happily ever after*, I think!"

"Bless you," said Iris, absently, and was lost in the contemplation of a dirty-coloured sky. A minute passed. The rumbling of the wheels grew more profound, more melancholic as the train entered a tunnel.

"Guy will be pleased to see you," said Iris, lighting a cigarette with a contrivance of onyx that also boasted a tiny watch set in diamonds. "Only the other day he was speaking about you. Guy always did like you. I think he must have known how much I once loved you. Funny my loving you like that, wasn't it? And you, with the fiendish brutality of your sex, took it all so calmly. How I hated you at moments. And how you must have hated me too. Do you remember how I laughed when I asked you, just towards the end, why you no longer loved me, and the silly reply you gave. You said you were in love with the moon and I could think of nothing brighter to suggest than lunch on the Eiffel Tower. To-day I realise one can get much nearer the moon than that."

"Yes, Iris," I said. "I was in love with the moon, and like a youth, dreaming of his youth, I thought that not only would I conquer the thing I loved but all the stars around. It was a dream, a mad, foolish dream, and now it is over. The gates of happiness, my dear, are often golden, but a constant touch brings a nasty tarnish. Since someone only a year ago went through those gates, and I arrived a minute too late to find that someone had turned the key in the lock, I have always found them closed."

Iris, as she afterwards told me, had met with better fortune. Her husband adored her and from what I could gather she reciprocated his affection. There were no children, but Guy had given Iris a beautiful car.

WE were nearing the journey's end when Iris broke the silence, this time with word and movement that attracted the attention of the tables around. Noticing the interest evoked she was covered with confusion, and the flush that sprang across her cheeks matched a little too well the rouge in which she was framed.

"Guy and I are having a party at our villa outside Monte Carlo, and among the guests, my dear, will be you; you can't refuse, and besides *I may need you.*"

It was the last four words that she said that made me decide to accept the invitation. "I may need you!" The train drew in at Nice station with a rude jolt, which is most unlike *le train bleu*. Blazing sunshine and noise. The first made you forget the last which, being French, you did not understand, anyway. A hundred motor cars, all of them of shining silver; a hundred chauffeurs, all of them in blue and white uniforms; a hundred porters all of them swearing; a hundred beckoning and welcoming smiles . . . . and something else.

It may have been the sun or it may have been the mood one was in. *Le Train Bleu* had become *Le Train Rouge*. Iris led the motley of colour, Iris with her peaches and cream complexion, placing her stake of fashion on the red.

Red complexioned men, shaking red hands, red treasury notes surreptitiously placed into red palms, red taxi-cabs and red uniforms; red pamphlets describing the amusements of la Côte d'Azur. Red, red, and red. Everywhere. And the heavens shadowed it all. The colour was predominant. So was the mood. All red.

On the platform, in the corner by the booking office, a man was kissing a girl full on the lips, passionately. . . .

Guy was there to meet us. The large yellow and brown Hispano (which he would insist on calling chocolate and cream) looked a towering monster in the glare of a yellow sun. From behind the wheel the pale, grey eyes of Iris' husband stared at a bag of golf sticks that lay beside him.

"Do you know," he said, thoughtfully, without removing his gaze, "do you know I forgot to buy that niblick?"

"It's the only thing he lives for," said Iris, as she kissed him absently on the brow. She kissed him absently on the brow; I thought I would mention it. This, especially on a hot day on the Riviera, is a most difficult thing to do. It needs for one thing a great

In the grounds of the Casino the Municipal Orchestra was playing "Les Millions d'Arlequin."

deal of concentration. If it was not done absently it would look so clumsy. It is only the kisses on the mouth that are not clumsy!

"So glad you've come," said Guy, and smiled cheerfully. Then he added, as purely an afterthought, "Why aren't you in Deauville?"

"Because, my dear fellow, it is not the season!"

As we bowled smoothly along the wide roads that led to their villa, just outside the town, Iris, Guy, Hispano and I, three of us were silent. The automobile was not. With the cut-out in action, and the Red Indian on the bonnet leading the way, we raced with the wind. Every now and again something white seemed to pass.

"I love these little villages," said Iris, shouting above the roar of the engine.

"So do I," I shouted back. "Have you ever seen one at close view?"

"Yes, by accident, we ran out of petrol one day. It was a most delicious experience."

WE did not speak again until, with a shrill hoot of a klaxon, the car, with a wide and thrilling sweep, turned into the gravel drive of a villa of white and pink. A white house in a frame of pink blossom, the whole enveloped in a mist of haze and perfume of a paradise above the sea.

"Welcome to the Villa Tabasco," said Iris, with a smile; "you'll love it."

"Anyway, I love the meaning," I said, and the gallant man that was me helped her to descend on to the lawn outside the house. As she turned to enter the house, the heel of her shoe, I noticed, twisted and crushed a tiny cluster of *violettes de parme*.

Just as Iris was disappearing into the hall, voices shrilled across the lawn. Iris turned lazily back. One came from a vision, as one might say, in white. The other was also dressed in white. The first I knew, the second I didn't want to, so much.

"Whatever induced you to invite Roy here?" I said.

"Because he's such a cad," she replied, and went out with a dazzling smile to meet them.

"You know Papillon," said Iris.

"I know Madame la Comtesse de la Cigalle," I said with, what I hoped, was a elaborate bow.

"And, of course, you know Mr. Chalmers," said Iris.

"Who doesn't?" I said, and bowed again, but not so elaborately.

"Why do they call you Papillon?" I said to my old friend Antoinette.

The scarlet lips parted into a ravishing smile.

"You would be shocked if you knew. Besides, being, as you have always told me, a vamp at heart, I would not waste such a good opportunity to start a flirtation with you. If you want to know, you must meet me by the river at the foot of the garden, on the eleventh stroke of midnight, and under the moonlight and among roses I *might* tell you the answer."

It was Iris, however, who told me. We were sitting, the five of us, on the verandah watching the lights of Monte Carlo, twinkling wickedly and merrily, in the far away distance.

"It was a novelist who gave her that distinction," she said, "I think that after three double Cointreaus and a Benedictine, he was making violent love to her. After he had been mixing metaphors and drinks Antoinette foolishly asked him to give her a more suitable name. So he suggested Papillon, being, as you may gather, the French for Butterfly. He told her she was a modern Butterfly on the Wheel, the wheel in this case being the one that drove a sporting two seater.

"'I have met you,' he told her, 'as a Papillon in distress on the road to Trouville. You are so beautiful behind the wheel that seems to control the fortunes of love. I would have imagined that with the wheel in your hands you could drive into anyone's heart.'

"So Antoinette asked him if he meant that it was the car and not her who was the attraction. So the blasted fool replied, 'Well, a good car helps, you know.' And as he happened to have hinted at the truth, and there was nothing wrong with the car, anyway, she told him to walk along to the nearest petrol station and get a man to come back.

"Rather reluctantly he walked on. When he got about fifty yards, Antoinette drove the car at full speed towards him and ran him over. We buried him last May in the

little graveyard behind the swimming pool. I will show it you later . . . ."

"You expect me to believe all that?" I said wearily.

"Not in the least," said Iris, as she got up from her chair and wrapped a Spanish shawl around fair shoulders. "Come, we go to the Casino, you and I, to lose a fortune . . ."

"And I," said Antoinette, who had just come up behind, "will not be left alone. Guy and Roy have business to discuss. . . ."

IN the grounds of the Casino the municipal orchestra was playing "Les Millions d'Arlequin." Within the walls, Arlequin, Pierrot, Greek and fools were playing at millions, too.

"La Belle Thérèse will have another *grande passion* to-morrow; she is losing rather heavily to-night," said someone I had never met before, as we changed some of the world's best currency in return for the wherewithal to sit in front of green baize and play at losing fortunes. That is, fortunes for the rich, but for us, all that goes towards making a fortune.

Having won, strange as it may read, a few *billets de mille*, the three of us decided not to remain and throw away our good fortune. For some unaccountable reason, the gambling fever that is instinctive in all of us, did not even set my blood tingling that evening, and I was glad to fall in with Antoinette's suggestion that we seek the night air and discover what the stars had to tell.

Iris was curiously silent. She explained the reason.

"I am terribly unhappy," she said, slowly. And I who knew her so well, could tell that she was not lying.

"Why don't you tell Oscar the whole story," said Antoinette, sipping at a glass of Grand Marnier. "He is, I hope, one of us. Aren't you darling?"

She raised limpid eyes to mine.

"All girls together," I said, and threw away the cigar which despite its exquisite flavour, did not match the mellow moon nor the husky voices of two nymphs, one of them apparently in distress.

"You see, Iris adores Guy, and Guy is terribly in love with Iris, which makes it all so very difficult," said Antoinette, and frowned adorably.

"What makes what difficult?" I asked.

"Shall I tell him?" asked Antoinette of Iris.

"Yes, if you think the man might help. He's very good at suggesting impossible things, aren't you, *dear*?"

THE story as told to me by Antoinette was a curious one. It was told in such a matter of fact way. And yet, told as Antoinette told it, it was the kind of story that could, would, and was meant to create an impression.

For two whole years, Guy and Iris had lived in the Villa Tabasco, a paradise on earth. There was nothing that either could wish for and not get. If Iris wanted the moon, Guy, with his strong arms, would carry her to the attic, and show her what she wanted from just as near as any good woman was likely to get to it.

Beneath moonlight they swam and loved in limpid waters, in each other's arms, they dashed across space at enormous speeds by car, horse and boat. Iris the beautiful looked beautiful, dressed beautifully, and was always in a beautiful frame of environment. What more could any girl want?

That is just what I asked. Antoinette told me. For one whole year, Guy and Iris loved as few have loved; they loved with everything they had. Iris belonged heart and soul to Guy, and Guy belonged to Iris. Their love was the love of flesh and blood; it swept with the same devastating and successful effect over them as would a modern army across an unarmed and uncivilised Kaffir village.

The love of Iris and Guy, such as it was then, left no stone unturned. Each was a God unto each other, and then came awakening; a bitter realisation that love had come to an end, not because they were tired, but because there was no more loving to do. So they declared a truce for one year, and when the year was at an end, then would come the second honeymoon.

Iris took up the thread of the story.

"The second honeymoon has yet to come. Guy is in fear of it. My whole body and soul is aching for it, and I too am afraid. For weeks we have both waited for the opportunity and for weeks we have both shirked it. What are we to do?"

Iris would retire at night with a book, and a mind filled with nothing that the book contained. Guy would come and sit on the edge of the bed, night after night, talk conventionalities, bite his nails, hear of the next day's fun, and kiss her good night. Then Iris would cry and Guy would walk in the garden and curse the moon and stars. . . .

"Iris is dying for love," said Antoinette, "the poor child is starved. I know I am putting it crudely, and rather impossibly, but what can one do in the matter. I suggest that Iris takes a lover . . .".

"And are you suggesting that Guy does the same?" I said, I am afraid, rather coldly.

"It might be a help," suggested Antoinette mildly.

"I am ashamed of both of you," I said.

Two hours later, the clock in the hall showed the time to be one-fifteen a.m. A novel in my hand, plenty of cigarettes, and a drink, containing among other things soda water, I was about to enter my room, which was on a level with Iris' when a soft whistle drew my attention to the end of the corridor. A moment later Iris, looking lovelier than ever, was at my side. Her eyes were very bright, and her voice a little excited.

"I want you to meet me in the garden in half an hour by the châlet," she said, and before I knew what had happened she stood suddenly on tip-toes, and her lips lightly brushed my cheek. "Say you will. . ."

"Iris, are you mad?" I said.

"Of course not. I only want to talk to you. If you won't come there is always Roy. . . ."

"I'll come," I muttered angrily, and I think I banged the door.

THERE was a curious air of stillness about the villa, when several hours later, Guy, Roy and I sat down to breakfast. Iris was a few minutes late, and I saw that although her eyes were very bright, and there was a warm flush on her cheeks, she seemed very listless, almost unhappy.

For the first time since we had been staying at the Villa Tabasco I saw her kiss Guy on the mouth, very tenderly. He, too, seemed surprised.

We had almost finished breakfast, all of us, God knows why, very very quiet, when there came an interruption. It was Thérèse, Iris' French maid, who entered and in excited half French and half English phrases, informed the consterned gathering that she had found Madame's diamond bracelet in the electric launch. . . .

Iris seemed to grow a little paler.

"It's all right, Thérèse," she said, "I went for a little while on the river before going to the Casino last night with Mr. . . ." and she indicated me with a careless wave of her hand.

I looked at Guy, but he was only staring out of the window thoughtfully. Roy on the other hand was stirring his cup of tea furiously. Antoinette, who was sitting by the window, was smiling, wickedly.

"I have to leave for town this morning," I said suddenly, and wondered if my voice betrayed my feelings. I dared not look at Guy, or at Iris for that matter.

"I have to go too." It was Roy who spoke.

Guy, I noticed, did not complain at our rather hasty departure. On the contrary, he visibly brightened, and the change in Iris was amazing. They were like two new people; a boy and girl who had suddenly fallen in love with each other.

As, an hour later, I leant against the *Train Rouge*—it had again become that—Iris was holding my hand fast. Her eyes were shining strangely. . . .

"The second honeymoon," she whispered, and her long nails dug into the back of my hand. Guy was talking to Roy.

"It was so good of you to decide to go back, and of Roy too. It's the best thing he's ever done. . . ."

"Does," and I hesitated to ask the question—"Does Guy know that it was I who was in the boat with you last night?"

"Guy will never know," said Iris, and started to cry softly and almost imperceptibly. "Guy will never know how good you have been. When you went back to your room after—after we had our little chat I took your advice and called to him from the grounds. He came down, and hand in hand, as if somehow we had just met, neither saying a word, we sat on the river bank and watched that funny little waterfall playing a melody, and waited to see how kind the Gods would be. . . ."

At that moment the guard's whistle blew, but this time it was not the ecstasy of sound. It was all very disconcerting and sad. With a wave of his hand Guy had gone back to the car, and just as the train started to draw away, those warm lips again brushed my cheek.

"The Gods were very, very kind," said Iris, triumphantly.

For one mile the yellow monster kept abreast with the train. Guy was driving with one hand, Iris had sunk deep against the cushions, while her head of dancing, corn-coloured hair lay against his leather coat. With his other hand Guy was caressing her face, and I believe she was kissing his fingers.

One thing I am sure about, anyway, and that is they were looking supremely happy.

Write to—
TELLUS SUPER VACUUM CLEANER, Limited,
68, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1,
for demonstration of this epoch-making invention.

OUR WOMAN'S SECTION

Edited by Julia Cairns

EVERY reader of Britannia is invited to make full use of its Service Department which I am personally directing. In order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of this Service should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiries—

HOME - COOKERY - GARDEN

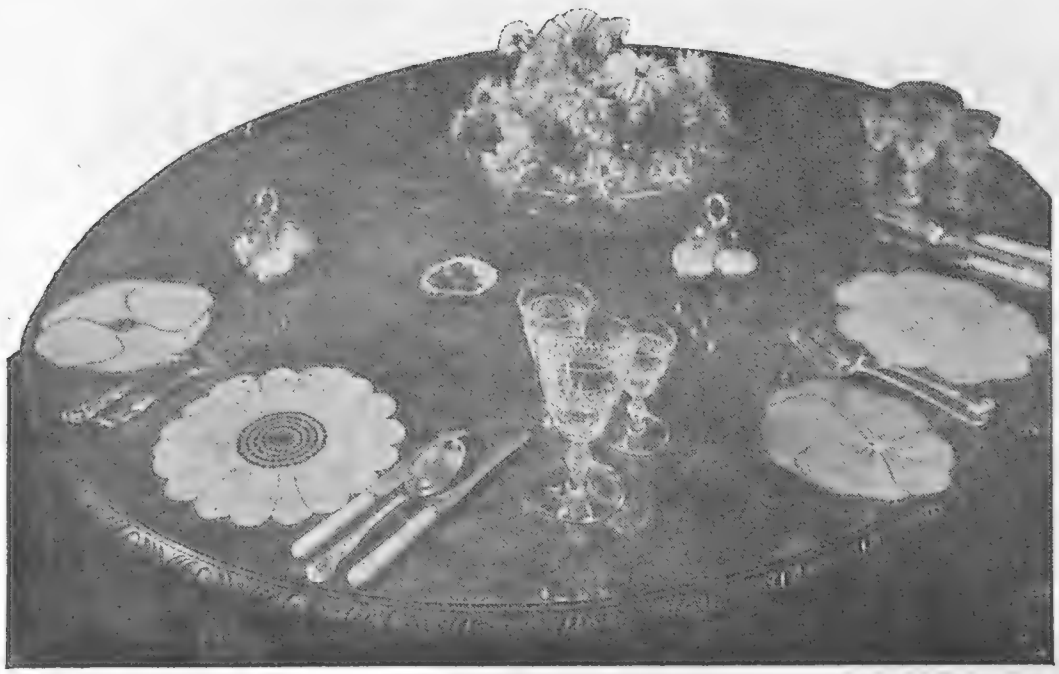
CHILDREN

BEAUTY - FASHION

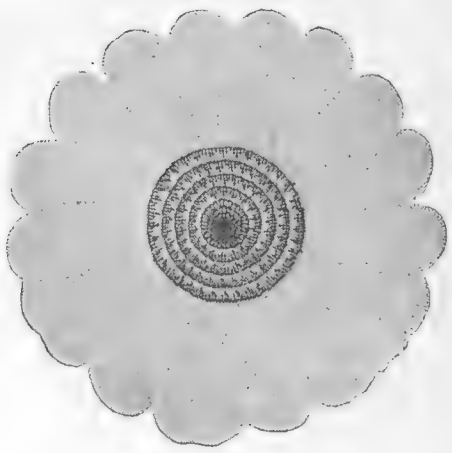
—all letters should be addressed to the Service Department, Britannia, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and envelopes should be marked in one corner with the word "Home," "Beauty," "Fashion," "Gardening," etc., according to the nature of the enquiry enclosed within.

A Restful Colour Harmony

THE plain antique ivory walls, with the moulding, frieze and woodwork "picked out" in a paler shade, determine at once the character of this room, which is both restful and sympathetic. A delightful setting it forms, too, for the richly grained walnut furniture, which is a special feature of the room. The background of the carpet is chiefly in a warm beige, a colour so essentially happy with the ivory tint of the walls. The motif itself is in a deep sapphire-blue and dull tangerine, with here and there lighter and darker shades of the same colours judiciously interspersed. Of sapphire-blue too, is the simple vase, holding arum lilies, and this, although only quite a detail, forms a high spot of colour in the room, drawing attention to both its simplicity and beauty. The curtains, which can only be seen in the background are in a silk slubb, shaded in sapphire-blue and dull tangerine, while the screening ones repeat the deep ivory of the walls. A silk similar to that of the curtains is used for the upholstery, which again re-echoes the sapphire-blue and tangerine tones of the carpet. A further touch of interest is provided by the painted parchment lampshade, supported by a standard shading from deep antique ivory to a soft cream.



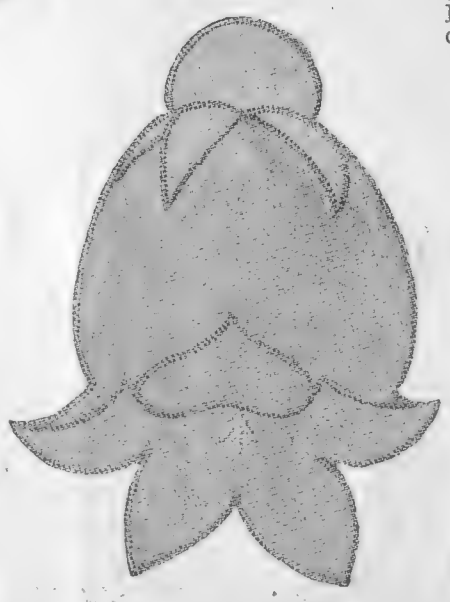
With a well-polished dining-table, sparkling glass and gleaming silver, what more attractive than linen table mats, each of which is designed to look like a different blossom?



A FLOWER GARDEN for your dining-table

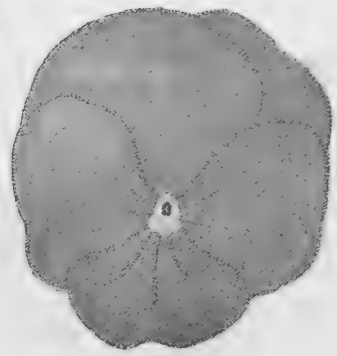
BY THE WOMAN EDITOR

THE festive season means many things. Among them, it means that the hostess must be looking out for all sorts of attractive novelties, by which she can live up to her reputation of the perfect hostess. Apart from the actual planning of menus of entertainment there is also the fascinating subject of table decoration, and it is with this in view that I venture to suggest that the idea of introducing, as it were, a veritable flower garden on to the dining-table, may appeal to quite a number of our readers.

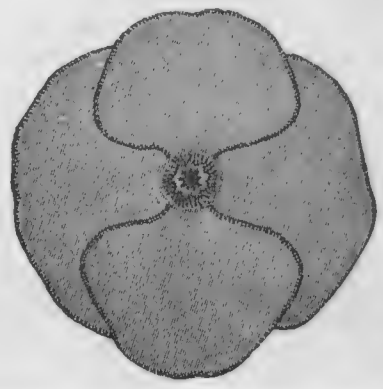


A FLOWER garden? Perhaps the idea, in so many words, may not sound a very novel one. And yet I think it is. I am not alluding specifically to the decoration of the table by real flowers, although I should be the last person in the world to belittle the charm that a few real blossoms brings to any table. Whether it be the simplest meal table, in the most unsophisticated surroundings, made the brighter with a posy of scarlet anemones, or whether it be a more pretentious table, a-glitter with silver and glass, enhanced by the luxury of roses in December, flowers we must have, mustn't we? We cannot do without them.

BUT to come back to my original idea—how often, perhaps, when you have been giving a rather particular party, you may have wished that something could be done to give the occasion a bright and original touch. Maybe, your dining-room is a wee bit dark and heavy—even ponderous. Maybe, your dinner service is still that faithful one you bought some time ago when you did not quite realise the importance of colour in the home, and so you just chose it for its price rather than for its beauty. What can be done to give them, as it were, a new lease of life, to make the whole of the dining-table assume an air of freshness, even of gaiety? Do you know that, at the cost of a few shillings and an hour or two's easy needlework, you can bring all the sunshine and happiness of summer fields and gardens to your dinner-table? A set of floral table-mats in wash-fast, sun-fast linen! And they need not be alike in some too conventional design. Each one can be a different, brightly-hued blossom—a poppy, a marigold, a pansy, a snowdrop, a hare-bell, a dog-rose. And, for the centre of the table, a triple sham rock leaf.



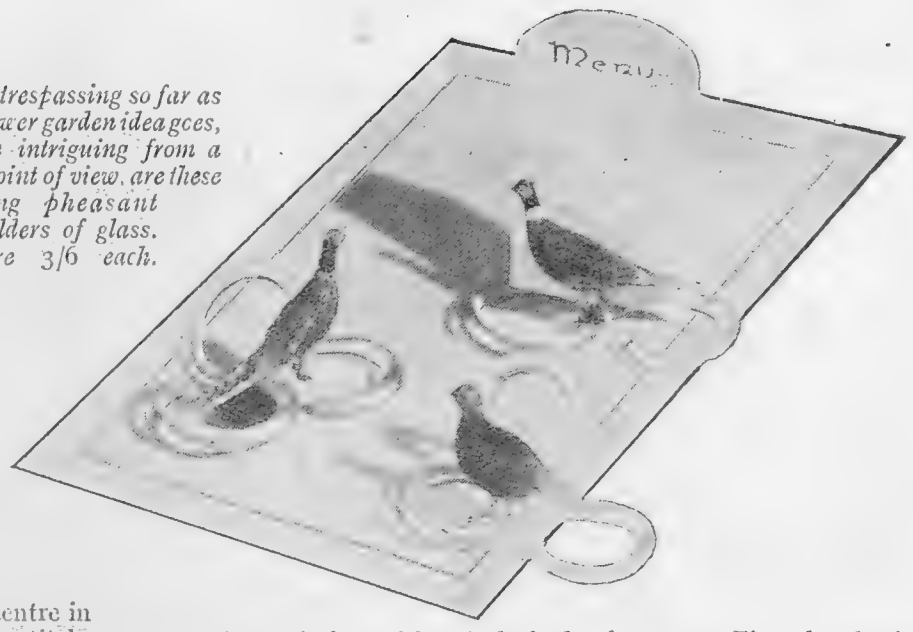
IMAGINE the unexpected novelty of them, the fascination of the different shapes, and now see how simple they are to make. The designs should give you no trouble at all, because BRITANNIA has prepared a complete set of transfers of the



Perhaps a marigold in vivid flame colour, a hare-bell in a delicate shade of blue, a pansy in a rich parma colouring, or a poppy in vivid red . . . each can be most effective as a table mat.

above-mentioned flowers, which will be sent, together with a colour card, through our Service Department, to readers on receipt of 6d. in stamps.

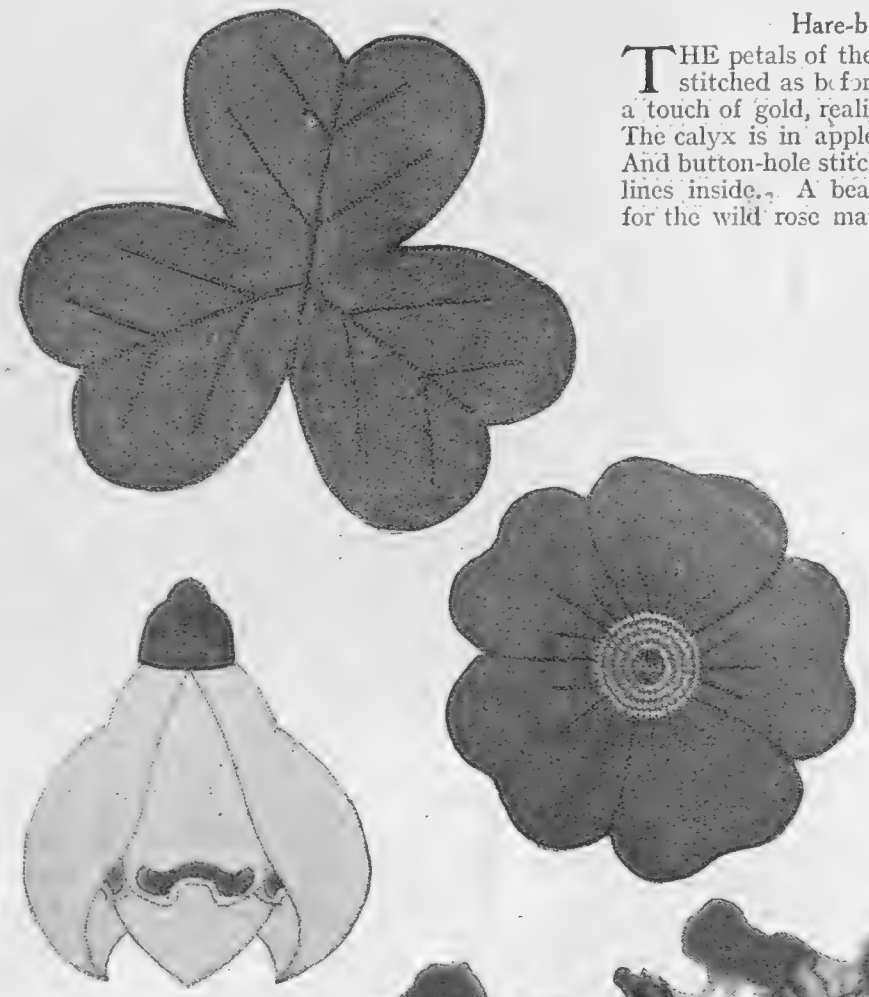
Of course, if you should require more than seven, you could repeat one or more of the designs or, better still, evolve new ones of your own. For instance, tulips, Michaelmas daisies, fuschias, roses, anemones—all these would make charming mats, but it should be clearly understood that the transfers procurable are only of the flowers shown here. On no account iron the transfer, but trace off the patterns carefully on to tissue paper, and then pin or tack the designs to their appropriate materials. You can actually do the embroidery stitching through this tissue pattern, which can be torn away when you have finished.



Rather trespassing so far as the flower garden idea goes, but quite intriguing from a novelty point of view, are these fascinating pheasant menu holders of glass. They are 3/6 each.

Marigold, Poppies and Pansies

THIS mat is in orange-coloured linen, with a circular centre in tan. The entire outline is worked in a simple button-hole stitching, using a bright gold silk. For the lines marking the different petals a satin-stitch should be used—that is, a running tack worked over and over with small stitches, close together. The tan centre, as the illustration shows, is decorated with blanket stitches of varying length in black; and these, worked closer and closer together, form a solid black centre. Brilliant flame or Chinese red is the colour of the Poppy. The outlines, again, should be worked in buttonhole stitching, but this time in black with a vivid green French knot surround. Make the pansy mat in a beautiful shade of parma linen,



outlining as before with a dark shade of mauve. Then the glowing heart of the flower is worked solid in gold and black.

Hare-bells, Dog Roses and Snow-drops

THE petals of the Hare-bell are of a delicate delphinium-blue, stitched as before, but in a deep blue with, here and there, a touch of gold, realistically indicating the heads of the stamens. The calyx is in apple green, stitched in a slightly darker green. And button-hole stitch for the petals, and satin-stitch is for any lines inside. A beautiful shade of coral linen is the very colour for the wild rose mat. This time the embroidery is carried out in *vieux* rose on the petals, while the centre is composed of four rings of tiny French knots in gold, grouped around a smaller centre (about the size of a threepenny piece) of solid green stitching. The Snow-drop asks for white linen allied to apple-green, the latter, of course, being used for the calyx. The outline is edged with button-hole stitching in silver-grey, but the little touches of green inside the petals should be in apple-green blanket-stitch to match the green of the calyx.

The Shamrock Mat

AND here, of course, since the shamrock is being intended for the centre of the table, it is rather larger than the flower mats. For this you will require a good shade of apple-green, and then button-hole the outline in dark green, indicating the vein lines in satin-stitch of dark green.

And, with other mats—a dog rose, a snow-drop, shamrock—remember that real flowers for your centre bowl lend a cachet to the table.

READERS of Britannia are invited to write for complete sets of transfers, which we will supply, together with colour cards and instructions, post free, on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Address all letters as directed on page 1097.

Garbed in the costume of Charles I.

I ALWAYS feel a little shamefaced when I go into a shop to choose a Fancy Dress or, for that matter, anything connected therewith. Don't you know that uncomfortable feeling you experience when you stand in the Fancy Dress department, surrounded by several other impatient people all waiting to be served, and solemnly try on the latest selection of false noses! Incidentally, I was much annoyed last year, in one of our leading shops, by being asked to take off a nose for another customer to try on, when really I had no false nose on at all!

My experience of Fancy Dress—which I may claim is unequalled in either hemisphere—has shown me quite definitely that people who evince a desire to disguise themselves as something they are *not*, either don't look it when they've done it, or rather spoil the effect by making no attempt to act up to the part.

By all this I mean that so many of us choose a costume which we hope will make us look like what we want to be thought, instead of selecting something for which our figure and general personal appearance suit us.

The Hon. Diptheria Boost.

TAKE, for instance, my cousin, the Hon. Diptheria Boost. Have you ever set eyes on her? Now, dear Diptheria has legs with a curious curve like the merry-thought of a chicken—what the vulgar refer to as "bowed." Has she any sense? Poor darling, she has none—she would most certainly dress in a crinoline. This, of course, may be considered deceitful. You may say that no woman has the right to try and deceive people as to the shape of her legs by covering them with long dresses. You may say what you will. The fact remains that "Dippy" (as we who are of her select circle call her) should never be seen—as she invariably is—dressed as a ballet girl.

Miss Violet Ray.

NOW there is my second cousin once removed (why only once?), Miss Violet Ray—a bright young thing—whose ankles have frequently been mistaken for the pillars of Hercules. Will you believe me when I tell you that she invariably goes to Fancy Dress balls as Peter Pan? You may not. But she does, all the same.

How much better she would look as Anne Boleyn. No one ever saw Anne Boleyn's ankles—except Henry VIII. He had her executed, didn't he?

Fancy!—

Written and illustrated by

D'Arcy

MOST of you will know my friends, the Slitherington-Dirges. Now Mrs. S., who has a figure like a rice pudding, rather fancies herself as a bacchante, while her husband, who wears large horn-rimmed spectacles, is apparently under the impression that he looks excessively dashing when garbed in the costume of Charles I.

Yet I very much doubt if Charles I ever saw a bacchante, while I am absolutely certain, from what I have been able to learn from the archives of the British Museum, that Charles I never wore speck-rimmed horicles—that is heck-rimmed—what am I driving at—rim-specked hornicles—you know what I mean—the things you recognise Americans by in Naples.

I mean either he should go without his spectacles, in which case, of course, his wife would look a little blurred (would that matter?), or he should wear a costume which permits the use of horn-speck—the glasses he is obliged to wear.

IF you have a long *retroussé* nose, it is useless to attempt to pass yourself off as Venus, though if you are convinced that you look like nothing on earth at any time, it is permissible to go as a heavenly body.

THE Blonde who is gay and debonair of aspect will be able to carry off successfully the Madame Cabaret Costume, on the facing page, with black satin coat and gaily patterned "shorts," cap and cuffs (Gamage). And the Brunette, more demure in type, will be well suited by the Fan Dress above, Spanish in inspiration, expressed in black lace and embroidered with diamanti. With it are worn close-fitting cloth-of-silver trousers and silver shoes, and the head-dress is a perfect reproduction of a lace fan (Dickins & Jones).

From what I have read in the classics, I believe that Napoleon and Julius Cæsar were rather dignified people, as also was Queen Elizabeth, so I really don't think you ought to wear these costumes if you intend doing the Yale Blues. If, on the other hand, you are dressed as a Russian, you can dance anything you like. A Russian will do a "Sboffskipumpf" and think nothing of it, whatever dress he's got on.

It seems to me that we ought to try and wear a costume that is suited to our build, our character, our colouring, and our general appearance. I only know one girl who has thoroughly realised this. She always goes as a horse. The more charming the girl—of course—the more horsey the horse. My brother, too, has realised this principle very clearly. He usually—for this reason—appears at fancy dress functions as a piece of cheese. For myself, I usually adopt the costume of Apollo (or is it Apollinaris?—I never can remember).

BEWARE of misplaced originality—it may be your undoing. I remember once in Switzerland appearing in the ball-room as a parcel, and the curiosity of certain people proving too much for them, I was undone before I had got ten yards. (A Swiss yard is very difficult.)

Let's put on something that's comfortable and easy to dance, eat and drink in.

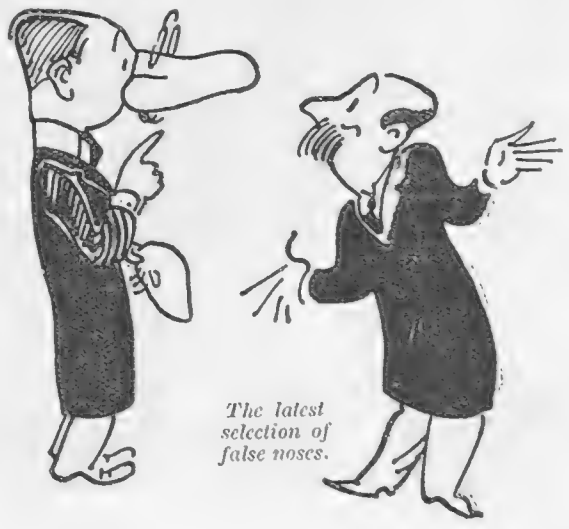
OF course, it is almost too much to expect anyone to keep up the character of the costume the whole evening. Should you come as a laughing jackass — that is, should you come *disguised* as one—you will find it a great strain keeping up the laugh from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. the next morning. Yet there is something wrong when a woman dressed as Cleopatra calls out, "Got a stinker on you, Bill?" (Bill being got up to look nothing like the Black Prince). Even "Wouldst give me weed from Virginia, Sir Prince?" isn't right either. It was Raleigh who brought back tobacco, and he didn't appear till years later.

YET if we are not prepared to act up a little to our adopted characters, I think it's better not to attempt too much. Unless we are only out to get a prize — and who really is?—let's put on something that is comfortable and easy to dance, eat and drink in. You may dress up as Charles II. No one will be deceived. We know him to be dead. But there are dozens of costumes that don't cost much to make or hire that are quite delightful and amusing if we choose something that goes with us, so to speak.

. . . will do a Sboffskipumpf and think nothing of it!

If your face is disappointing, an Eastern costume is the thing. Women wear veils in the East. If you are bald—wear a hat. If you are large and knock-kneed, beware of attempting to persuade yourself that you can look like Little Lord Fauntleroy. Far better go as a cauliflower or a naval airship. By the way, no one has yet been as an air-ship! There's an idea for you.

AND talking of ideas for Fancy Dress, Britannia has got some all ready for you . . . some of which (Yes, I may flatter myself but I don't think so!) *are* quite new. Britannia will tell you too, where you can beg, borrow or steal (Sorry! I mean buy, or hire) a really attractive costume at an extraordinarily low price. So send along a description of yourself—a true one, please, including your waist measurement—your secret will be kept (!)—addressing your envelope to The Service Department, marked "Fancy Dress." Full directions are on page 1097.



The latest selection of false noses.

FABRICS from NURSERY-LAND

and Colour Schemes they Inspire

BUFF rabbits, grey tabby cats and black dogs . . . every child will love these quaint little creatures dressed in such cheery shades of green, orange, buff and cyclamen, on the soft sky-blue of their background. Indeed, their very colourings might be taken as the inspiration of a colour scheme. For instance, with buff walls and woodwork, the ceiling tinged sky-blue, and perhaps a parquet lino, curtains, tablecloth and loose covers of this cretonne would be just like an ever-open picture book to the little nursery people. And how they love picture-books! Width 36 ins. Price 2/11 per yard.

CAN you imagine the delight of the wee nursery folk who are so lucky as to have their curtains made of this elfin fabric. One quaint little pixie, who wears a soft brown jacket and bottle-green tights, perches on a large head of mauve sea-lavender, his butterfly wings flecked with soft love-in-a-mist blue and deep primrose-yellow. Others dressed in scarlet and green, dark and light tan, blue or amethyst, play hide-and-seek among the fairy blossoms that grow in profusion upon a ground-work of primrose. Picture a nursery whose walls and woodwork are painted primrose—a dark-green lino on the floor—and whose curtains are of this pixie and flowerland fabric. So intriguing! Width 31 ins. Price 3/3 per yard.

We will tell you where to purchase these fabrics if you write to the Service Department, as directed on page 1097.

Arthur Ackerman & Son. *The Derby—Royal London Mail.* Painted by Henry Alken.

TREASURE HUNTING

Old Time Christmas in Coaching Prints

By
H. Granville Fell

"STEADY! Off with their cloths, Joe! Let go their heads! Stand clear!" A flick at the leaders' ears, a flourish on the guard's key-bugle and with a sudden strain at the traces, rattling and rumbling over the cobble-stones, we clear the gates of the great yard of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

The "insides"—six of them—snug in their wraps, some already in their nightcaps; ten (limited by Act of Parliament though often exceeded) "outsides" embedded in rugs and manifold capes, fore boot and hind boot crammed to the limit with Christmas gifts, the roof piled with luggage, his Majesty's Mails—unusually heavy at this time of year—under the eye of the guard with his loaded blunderbuss, and the Royal Victory dashes out towards the Great North Road on its God-sped journey into the winter night.

COULD there be a more gallant sight? Who does not love pictures of the road in those heroic days? Who has not been stirred by De Quincey's epic "The English Mail Coach or The Glory of Motion"? And what better subject for BRITANNIA at this season than those heart-warming old prints of such peculiarly British scenes and incidents of a hundred years ago?

Prince among painters of coaching scenes is the redoubtable James Pollard. None excelled him in depicting the liveliness, colour and bustle of life on the Road. Prices for fine specimens of prints from his works have trebled during the past 20 years and are still "rocketing." Discerning buyers are keenly contesting them in auction rooms and seeking them in out-of-the-way places. Everywhere efforts are being made to preserve these pictured records of an important phase of our island history. Lovers of that once indispensable but fast disappearing animal, the horse—and nowhere than in England has he been more loved—may take heart of grace for that fact.

As recently as the present month £40 was paid at auction for a set of four coaching "proofs before letters" by J. Harris after W. Shayer, and at the same sale £15 were given for a set of four prints of coach drivers known as "Fores's Contrasts," each depicting the drivers and guards of various coaches in the liveries of 1832 and 1852, respectively. These are figures which recognised judges assure me will rise much higher. Quality and condition must always be taken into account.

Pollard, whose print-selling shop was in Holloway, exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1821 an interesting painting of "North Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington," engraved afterwards by Fielding as a pair with the "Elephant and Castle on the Brighton Road." Two more coaching pictures were exhibited in 1824.

AMONG the Pollard subjects specially to be looked for should be mentioned the finely-coloured print, "The Royal Mail Leaving the G.P.O., St. Martin's-le-Grand," engraved by R. G. Reeve, 1836, now worth at least some 50 guineas. Others to his credit are "The West Country Mail Coach at the Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly," a most attractive subject, engraved by Rosenberg; "The Royal Mail," engraved by E. Roviskere, 1829, in which the coach is passing a sportsman with dogs and fowling-piece, and very much to our present purpose two plates, "Delayed Stage Coach Passengers Seated at Breakfast" and "Coach in the Snow." Also after Pollard are the "Stage Coach with Opposition Coach in Sight" (in colours); "The Cambridge Telegraph Leaving the White Horse, Fetter Lane," and three plates in colour, "The Mail Coach in a Flood"—"In a Drift of Snow" and "In a Thunderstorm"—much sought after as a set. The last three were engraved by Thomas Reeve. Another valuable trio are "Stage Coach Setting Out," "Changing Horses" and "Stage Coach Arriving."

Painted by James Pollard. *Approach to Christmas.* Engraved by George Hunt.

Equally prized are the fine pair engraved by Havell, "Stage Coaches with News of Peace and News of Reform." Much to our purpose again are the fine pair in colours, "Approach to Christmas" and "Mail in Deep Snow," engraved by G. Hunt. These sold twenty years ago for £14 10s. I have seen an imperfect copy, priced at 165 guineas, this week.

MOST dramatic of all coaching prints, because it depicts a nocturnal incident as startling as it was unexpected, is the celebrated engraving "Lioness Attacking the Exeter Mail." Imagine the consternation and terror of the passengers. This incident occurred on a Sunday night at Winterslow Hut near Salisbury. The lioness, which had escaped from a travelling menagerie on its way to Salisbury Fair, is shown with her fangs and claws embedded in the throat and chest of one of the plunging leaders. A huge mastiff suddenly attacked her in the rear and forced her to let go her hold. The lioness killed the dog, but the horse recovered from its wounds and was afterwards shown in the same menagerie with the lioness.

COACHING pictures by Rowlandson are always attractive; especially those of his best period—say, between 1780 and 1810. His "Coach and Six," published by Fores in 1795 and his "English Travelling: The First Stage from Dover" and "French Travelling: The First Stage from Calais" were quite cheap 20 years ago. The latter pair (in colour) were bought for as little as £5 10s. and nowadays could not be purchased for four times that sum.

ODDLY enough, when I was a boy, to be an admirer of "Rowley" was to be regarded as being the victim of a particularly vulgar taste. Rowlandson's pictures were usually banished to the servant's quarters and to the kitchens. Often they decorated the bars and coffee rooms of old country inns and posting houses. To-day they are in extraordinary demand. Unfortunately, there are any number of worthless copies in circulation.

The life of Henry Alken, 1784-1851, bridged the best coaching period. His output was astonishing, and if he has suffered from the innumerable imitations perpetrated by his son, the experienced eye should have little difficulty in sifting the true from the false.

ALKEN'S Christmas scenes are deservedly among the most popular. The memorable snowstorm of 1836 provided his prolific pencil with a number of congenial subjects. Six of the most picturesque were illustrated in Mr. Ralph Nevill's handy monograph "Old Sporting Prints," published by "The Connoisseur" in 1908. In the first, "The Brighton Mail, Christmas Day 1836," the gallant team is making good headway through a whirling blizzard. In the other five, all are in difficulties. "The Birmingham Mail near Aylesbury" is bogged in the snow, with another coach half-overturned and abandoned in the foreground. The guard is taking his leave with the mails—and the leaders—leaving the passengers and the coachman to their fate. Below, "The Bruce" is seen struggling past the derelict Peveril Coach and Manchester Mail, the leaders frantically striving to keep a precarious foothold. The going is better in "The Devonport Mail near Amesbury," posting with six horses and two riders through an avalanche of snow. "The Holyhead and Chester Mails" are hopelessly embedded, while "The Liverpool Mail," foundered at St. Albans, is in scarcely better case. Almost unendurable miseries must have been suffered by passengers and cattle alike.

Drawn by H. Alken.

Above: The Brighton Mail on Christmas Day, 1836.

The Bruce passing the Peveril Coach and Manchester Mail.

Drawn by H. Alken. *Engraved by L. Havell.*

INCIDENTALLY, we may remark that the guard's first concern was the safety of the mails, and they generally showed great devotion in the execution of their duties. The horses of mail-coaches were fine blood horses, spirited and courageous, and as a rule could be relied upon. It was on the Christmas Eve of 1836 that London found itself without turkeys. One coach—"The Mazeppa"—struggled through with twenty, one of which the guard insisted on keeping for himself.

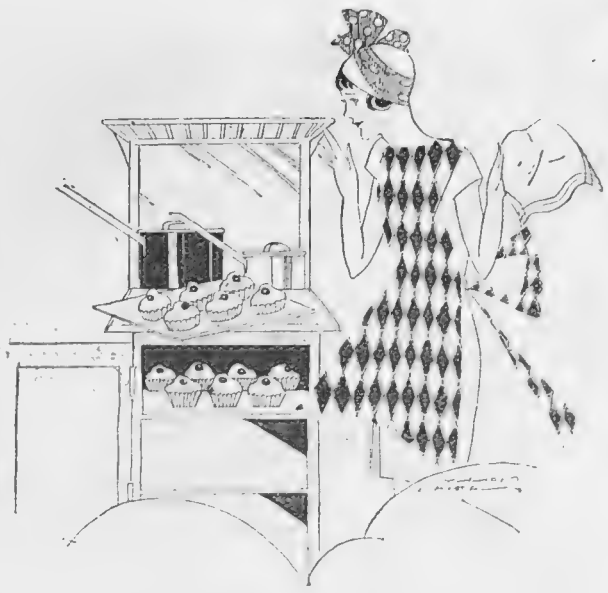
WE must hasten to an end by a reference to two familiar names in the annals of Coaching Art. Everybody has heard of John Frederick Herring, senior, disciple of Landseer though seven years older, whose skill in depicting the satiny coats and bright eyes of his beloved racehorses is without a rival. Herring does not appear to have painted many coaching scenes, but it is of great interest to note that he was for two years the driver of the "Nelson" coach plying between Lincoln and Wakefield, and afterwards of the "Highflyer" between London and York. His famous "Exeter Coach" shows a splendidly turned out team with ostlers standing at the animals' heads.

THE last of the old school of coaching artists, Cooper Henderson, brings us to the intermediate stage, the passing of the mail-coach and the advent of steam. It is sad to think that many of the old mail-coaches were converted into the bodies of railway-carriages mounted upon appropriate wheels. The coachmen and devotees of the road behind their spanking teams jeered at the new railways as they galloped past. As trains were often in difficulties in these early days this is not to be wondered at. We who remember the introduction of the motor-car have seen history repeating itself. One of Cooper Henderson's best-known prints is "The Taglioni Coach and the Original Bath Mail."

Such were these great pictures of the past, a school purely British with a literature to match it. Pierce Egan, author of that sporting classic "Real Life in London," wrote, at a day when no young blood's education was considered complete until he could handle the ribbons of a coach and four like a master—"The Mail-Coach is considered the *school*; its driver, the *great master* of the art—the *Phidias* of the statuary—the *Claude* of the landscape painter."

WHAT a wealth of literature has grown out of the old stage-coach! Is it possible that no one yet has compiled an anthology of English coaching narrative, conversation and adventure? Here, I think is an opportunity for Mr. Belloc.

DAINTY "QUICK SWEETS"



BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

THE housewife is often faced by the serious question:—"What can I do for some dainty 'Quick sweets'?" particularly round about Christmas and New Year time. It is the home-made dainty that cheers the unexpected guest and sends him full away. Here follow a few suggestions, that may be comforting to some "hussif" who is up against an unexpected demand for sweets.

Caramel Custard.

CUSTARDS of various kinds and flavours and shapes are dainty "quick sweets." Among the nicest is the "caramelly one." With Vanilla and other flavouring the little ones are pretty as well as dainty; baked in small cup-moulds, then turned out when cold, on to, say, a deep dish and caramel spooned round and over them. Or a little caramel can be put at the bottom of each mould. Here is a caramel recipe of which you can increase or diminish the quantities at your will: put a pound of broken-up loaf sugar into a pan and on to a slow heat, and there melt it, keeping it moving with a wooden spoon. When melted, allow it to stay on the heat until it grows brown, light or dark according to your taste in colours, stirring it now and then. When coloured to your liking, add three breakfastcupfuls of water, increase the heat and reduce the caramel to a thick syrup. Cool it; bottle it; take a dose when required! A little caramel is an adornment to many "mouldy" sweets. Your custard can be accompanied by one or other of the many excellent fruit-tinners, which help many fruit "quick sweets," or by jam or marmalade.

Apple Snow.

SNOW is appropriate in winter—say, an apple snow. Beat very stiff the whites of three eggs, then fold in half-a-breakfast-cupful of fine, soft sugar, a tablespoonful of strained lemon-juice and, lastly, the pulp of a large eating apple (or stewed "cookers") carefully skinned and thoroughly cored. Serve in glasses so that they will make a pretty spectacle!

Or "banana snow"? Mash half-a-dozen bananas, working in the strained juice of a lemon and the white of an egg. Beat till creamy. The more you beat the better the banana; and the more snowy. At the end of the performance, whip in a tablespoonful of fine sugar, and, if you like, a fillip of Vanilla essence. Glass it.

Fritters.

OLD man banana and pineapple are more appetising when frittered. Here's a helper hint. Orange fritters: cut enough de-skinned seedless oranges, or de-pipped seeders into slices about half-an-inch thick; drop each slice into fine flour; then into well-beaten egg; then into very fine baked bread-crumbs; then fry to a beauteous golden-brown. Serve very hot, but do not eat too hot. A few drops of lemon-juice is the best sauce. And here is a dainty Pine fry. Split in half, lengthways, four homely penny sponge cakes and put them in the oven till they are nicely browned each side. Then put them into a piping hot, shallow, fireproofer. Fry enough quartered pineapple slices, taking their eyes out if they have any, and fry them in their own juice, adding just a little butter. Oh! and if you want them to be really nippy (fit for lions!) add a glass of Sherry wine or a Sherry wineglassful of brandy; or the same amount of lemon-juice. Put the result with the juice or without on top of the sponge cakes. Good!

Tinners.

IF you can go to whipped cream on the top of your fruit medley of tinners, watch to see that some old or young boy does not take the top off. Or try this, glasses, not tumblers but custard glasses, half filled with raspberries, or mashed and de-cored pears, or black-currants, and topped with nicely flavoured boiled custard go well and quickly, and are not to be snorted at unless you put a little down the wrong way. Or what say you to this? It is easier to peel oranges, including the bitter white, if you first plunge them into screeching hot water for a minute. Do so to half-a-dozen, and cut them cross-ways into thick slices, dispensing with the company of every pip. Lay these in a bowl, turn about with layers of pine chunks; then a good dusting of soft sugar, brown for choice if you get the choicest; then enough of the pine juice to come up on to the sugar. Then a wee drappie of something! That's your look out and take in. Of course, if you have any cream about——?

Ginger is not a tinner; no matter; there's no reason why it should be. Chop up quite small, some of it that has been preserved, and put about half-an-inch deep of it at the bottom of glasses; then fill up with whipped cream or custard.

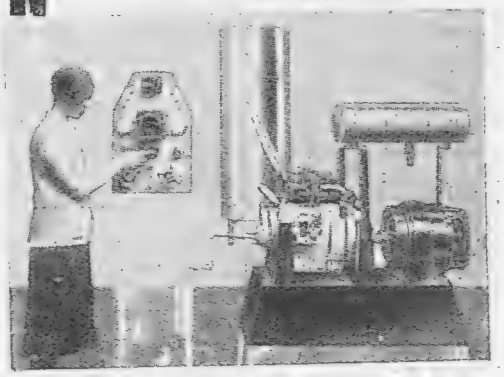
ELECTRIC LIGHTING & COOKING

SAFE electric light the REGALITE way. One switch control, absolutely reliable, guarded against misuse by the SAFETY SWITCH, and against wear by roller bearings, there is no better plant. Plant from £59.10.0. or £14.17.6. deposit. AUTOMATIC NON-BATTERY or BATTERY PLANTS.

Cooking can be arranged from REGALITE PLANTS

Drop a postcard for list, or expert to call and show you a plant.

A. E. MORRISON & SONS
GARTREE STREET, LEICESTER
'Phone: Leicester 20371
'Grams: Morrison 20371 Leicester



A. N. H.

Heaps of vitamins inside

The vitamins you need to keep you in health are not only retained but increased by an extra proportion of the vitamin-bearing wheat-germ.

HOVIS
(Trade Mark)
Best Bakers Bake it.
HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

Count Sforza's Defence.

(*From H.E. Count Sforza.*)

Signor Mussolini's *Memoirs* contain accusations against me as former Foreign Minister. My action for peace in Europe and for Italian influence among the Successor States of Austria-Hungary will be judged in fitter places than in polemical writings, and I do not care to answer.

But when Signor Mussolini charges me with having betrayed my trust as Italian Ambassador to France, I feel it a duty to show that his statements are deliberately misleading.

He pretends that "home sickness for lost power made me a bad servant of my country," and adds: "Count Sforza began openly to criticise my declaration on foreign and internal policy."

May I point out:—

1. That I evidently had no "home sickness for lost power," since I resigned on October 31st, the very day of Signor Mussolini's coming to power—a detail which he conceals—and that I maintained my resignation in spite of his asking me "formally to keep my place."

2. That, apart from my natural reserve, it would have been rather difficult for me to "criticise" his "declaration on internal and foreign policy," since it was only made by him on November 17th, on the day I presented my letters of recall, after which I left Paris.

3. That, on the contrary, during all the days I remained at the Embassy, waiting for my successor after my resignation (and I remained because Signor Mussolini desired me to do so, in spite of my written proposal of giving the Embassy over to a Chargé d'Affaires and leave at once) not only did I not formulate any criticisms—which was my duty—but the fact that I had resigned added weight to my sanguine assurances that everything would go well even with the new Government; the French newspapers of November, 1922, bear witness of my action, which is certainly not forgotten by M. Poincaré, then, as now, Prime Minister.

SFORZA.

Foreign Roadstone.

Apart from Safeguarding, may I suggest three ways whereby this menace to an old-established British industry can be combated?

1. Local Councils in their advertisements and specifications should not specify foreign roadstone. This is occasionally done, and obviously debars British quarry owners from tendering.

2. Local Councils in their tender forms should ask for particulars as to the source of the material to be supplied. Several instances have been brought to my notice where Councils have contracted for foreign roadstone in the belief that it was of British origin.

3. When making grants of public money to local Councils the Ministry of Transport should impose the condition that when roadstone is to be used, it must be of British origin.

JAMES SLEVIN,
General Secretary,
Amalgamated National Union of Quarryworkers and Settmakers.

[*This correspondence is now closed.*—ED.]

Nauseating Peace Talk.

The article by Ian Hay, "Why Forget the War?" came as a breath of fresh air amid this plethora of nauseating Peace talk. Definitely to set out for peace as a matter of course, irrespective of what injustice or loss of national prestige may follow, would appear to be as wrong as definitely to resort to war as a matter of course, with the exception that the latter procedure has at least the saving grace of being healthily virile.

As things are, the men who fought during the war and returned home appear to have been participators in a great crime. One can think of only a single public reference to how much some of them need assistance amid all the Peace talk—that of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, at the Albert Hall on Armistice night. The man who fought during the war in most cases does not care a brass button about the League of Nations, and, as a rule, the Armistice celebrations were conducted by pompous local councillors and authorities, who were too old to fight and whose sons were too young, but who continue to hang their steel helmets on the hall stand (issued to them as special constables).

On the tenth anniversary of the day Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty made his famous signal—"Owing to the actions of the enemy at sea there will be no fraternising"—I came down from Leith to London in a cargo boat with a merchant seaman. He thinks of the German as "the scum of the sea," but, as he said, "they are all in this Peace talk."

FRANK THEODORE.

The Rising Generation and the War.

It appears to be the fashion, among writers on matters connected with the War, to refer to "the generation which is growing up" to whom the War is no more than "a dead page in history," and to whom the appalling sacrifice of life means no more than "heroism which it is their duty to emulate and, if occasion demands, surpass."

I was at school throughout the War. My recollections of it consist of hearing my old headmaster, with tears in his eyes, add another and yet another name to the list of old boys who had made the Supreme Sacrifice. Then there was the big military camp, my own O.T.C., the camp of German prisoners a few miles away, and the Zepp. raids.

As a young married man, just settling after a few years' penury to the solid comforts of my own home, I do most assuredly realise what those older fellows gave up fourteen years ago.

This year I paid my first pilgrimage to the Belgian battlefields, which are to us for ever sacred. Yet here, where the very ground is soaked with the blood of nations, I found the old "Hymn of Hate" being sung lustily. No, not by our old enemy, but by a one-time officer and gentleman in our own Army, a man now earning his living by keeping an hotel on the littoral for tourists and adding to his income by acting as guide for a well-known British tourist agency. Do his employers know the type of stuff that this fellow is dishing out to the tourists to pay to go over there to see for themselves?

Let the older generation leave the "next war" to us. We pray there will never be another, but if there is we shall be ready. They are making our task no lighter by perpetuating the old hatreds.

ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Foxhunting.

Judging from "Harborough's" article, he is a "regular feller." He talks about "eating" a She-man or a He-woman. I shouldn't be surprised if he "eats his bedding" or "makes noises in his bath." Yes, he's a "regular feller" all right. A real fire-eater! A real thruster!

However, as he has taken the trouble by his article to insult thousands of his countrymen and women publicly, let me, as one who has accomplished something for British athletic sports during the past 10 years (one of the largest subscribers to British Olympic Funds, and donor of cups for British Professional Lawn Tennis Championship, also Schoolboys' Championships, etc.), reply to his ludicrous lecture on flies, fleas, wasps and earwigs, etc.

Like all his kind when he debates he gets right "off the track," for the question at issue is not "killing for food"—for which the humane killer is now generally adopted—but "killing for pleasure" in the chase—a very different thing, and the two cannot logically be confused. Wilde's epigram on fox-hunting, "the unspeakable after the uneatable," is as neat to-day as when uttered, and just as applicable.

DONALD MACLEOD.

Debt Redemption.

(*From a Canadian Reader.*)

Your article on "Reparations and your Income Tax" in your issue of November 2nd was indeed interesting.

In connection with your remarks on "War Debts," may I quote the following extracts uttered by the Hon. James Beck, ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States: "I would be ashamed of my country if America would take a penny of the sums now advanced or to be advanced."

"And if it be a chivalrous thing for us to expunge that debt, the victory, when it is won, will bring us greater benefit, and I must say in candour a less deserved benefit, than to any of the other Allies."

May I add that for over 100 years the Southern States of the U.S.A. have, I believe, owed Great Britain some £61,000, of which not a penny of interest or capital has been collected.

If this sum was now computed with interest to date and demanded, would it not easily cancel the debt of $850,000,000 incurred on behalf of the allies of England as well as of America?

"AMAZED."

Theories on Reincarnation.

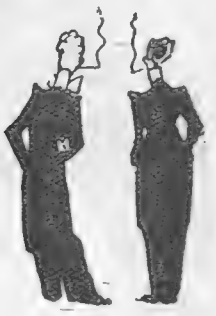
I was much interested in a letter by a correspondent suggesting that the theory of reincarnation might shed a ray of light upon the problem of the "hunter and the hunted." It seems to me the co-operation of another law is also needed before we can begin to understand how this can be, viz.: The Law of Cause and Effect—"As a man soweth so shall he also reap." If we sow cruelty, shall we not reap "limitation" of some description, either in this life or some other? In a case of cruelty the most likely limitation being given a body which is deformed in some way and not much use for self-expression.

If we live in a God-ordered world, things do not come by chance, but in accordance with law which is wholly beneficent, even in its most painful phases, out of which are woven powers. As Edward Carpenter says:

> "And the pains which I endured in one body were powers which I wielded in the next."

F. HALLETT.

These MANIKINS of OURS



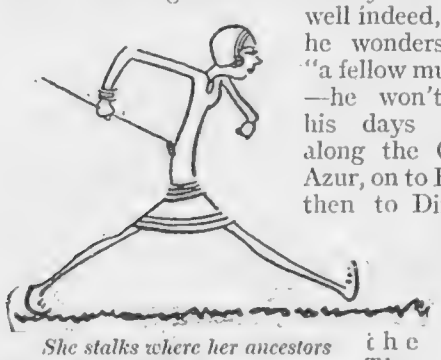
By Joan Kennedy

PALLID and namby-pamby—in a word, "soft." That is how they are talking of our modern youth. While the "hard-boiled flapper" is flapping her way to freedom and success in most things she undertakes, her brother is being criticised as effete, lacking in virility, in manliness.

We are dubbing our modern young men as manikins. There is as great an outcry at the moment against the youth of the day as there was a few years back on "this modern girl."

The "Lizard's" Interests.

FROM his elegant Marcel-waved head to his gaily socked feet the modern youth comes in for censure. He is said to have no deeper thought beneath that elegant wig of his than the choice of a winter suiting, nor to be able to do anything with those rainbow-hued ankles than shake them languorously in the dancing halls He really dances very well indeed, so that he wonders if—as "a fellow must live"—he won't spend his days floating along the Côte d' Azur, on to Biarritz, then to Dinard or Deauville, or possibly the Lido. There are always "silly old women with money to burn."



She stalks where her ancestors moved like snails.

Oh, yes! He can mix a cocktail—and drink several. He knows where to buy his clothes. He can wear them elegantly enough, and is a presentable figure if a hostess runs short of men.

There ARE things in which he takes interest. For instance, football. He can show enthusiasm on a Saturday, if he looks bored all the week. But, really, you know, there isn't much in life, is there? What chance has a fellah nowadays?

Sometimes he goes in for philosophy, sports horn-rimmed glasses, looks soulful or intellectual by turns and uses Proust-like phrases. He inclines to dreams, writes a poem to relieve his soul ache—and sometimes commits suicide.

They call him the modern young man and dub him "soft"—a manikin who has no connection with certain gallant seadogs who helped to make our island's story.

Oh, boy! Is it true that you are a type of what Britain is going to show the world in manhood?

Did he take his sister's bath salts?

Did you take to sister's bath salts, her silken "undies," her languorous airs, her hairdresser's arts, seeking to get level with her because she had "pinched" your haircut, your smokes, your manners, and your jobs?

She is aggressive—true! She has courage and ambition, she is unfettered and vital, robust and rather a marvel. She is making a success of life. But why shouldn't you?

Oh, boy! When is the sap going to stir?

From his elegant Marcel-waved hair to his gaily socked feet.

Debarring Women Teachers.

A DECADE or more ago we were not talking of namby-pamby youths. Those boys who met the fisher folk of Boulogne in 1914 were not manikins. In that grand muster of manhood throughout a great Empire—when the blood of men ran hot and all rallied in patriotic comradeship—we did not need to talk of namby-pamby youth. Striplings some—but men!

What accounts for these post-war manikins?

We say that war gave woman her chance. She leapt forward to a freedom of clothes and conventions and careers. The post-war girl hardly realises her blessings. She stalks where her ancestresses moved like snails. Why is the post-war youth decried, and why do we talk of manikins when we want men?

When I was in Rome in the early part of the year they told me that young Italy—the male portion of the population—was to be taught by males. Women were debarred from teaching boys by the educational regulations.

Mussolini is taking no chances. He wants Italy to have men in the future. It needed little explanation to understand what lay behind that drastic educational régime. The plastic years were not to be under feminine dominance.

But they often are.

They were with our modern manikins.

For the youth of nineteen to-day was only five when the Great War started. The much-maligned manikin, the youth we label namby-pamby, the effeminate fellow we sit upon so harshly at times, lived his most plastic years while the cannons were thundering "over there."

And in those days women were running the country. He saw them in trousers, on the land, at the wheel, passing along passengers in public vehicles, dragging about luggage at the stations, running businesses, controlling here and bossing there, doing men's jobs in all directions.

Products of Woman's Dominance.

THE best men were called away. The best male teachers certainly went. There were splendid women in those days—splendid women teachers, too—but they dominated the growing generation, both boys and girls.

There are always silly old women with money to burn.

Women ruled. Boys were under women almost entirely in that time of national stress.

So we have to acknowledge that the youth of to-day is a product of woman's dominance. We call him effeminate, but those years which count most in the life of a child—the plastic years from four to ten, shall we say?—were under feminine influence to a very large degree because of the Great War.

Now we talk of our effeminate youths—our manikins.

We say that women are growing harder, men softer, basing conclusions on the youth of the time—the youth who lived their most impressionable years while war raged and women ruled.

But the feminine point of view was thrust on the growing lad. Then need we wonder that to-day we see the result of what happened then?

The feminine point of view was thrust on the growing lad.

Weighed In

By

"Blackfriar"

MR. JINKS.
Placed second in the handicap for two-year-olds by Mr. Dawkins.

THE month of December is the quietest of the whole racing year. Racecourse executives do their best to provide entertaining sport under National Hunt Rules, but these programmes often present a false impression of attractiveness by reason of the fact that so few of the better-class jumpers are in a condition to do themselves justice until the New Year celebrations are but a memory. Then there is always the problem of the weather to consider. Rarely is it that we get through the month without fog or frost putting a veto on the game somewhere or other, as last week's experience at Nottingham reminded us.

T.Y.O. Handicaps.

Excuses are not lacking, therefore, to retire to the comfort of the fireside and delve into the intricacies of some subject such as Mr. T. F. Dawkins' Free Handicap for two-year-olds which was made public the other day. This task of assessing the merits of the leading juvenile performers every season is probably the most difficult which the handicapper is called upon to undertake. Not only does he to have to consider the doings of some hundreds of youngsters, but he is confronted with the fact that the rate at which two-year-olds develop shows far greater variability than in the case of older horses. Thus a couple of two-year-olds may be equal in merit in June, but although they may be in the same stable and subjected to the same course of training, by the time September arrives one horse may prove himself a stone in front of the other.

Some of the Handicaps.

In these circumstances it is really surprising that this annual assessment generally leaves little room for argument, which, in itself, pays a great tribute to the compiler of the weights. Some idea of the magnitude of Mr. Dawkins' task may be gauged by the fact that he has included 159 horses in his handicap, the weights ranging from the 9 st. 7 lb. which he set Tiffin to the 6 st. 7 lb. of Café au Lait.

Here are the twenty best youngsters according to his estimation :—

	st.	lb.
Tiffin	9	7
Costaki Pasha	9	6
Mr. Jinks	9	6
Reedsmouth	9	2
Arabella	9	1
Beachcomber	8	13
Empire Builder	8	12
Sir Cosmo	8	12
Brienz	8	12
Grand Terrace	8	12
The Black Abbot	8	11
Gay Day	8	11
Rampart	8	10
Reflector	8	10
Welcome Gift	8	10
Rattlin the Reefer ..	8	9
Torbuie	8	9
Trincomalee	8	8
Artists Proof	8	8
Knight Error	8	8

That Lord Ellesmere's flying filly would be on top was certain, and few people will quarrel, I imagine, over the position of Costaki Pasha. I know that some are inclined to think that he will not build up into a Derby winner—though that is not my view. But Mr. Dawkins has only to be concerned with what a horse has done, not what he might do, and by his comfortable victory in the Middle Park Stakes Costaki Pasha established his claim as the leading juvenile colt whatever he may do next year.

COSTAKI PASHA.
Placed on the same mark as Mr. Jinks, in the two-year-old handicap.

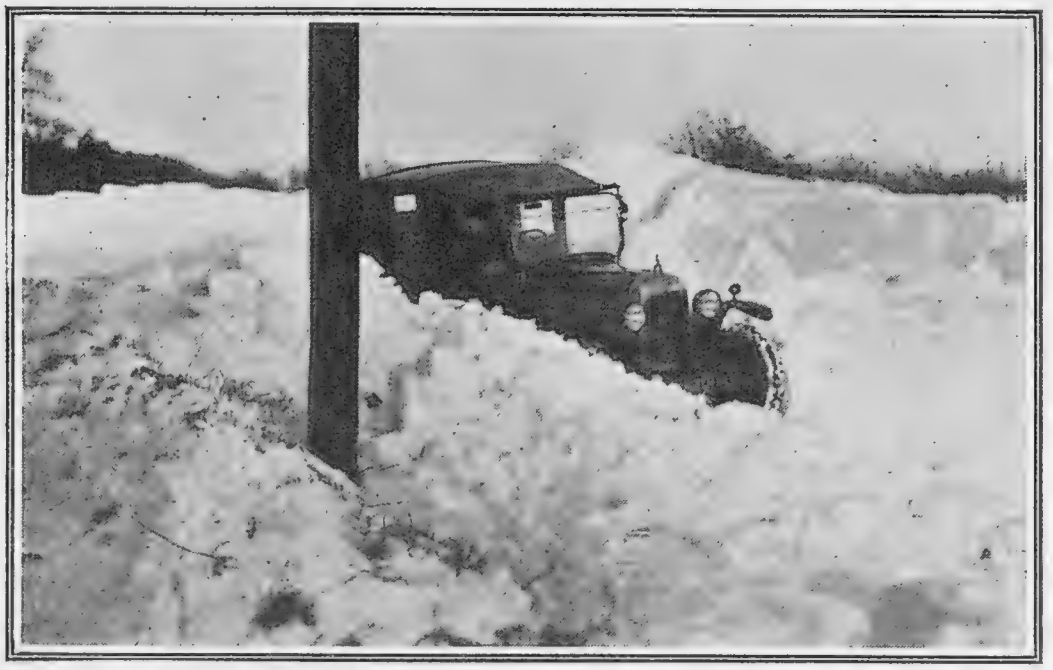
About Mr. J'nks.

Whether Mr. Jinks is entitled to be considered his equal is another matter. None of his performances was quite so convincing as those of the Aga Khan's colt. He began by winning the New Stakes at Ascot—to my mind his best feat, for he beat a smart field that day. He then defeated Reflector for the July Stakes at Newmarket; was beaten at Sandown by Tiffin; and after narrowly defeating Torbuie at Goodwood went down before Reflector at Newmarket in October. As Reflector twice ran unplaced after that the Newmarket form is no advertisement for Mr. Jinks.

It is true the latter finished up with an easy win in the Hurst Park Great Two-Year-Old Stakes, but his task was not a great one. Welcome Gift was one of the most consistent two-year-olds in training, but hardly, I think, in the top class. He was able, however, to finish within a length of Mr. Jinks, at 3 lb. Yet Arabella, receiving only 1 lb., simply played with Welcome Gift at Windsor and beat him in a hack canter, and Arabella is rated here 5 lb. inferior to the Stockbridge colt.

Presumably Mr. Dawkins was impressed by the fact that Grand Terrace, who had previously run second to Costaki Pasha in the Middle Park Stakes, was beaten out of a place in the Hurst Park race, but I am sure we did not see the real Grand Terrace on that day, in addition to which I fancy future events will prove that the latter's position behind Costaki Pasha at Newmarket was a false one. I believe it is a fact, too, that at Stockbridge they have no doubt that Reedsmouth is the better horse. But Mr. Dawkins has placed him 4 lb. below his stable companion.

Photos *W. A. Rouch*
Lord Ellesmere's unbeaten filly Tiffin, allotted top weight in Mr. Dawkins' Free Handicap for two-year-olds.



A Christmas motorist's nightmare.

LIGHTING-UP TIMES. *December 21st.*		
London	.. ..	4.23
Manchester	.. ..	4.21
Glasgow	.. ..	4.14
Plymouth	.. ..	4.45

CHRISTMAS *and the* CAR

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

MODERN industrial and scientific progress may seem to rob life of much of its old time romance, but the real traditions are deeply rooted in our hearts, and no amount of mechanical development can kill the essential Spirit of Christmas. The motor car is just about as far removed from the reindeer sleigh of Santa Claus and our childhood's imaginings as anything could be; and yet it has a romance of its own. It is indeed a magic carpet; and at no time more particularly than at Christmas are its capabilities of service in the interests of romance. The uniting of families, which is perhaps the most vital spark of the Yuletide feeling is possible in a way of which our ancestors never dreamt; no separating distance is so great that the marvels of modern mechanical transport cannot solve the difficulties of foregathering around the ancestral hearth—and solve them pleasantly, withal.

The very efficiency which we might bemoan as destructive of romance is the secret; the efficiency of the car, which never causes us a pang of doubt as to the likelihood of our reaching the friendly circle of Home in time for the festivities, and the efficiency of those great, utilitarian and far from beautiful roads which are beginning to cut broad, concrete swathes across the countryside, and lead us quickly and easily to our goal.

Even if we did encounter difficulty, the Christmas spirit makes us tolerant, either of the vagaries of the weather or of those of other drivers. Deep snow which baulked our progress would simply cause rejoicing in the fact that at last we had a real, old-fashioned Christmas.

A Serious Yuletide Note.

THE spirit of goodwill towards all men, however, needs a little discreet tempering. At all times the condition of the roads and traffic makes it necessary to maintain constant watchfulness; and at Christmas any tendency for the driver to relax from his customary caution is doubly unsafe. The thoughts of other drivers are wandering far and wide; they are mellow—some for one reason and others for another. The last thing that should be alleged is that there is any tendency to alcholic excess among motor car drivers at Christmas time. Nevertheless, some of the barriers come down, and the effect of unusual stimulation are many and various. Extend the feeling of universal brotherhood as far as one will, universal trust in the reliability of other drivers is a dangerous attitude of mind. Accidents can happen just as well at Christmas as at any other time; and they are doubly tragic.

Haste is especially risky at any holiday season. Cars will be on the road—on the loneliest of roads—at all sorts of unearthly times during the next few days, and no matter how small the hour or apparently deserted the way, there is always the possibility that some other motorist is rushing towards that cross road, or round that corner, intent on nothing but getting home to share the fun at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, many people will choose the wee, sma' hours especially as a means to unhindered speed—and every road leads to many homes. Do let us keep our wits about us, therefore, and be more than ever on the alert.

(Continued overleaf.)

Trying-out the Armstrong-Siddeley Self-changing Gear

Engine ..	*Six cylinder, 88.9 mm. bore, 133.4mm. stroke; 4,968 c.c.; overhead valves.*
Tax ..	*£30.*
Gear box ..	*Four speeds, silent self-changing; control by short selector lever above steering wheel.*
Braking ..	*Four wheel; mechanical.*
Suspension	*Semi-elliptic front; cantilever rear springs.*
Clutch ..	*Plate.*
Cooling ..	*Pump and fan.*
Ignition ..	*Magneto.*
Electrical equipment	*Lucas.*
Price ..	*Chassis, £750; saloon, £1,300; self-changing gear-box, £50 extra.*

WITH a normal car, skill in driving, in order to obtain the best that the car can give, is almost entirely a question of skill in gear changing. The average owner of to-day does not possess, and seldom acquires, that skill. With the Armstrong-Siddeley gear, the gear box does the thinking and the relative speed judging—the driver merely "presses the button!" The button, in this case, consists of a lever mounted on a clearly marked quadrant above the steering wheel; and a control pedal, which takes the place of the ordinary clutch pedal. To start from rest, when the lever would be in the position marked neutral, it is moved to "low." The pedal is then fully depressed and released, when the car glides smoothly away. Immediately the lever is moved forward to the next higher gear position, and when sufficient road speed has been gained the pedal is depressed and released, and the gear is automatically and silently changed. The process is exactly the same, and just as automatic, silent and easy, for changing down. The lever selects the gear; all the driver has to do is to press down the pedal when the change is actually required.

It might be thought that this new system does no more than to eliminate the necessity for skill, so that even a novice can drive a car with comparative perfection as to changing gear. The effect goes deeper, however. Tests have been carried out between two cars identical in all particulars except that one had the self-changing gear box, while the other, with a normal box, was driven by an expert. It has been clearly proved that a better performance is obtained with the mechanical arrangement than with human skill—in one case a definite gain of 450 feet of travel in 25 seconds illustrated the effect of the new gear box on the acceleration abilities of the car.

But the average car owner is concerned rather with peace and comfort than with extreme performance, and there is absolutely no comparison between the driving of a car with an ordinary gear change and that of one of the new self-changing Armstrong-Siddeleys. All the gears are equally silent, so that it is impossible for anyone but the operator to tell on which particular ratio the car is running, while the actual change is so silent in itself that the only indication that it has been made is the slight alteration in the hum of the engine which usually results from the lightening or increasing of its load.

Without question, the adoption of this gear change by Armstrong-Siddeleys represents the greatest advance that has been made in British motor engineering practice for many years; and it is an advance which one imagines that other manufacturers, in self-defence, will have to follow.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CAR—*Continued*

Motorists and National Needs.

THE exact position of motor-car taxation in relation to national affairs is rather difficult for the average man in the street to estimate. If that taxation is still, as it was originally intended, designed simply to make good such road wear as may be caused by motor vehicles, and to provide for the increase in the public services and for the new roads necessitated by motoring growth, then it is quite clear that existing taxation is much heavier than can be justified. The mere fact that there has been a great surplus in the Road Fund for Mr. Churchill to divert to other purposes shows clearly that we have been for years paying much more than was necessary.

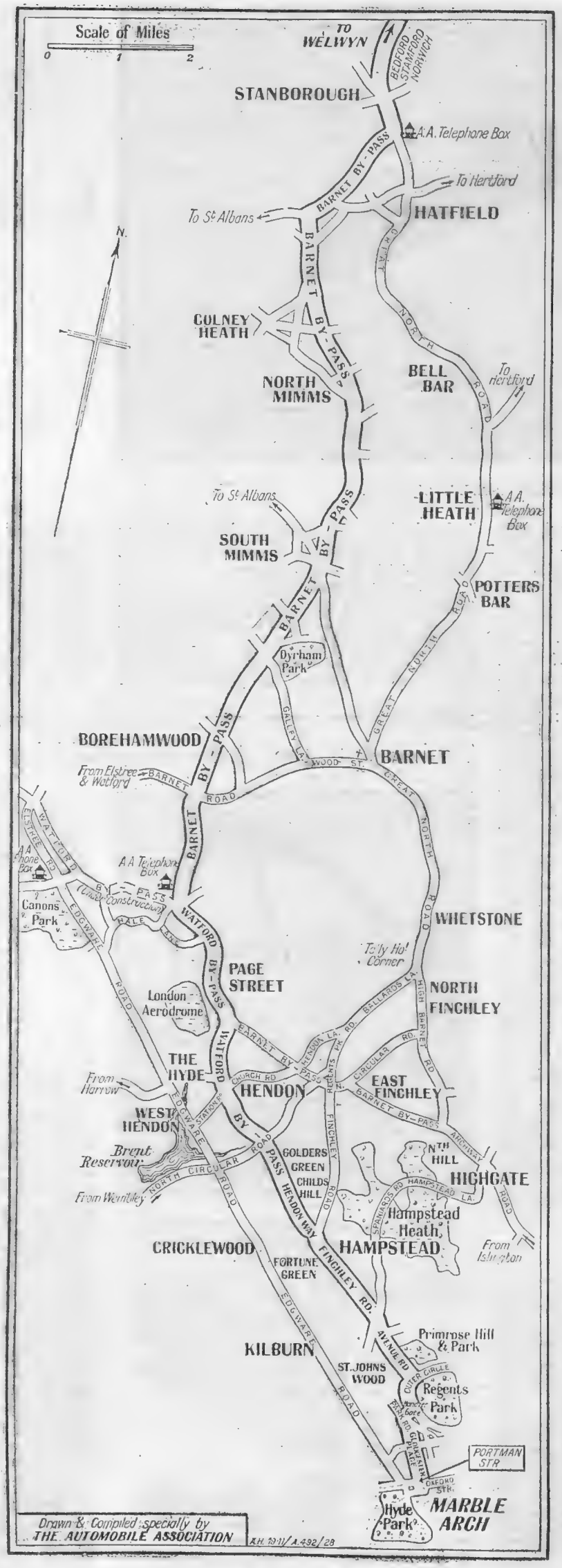
From the motoring and even the national point of view, however, there should have been no surplus. Road requirements are so great that any sum contributed could be usefully spent, and the result of the piling up of the reserve into which the Chancellor has dipped so lavishly is seen in the almost tragic way in which road development is falling behind the development of road use.

That is one point of view. We are told also that the general needs of the nation are such that our money is wanted. Surely, it is a fair question to ask why one particular section of the community should be thus super-taxed for national needs? If the money is wanted, it must be paid, of course; but the method by which it is extracted is inequitable and generally objectionable. It does not even follow that because a man has a motor car he has a bigger income than another who has not, but the latter gets off scot free of this motoring super-tax.

Even so far as the roads are concerned, it is scarcely fair theoretically nowadays to ask the private motorist to contribute the whole of the money required to repair and improve the highways. Those highways are of rapidly increasing importance as a national asset, and every citizen, quite apart from whether he has a motor car or not, benefits by road development. The motor tax is generally regarded as a luxury tax, but this is absolutely erroneous now, whatever it may have been at one time. There is scarcely a car in the country which is used entirely for pleasure, or even as an alternative to other means of transport. There are, on the other hand, many thousands of vehicles, private cars to all intents and purposes, which are used exclusively for business, while the bulk are used alternatively and indiscriminately for pleasure and business. The motor car is anything but a luxury, and indeed the work of the nation simply could not be carried on without it. Quite a large number of people are running cars who could not afford to if it were not for business use; another much larger number would find that they could afford cars if the tax were reduced.

The question, therefore, is not only one of votes. It is one of common sense and national welfare. Just at a casual glance, a reduction of taxation is bound to bring its own reward in the increased sale of cars. Directly, possibly the Treasury does lose a certain sum in revenue. Indirectly, however, there are several effects which counteract and, in their total, far more than outbalance this one.

The fact that such a measure would cause a considerable increase in car sales may be granted. The revenue derived from the manufacturers thereof; increased dividends to tax-paying shareholders, and the employment of a greater number of men—the latter ceasing in many cases to draw the dole, and becoming tax-paying and creditable members of the community—can all be written down as a certain result of a motor tax reduction. Whether the total additional receipts in hard cash would approach or exceed the total in directly lost revenue it is impossible to estimate, but the moral effect would be of great value.



The Better Way.

The Better Way.

AMONG those "broad, concrete swathes" mentioned above, perhaps the most useful that has yet been opened is the Barnet by-pass, by which much of the discomfort and delay which used to attend the early part of a journey northward on the Great North Road are avoided. The long, long way through the traffic of Finchley and later of Barnet added greatly not only to the length of time occupied in clearing the outskirts of London, but to the fatigue of driving, and one scarcely felt that the journey was started until even Hatfield had been left behind.

Now, however, although the surface of the Barnet by-pass leaves much to be desired, after the Hendon district, or whatever the point at which the new road is joined, the northward way stretches ahead for mile after mile, with scarcely a spot of traffic until the old main road is joined beyond Hatfield. The Welwyn by-pass helps the good work; and, in fact, the new Great North Road is now undoubtedly the easiest of the long distance routes out of London. There are several methods of joining the Barnet by-pass, but these are clearly indicated by the accompanying map.

Helga Thomas as "Cinderella" in a charming German film of the old fairy tale which is being shown at the Avenue Pavilion next week. It has many magical "effects."

MAGIC *on the* FILMS

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

IT is astonishing to me why one of the most outstanding possibilities of the film has been so little developed up to now—a line absolutely and entirely its own. It is a possibility that lies in impossibility. In other words, screen magic.

As everyone knows, the ordinary camera can lie heartily on occasion. But the moving camera can be not only an Ananias but a Merlin, a Prospero, a miracle-worker no less potent than the Genie of the Arabian Nights, accomplishing much-more-than-Maskelyne effects which are no common illusions but (pictorially) actual achievements.

The Realistic School—

Here is a rich vein comparatively untapped. Its examples have been rare, too rare. One kind of producer has been obsessed by the cult of naturalism and realism, which some of them have worn utterly to death. Let us have facts, say these Gradgrinds of the screen. Facts, however sordid.

They spend thousands on thousands to show us a real (or real-looking) Popocatapetl or Trafalgar-square; a Chinese opium den or a low-down American speak-easy; real cats and dogs or wild animals as actually "shot" at great trouble and expense in their native jungle.

The crowds and skyscrapers of New York; the pigeons of St. Paul's or the Piazza San Marco; the trenches in France and Flanders; even the trams of Manchester; to get all these and more photographically exact to the nth, operators sweat and swink, and dollars or pounds are poured out as heedlessly as champagne at an Oxford bump supper.

—and the Romantic.

Another school of screen thought, perhaps, leans to the romantic, and the costume periods are explored and ransacked. Marble halls, vast vistas of pillars and polished floors, rich silks and satins and periwigs dancing the Sir Roger de Coverley or *pavane* and so on. Nor do I quarrel with any of these. They are often excellent settings in their way, and even without that qualification. But it seems to me, as I say, surprising that so few have thought of exploiting the magical potentialities of the films, which after all have the distinction that they can be found in no other medium.

A Fairy Tale Come True.

"Cinderella." Ufa film, distributed by Wardour. (Avenue Pavilion.)

I am specially impelled to these thoughts by two examples of film magic fresh in my mind. One is displayed in the admirable and charming German picture "Cinderella," which is to be revived at the Avenue Pavilion next week—it was first shown in this country three years ago. Here the old fairy tale is told in picturesque eighteenth century South German setting, with one or two differences from our popularly accepted version. For instance, the step sisters of Ella are not ugly but distinctly comely young women (played by Miss Mady Christians and Miss Olga Tschechowa), to both of whom the Prince is very much inclined till he finds them, unobserved, in the full fury of a cat-and-dog quarrel over himself.

Convincing Miracles.

The magical effects begin with the night of the "grand ball" at the palace. Disconsolate Ella is in the churchyard by her mother's grave when the fairy godmother opens a window above and waves her wand, whereupon a wind arises; shimmering leaves flutter from the trees down on to Ella, who before our eyes is somehow suddenly clad in a rich shining ball dress. Many other spells are cast with a similarly delightful convincingness—making, incidentally, any stage efforts we have seen in that direction seem singularly clumsy.

Altogether it is a very jolly and also splendidly photographed film, in which Miss Helga Thomas is a most attractive Cinderella; all the parts are indeed very soundly acted, and the homely though beautiful settings and generally straightforward story emphasise the fairy wonders that are worked. Just the topical entertainment, obviously, for both young and old.

The Place of Fantasy.

An even more striking specimen of thaumaturgy on the films is "The Magic Clock," which for several weeks has been on show at the Rialto and will be generally released on December 31st. This, one might say, is an all-magic picture. It is more fantastic but in some ways more wonderful. We see lifelike gnomes swimming under water or painting the wings of a butterfly; a white horse gallops over space with its knightly rider (reminding one of some of the magical bits in the Douglas Fairbanks film, "The Thief of Baghdad"); the little girl heroine is seen as a pigmy standing in the palm of a forest giant; the flowers join in a dance.

I am informed that most of the "characters" in this were dolls or models, but that only makes the achievement the more striking. It is a French production, and the inventor and director, M. Ladislas Starewitch, has signed a six years' contract, I hear, to make more pictures of the kind—which is not surprising, for this one is a gem of its novel sort.

I certainly think ever so much more could be done in this line on the screen. The cinema has a very different field from the theatre, and that is not always sufficiently realised.

Too Many Close-ups.

There is one quite entertaining scene in "Queen of My Heart," which is being given this week at the Capitol. It occurs when a Ruritanian Queen, who is travelling to Vienna to recapture a flighty husband, joins in a dance with a crowd of cadets on the train, to the music of a tune beaten out with knives and forks on glasses and plates—and to the horror of her official escort.

Miss Liane Haid makes a graceful Queen and Miss Kate von Nagy an engaging young Countess with whom the Prince Consort conducts his flirtatious escapade. But the film is far too slow, and contains a terrible excess of close-ups.

THE SMALLHOLDING *and* ALLOTMENT

By E. T. BROWN

The Golden Goose.

The law condemns the man or woman
Who steals a goose from off a common,
But lets the greater villain loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

THE goose has been somewhat under a cloud during the last few years, and the number kept in this country has not increased in anything like the same proportion as the other varieties of poultry.

There are two reasons to account for this. One is that the public taste has changed during recent years, and the turkey has in a large measure usurped the position once held by the goose as the Christmas dish.

The other reason dates back a good many years, and is the result of the enclosure of so much common land. At one time nearly every village had its own common, where the villagers were allowed to run their stock, and where large flocks of geese could be reared at a comparatively trifling cost. The enclosure of the common lands, however, meant that cottagers were no longer able to keep a few geese.

Not Everybody's Bird.

It is not by any means everyone who is advised to go in for this class of poultry. It is always well to realise one's limitations as well as one's opportunities. In this case the limitation is lack of space. It is no use attempting to keep stock birds or to rear goslings in a very restricted area. Not only do the birds thrive badly under such conditions, but they very quickly taint the ground.

When plenty of land is available goose-raising is a very profitable business. Among the principal advantages of the business are that the birds are hardy and thrive well almost anywhere; they are able largely to support themselves, if they have access to a good meadow; there is always a good demand at remunerative prices; the goslings are easy to rear; and the land over which they are running is greatly improved.

The Christmas Goose.

Winter Spinach.

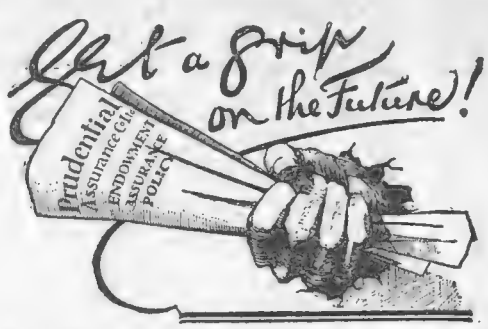
A shortage of winter vegetables can always be overcome by growing spinach in a cold frame. This is a very welcome vegetable; it is easy to cultivate; it is very prolific, and the more it is cut the more it yields. No heating material is required. All that is necessary is to dig over a bed in a sunny corner of the garden, manure it well, place over it the frame, and finally to put into the frame a 4-inch deep layer of sifted garden soil, with which has been mixed a little soot. The top of the prepared bed should be within eight inches of the glass of the light.

The seed (a winter variety, like Victoria) is sown in drills 1 inch deep and 10 inches apart, and watered in if the soil be dry. The seedlings should be above ground within a week, the lights being kept close to hasten germination. Thinning out to four inches apart should be done as soon as the plants are large enough to handle, and then no further attention is needed beyond watering and ventilation whenever the weather is favourable.

Chicory as a Salad.

Good roots of chicory may be left where they are during the winter, so long as the ground is not required for anything else. Left in the ground they come to no harm, and they can be used as required. If the space be wanted, however, the roots should be lifted carefully and put into a clamp as with carrots or beet.

If the roots are small it is a good plan to lift them and place them in boxes of soil in a dark corner of the greenhouse, or in a cellar or shed where no light can reach them. Here they will sprout, and the shoots, instead of being their natural green, will become blanched to a perfect whiteness. In this condition they are excellent as a salad.



THIS HOLDS GOOD

Whether it be for a Marriage portion, A Business of your own, or Protection for those dependent upon you.

Example suited to a person aged 25 next Birthday.
30-year Term Endowment Assurance for £1,000 (with profits).

THE FIGURES.	£ s. d.
Annual Premium	31 16 8
Less Income Tax at 2s. in the £	3 3 8
Actual Annual Cost	28 13 0
Actual Cash Drawn if assured be living at end of 30 years	1,660 0 0
Total Actual Cost in 30 years	859 10 0
PROFIT	800 10 0

IN the event of death before the age of 55, the £1,000 plus accumulated bonuses would become payable.

It is assumed that the present rates of Income Tax Rebate and Reversionary Bonus are maintained.

An easy way of systematic saving with immediate protection for your dependants if you die, and if you live a sound and attractive investment.

Larger or smaller amounts can be invested to suit all ages and circumstances.

To the
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
HOLBORN BARS, E.C.1. P.P.157.

My age is.....next birthday. Please send me particulars of £..... Endowment Assurance with profits payable in.....years.

Name.....
(*Mr., Mrs. or Miss*)

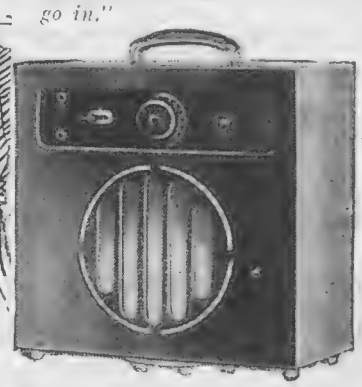
Address.....

DATE.....

THE
Prudential
Assurance Co. Ltd.
CHIEF OFFICE:
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1.

Fill in the Coupon and we will send you particulars.

"Let's surprise them." Switch on the music as we go in."



"What a Splendid Xmas Present"

The Rees-Mace was the first portable set manufactured and marketed in Great Britain; to-day, among a host of imitators, it stands easily first for quality of reproduction and beauty of tone.

With a Rees-Mace you can listen to programmes from England, France, Germany and Holland *even as you carry it about.*

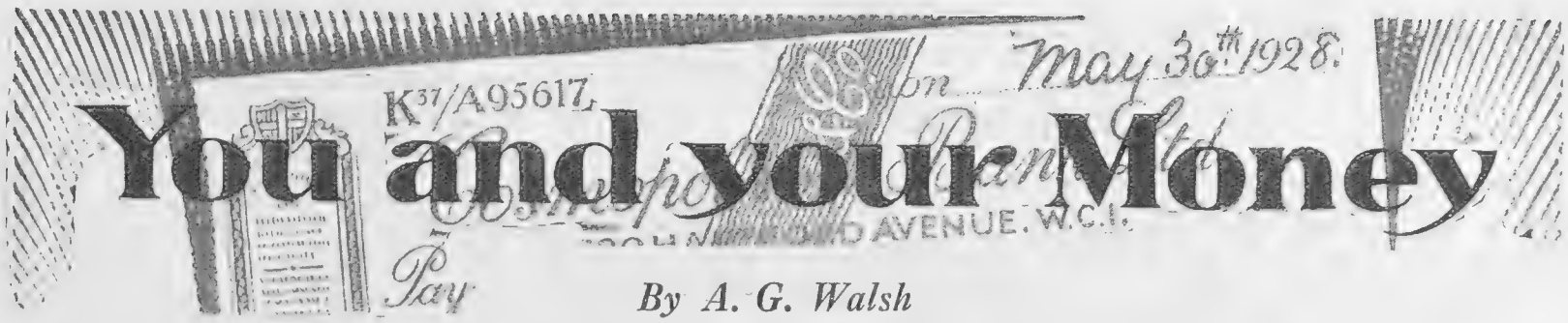
The patented double-cone loud speaker, fitted to all Rees-Mace sets is largely responsible for the remarkable clarity and mellowness of their tone. In this speaker the centre cone is designed to reproduce the delicacy of the high notes, and the outer cone to register the full power of the low notes. A test with any model, from the "Baby" portable to the "Grand" self-contained model, will delight the most exacting lover of music.

The "Two Valve" portable	16 gns.
The "Pentode Three" portable	19 gns.
The "Baby Grand" portable	25 gns.
The "Medium 5 Five"	27 gns.
The "Screened Five"	34 gns.
The "Grand" self-contained five valve	34 gns.

Demonstrations will willingly be given anywhere—in your home, in your office or even in your car as you drive. Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request

REES-MACE
Portable Wireless Set

THE REES-MACE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD.,
39a, Welbeck Street, London, W.1. (*'Phone: Mayfair 3758.*)
And **REES-RADIO, 46, Rue Pierre Charron, Paris.**



You and your Money

By A. G. Walsh

TO read some of the stories of the recent slump on the New York Stock Exchange one might be led to imagine that millions and millions of dollars in hard cash had been lost.

Actually, the history of the boom, and subsequent break, is a tale of millions won and lost—on paper.

Profits on paper are artificial, not real. There can be no gain until stocks and shares are actually sold at a profit; no loss until the holders are out of pocket.

It would be just as absurd, when 5 per cent. War Loan declines in value in one week by ½ (which means 10s. on each £100 of stock) to shriek about holders losing £10,000,000. Yet that has occurred and the stock markets have remained unperturbed.

It may surprise you, perhaps, to learn that a change of 10s. in the quoted price of 5 per cent. War Loan represents a movement of £10 millions in the market value of the stock, which exceeds £2,000 millions in amount.

A Four-Year Boom.

THAT the latest crash in Wall Street has involved thousands of speculators in heavy losses is an admitted fact. But the extent of the losses has been exaggerated. Moreover, the speculation has been confined largely to American industrials and other shares in which very few British investors are interested.

There is little fear of repercussions here, and the effect, so far, upon our stock exchanges has been to curb the spirit of recklessness, which is a concomitant of nearly every outburst of speculation.

Share booms cannot go on for ever. A time must come when prices are too high to attract the multitude; when holders want to take profits; and when the rates on market loans become too stiff.

These influences coming into operation simultaneously act as a powerful brake on an upward movement in prices.

THE boom on Wall Street started four years ago. It has differed from previous booms in that its expansion has been gradual, a development which doubtless has prevented an earlier collapse.

Another factor has been the participation in the speculation of tens of thousands of small investors, whose cash has helped to harden the basis of the boom.

American *v.* British Methods.

I SHOULD not like to predict that Wall Street's boom has now received its quietus. Its strength seems to have diminished, and maybe some of the smaller financial houses have been hit badly by the reaction. But I believe that another spell of activity will be witnessed in the New Year.

Myself, I do not fear that market conditions in this country will be seriously affected by the happenings on Wall Street. In America a different order of circumstances prevails.

The methods of dealing in the exchanges are not the same as ours. Speculation proceeds on different lines. New York resorts largely to the "margin" and "cover" systems.

In the late industrial boom here the bulk of the business was done for cash. Shares were bought, paid for, and taken off the market.

Hence, when the inevitable reaction set in there was no avalanche of selling by panicky speculators who had bought more shares than they could afford.

Anticipation or Pre-Knowledge.

TWO surprises this week. The one the decision of the Board of the African and Eastern Trade Corporation to have a special investigation into the company's affairs; the other the passing of the Aerated Bread dividend. An investigation into the latter's affairs also is proceeding.

Until the results of these inquiries are known it would be premature to discuss the change that obviously has taken place in the fortunes of these two important enterprises.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

But I feel that I ought to comment upon the mysterious selling of the companies' shares long before the official announcements were made. From the manner in which the quotations fell back it seemed to me that many people were getting out of their shares quickly.

African and Eastern shares were standing at 24s. when the first signs of liquidation became apparent early in September. When the decision to pass the dividend was announced at the end of October the price was down to 16s.

With Aerated Bread shares hints of a dividend surprise were heard all over the Stock Exchange fully a fortnight before the official statement was published. When the selling of these shares started the price was 30s.; on the eve of announcement stating no final dividend would be paid the quotation was 25s.

Leakage of Information.

ALL this looks as though some people had prior information of what was about to happen. I know that it is easy to say that the dividend policy of a well-conducted company should be a Board-room secret until the announcement is made; but with most companies this is so.

I am afraid, however, that with the African and Eastern Trade Corporation and the Aerated Bread Company a serious leakage has occurred. It seems to me grossly unfair to the general body of shareholders that some people should be able to become possessed of prior information and so get out of their holdings before the price declines.

Peruvian Corporation.

AFTER studying the Chairman's address to the Peruvian Corporation meeting I have my doubts as to whether the sacrifices made will be counterbalanced by higher revenues from other sources in the immediate future.

The next accounts will not show the full effect of the new arrangement with the Government of Peru.

Under this arrangement the company surrenders its right to export guano. Although it has now made its last shipment, a full year's guano receipts will appear in the next accounts. Thereafter there will be no further revenue from that source.

The annuity of £80,000 paid to the Company ceases this month, so that a half-year's receipt of £40,000 also will appear in the next accounts.

Thus, by the inclusion of revenue, which will practically cease now for good, the report to be published a year hence may show an improvement that is more apparent than real.

The Company may also be able to effect economies in its working expenses, and there will be a permanent reduction of about £135,000 in the annual debenture service. The combination of these favourable influences a year hence may show the position in a wrong perspective.

In my opinion the outlook should be viewed in the light of what is to happen in the year 1929–30, when there will be no receipts in respect of the annuity from the guano concession.

I don't desire to cry down as a speculative lock-up the ordinary stock. It should prove an interesting speculation, but you must not use the current year's figures as the basis for estimating its dividend probabilities.

New Mining Finance Company.

SEVERAL of the big South African mining houses are represented on the Board of the Rhodesian Anglo-American, Ltd., the new finance company registered last week with a capital of £2,500,000 in 10s. shares.

I understand that the directorate will comprise:—Sir Ernest Oppenheimer (chairman), Sir Edmund Davis (deputy-chairman), Sir Henry Birchenough, Bt., Mr. S. B. Joel, Mr. J. S. Wetzlar, Mr. Carl R. Davis, Mr. L. A. Pollak, Mr. F. Searles, and Mr. Walter McDermott.

CHILDREN'S HOTELS.
Comfortable House for Babies and Children of one month to 10 years. Catered for by trained people. Holidays or long periods. Hayes House, Hayes End, Middlesex. Tel. Hayes 120.

THE WEEK ON 'CHANGE

By A. G. Walsh

WITH the approach of the festive season interest in stocks and shares naturally flags. Only a hardened speculator would enter into fresh commitments immediately before Christmas.

Between now and the beginning of January, I look for very little activity on the Stock Exchange. Indeed, no broadening of interest is likely until the commencement of the new Stock Exchange Account which opens on January 7th. I am not prepared to prophesy that you shall see better markets in the New Year, but I doubt if they could be more depressed than they have been throughout this month.

There is always a certain amount of investment business, and it was not surprising that the £4,000,000 6 per cent. Greek Loan was quickly over-subscribed. I have noticed of late that investors, seeking a better return than is afforded by gilt-edged securities, are looking into the merits of some of the newer European Loans.

Cheap Foreign Loans.

MANY of these are still obtainable at prices to return 6½ to over 7 per cent. For example, Danzig 7 per cent. Loan can be bought at just below £98, and the Bulgarian 7 per cent. at £90. Again, there are the 6 per cent. bonds of some of the German municipalities, such as Cologne, Munich and Saarbruecken, which all stand below par. These are sterling and not mark bonds.

Home rails are winding up the year with a batch of extremely bad traffics. There has been a little selling by holders, who had hoped that the derating scheme would have brought about an immediate improvement in traffics. They take nothing but a pessimistic view of the position a year ahead. My advice is not to sell now that the financial year is practically at an end. The accounts will be available in another two months' time.

Prosperous Argentina.

ARGENTINE railway stocks are attracting attention, principally because of the prominence given by the chairman of the Bank of London and South America in his recent speech to the high degree of prosperity prevailing in Argentina.

This will be another season of abundant crops, the proceeds of which, doubtless, will mean a great increase in the country's purchasing power. All Argentine enterprises should, of course, share in the prevailing prosperity, and probably you may see, next year, investors paying more attention to Argentine investments.

Iron and Steel Consolidation.

SPECULATION in industrials has come to a standstill almost, and may remain so until the beginning of the New Year. Some of the northern Stock Exchanges at this season of the year are closed for the best part of a week.

British Celanese shares are showing renewed weakness, due, I understand, to the closing of old speculative accounts. On the other hand, Courtaulds keep very firm, and I am told that people who are credited as shrewd are buying the shares on any setback.

The Vickers-Armstrong-Cammell Laird alliance is not a new development; it was long anticipated. The directors are only following the general trend of development in the iron and steel industry. The "Furness" group, which comprises the South Durham and the Cargo Fleet steel and iron companies, has already completed its plans for a merger.

Now I hear of a probable fusion of interests between Bolckow Vaughan and Dorman Long. It has long been known that Bolckow Vaughan desired to segregate its coal properties from its iron and steel business.

Crittalls Prospects.

CRITTALLS shares have rallied sharply, as I fully expected they would, on the chairman's speech. Even in the market, it does not seem to be realised generally how solidly the company has penetrated into foreign markets. The chairman's speech, printed in another column, makes good reading, and in view of his remarks I am still convinced that the shares are a sound industrial for appreciation to over £3 next year.

Using up Rubber Stocks.

LAST week I pointed out that the low state of manufacturers' stocks was an encouraging aspect of the rubber situation. I now learn that recently the manufacturing consumption of rubber in the United States has been on a record scale. The demand for rubb r tyres all over the world, is increasing at a more rapid rate than most people imagine.

In the course of the coming twelve-month this cannot but have a marked effect upon the world's stocks and supplies of rubber.

Mincing Lane, the headquarters of the raw rubber trade in this country was never more confident in the outlook.

Inveresk's Associated Companies.

THE accounts of four of the enterprises, with which the Inveresk Paper Company is associated, are now available. The profits of the Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., show an increase of about £17,000 on the year. Including dividends received from investments, the profit is £268,884. The ordinary dividend is maintained at 8 per cent.

The accounts of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., cover eleven months to November 30th last. They show a trading profit of £76,142, as against £76,173, for the complete last year of twelve months. The dividend is at the rate of 45½ per cent. per annum, as against 29½ per cent., and the 5½ per cent. participating preference shares receive 8 per cent. per annum.

Approximately 95 per cent. of the entire share capital is held by the Illustrated Newspapers, but no portion of the foregoing profits is included in the latter company's accounts just issued.

A substantial increase in the profits of Caldwell's Paper Mills is reported, despite the effects of the fire at the mill in October. The gross profit amounts to £81,447, and compares with £56,000 for the previous year. The dividend on the ordinary shares is raised from 11 to 12 per cent. tax free.

In the case of Olive and Partington, the net profits for the year to November last are £77,681 as against £85,987, but the dividend for the year is raised to 15 per cent. in contrast with 8 per cent., while £10,000 is carried to reserve.

COMPANY MEETING.

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.

Current Year's Prospects.

PRESIDING at the annual general meeting of the Crittall Manufacturing Company, Limited, last week, Mr. F. H. Crittall (chairman), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, which showed profits of £260,455, for the fifteen months ended August 31st last, as against £163,285 for the previous year, stated that in the period under review they were engaged on a programme of expansion intended to embrace the markets of the world.

Their works at Braintree were completely reorganised to meet the requirements of standard production, with the results that their output from that factory had been more than doubled, whilst at the same time they were saving on production costs at least half the capital cost incurred in the alterations. The special cost entailed by these alterations had been written off, thus strengthening the balance-sheet position.

HOME SUPPLY OF RAW MATERIAL.

Since the last annual meeting they had taken an interest on favourable terms in the Darlington Rolling Mills, and thus brought under their control the supply on a profitable basis of their essential raw materials.

When the new mill now in course of erection was completed, Darlington would possess the most up-to-date light mill in the British Isles. They had also taken an interest in a manufacturing plant at Dusseldorf, Germany, that interest being represented by 50 per cent. holding in the Fenestra Crittall A.G., the largest window factory on the Continent. By that means they had acquired access for Crittall products in the Latin countries, and provided an effective outlet through which to reach the South American markets.

In the United States, which offered perhaps the greatest possibilities for their trade, they had purchased the entire capital stock of the Crittall Casement Window Company, of Detroit. That company produced what was acknowledged to be the finest casement windows in the world, and their programme was to continue to extend that manufacturing business.

They had also acquired the share capital of the Standard Steel Window Company, of Washington, and were thus in a position to utilise for the sale of their standard products those two companies' sales and distributing organisations throughout the whole of the United States of America. The Chairman said he could not emphasise too strongly the importance of this new outlet.

COMPREHENSIVE PROGRAMME.

In Great Britain one-half of the company's total output was distributed through depots where stocks of windows ready to use are at the immediate disposal of builders.

The comprehensiveness with which the company was dealing with that policy was indicated by the fact that they had already established themselves at important points of vantage from which their trade could radiate in Europe, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, China, Japan, Straits Settlements, and in South America at Buenos Aires, from which the company is daily receiving cabled orders for stock replacements.

The shareholders would appreciate, the Chairman thought, that the company's comprehensive programme of development entailed considerable expenditure, and that corresponding benefits would be derived therefrom, as the machinery thus created worked to its fullest capacity. He was pleased to inform them that during the three months since the closing of the accounts their sales had increased by over 50 per cent.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the payment of a dividend of 15 per cent. was sanctioned.

The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

By the Rev. JOHN A. MAYO

FIND *the* MAN!

THERE is one thing that may be said of this age, though it has been dinned into our ears that religion is on the downgrade; people are always ready to read an article in newspaper or weekly on a religious topic. Which looks at least as if they are interested in religion as a subject for discussion even if they know nothing of it as a power in the life. "If Christ came to London," the observance of Sunday, Modernism, the Higher Criticism, "High," "Low," and the Prayer Book succeed one another with persistent regularity.

A Robust Christ.

But it all seems to lead nowhere. And I doubt if anyone is much the better for it. The truths of God are not matters of polemics, to be tossed to and fro and made themes of perennial argument. Jesus Christ either came into the world or He did not; and as we believe He did, the sooner we make up our minds as to the purpose of His coming the better. And if His coming concerns us, as it assuredly does, how is that concern manifested by us? In a word, what is His coming to do with men and women to-day?

Some of us have realised for a long time that there has grown up, to our great loss, a most misleading conception of Christ. His position as the Leader of men is so often obscured as to be entirely eclipsed. For the fact is, controversies, denominationalism, schisms, party bitterness, have befogged the situation, and the majestic figure of the Christ—Triumphant, the Commander, the Leader—is lost in theological mists.

A robust Christ. That is the conception we want. A born Leader. Divine. How often, if we wish to describe the power of the Gospel and recall an example of Christian manliness, it is to a General Gordon, a Livingstone, an Augustine we point, not to the white-robed Figure Who walked the plains of Galilee long ago. But turn to the Gospels. Let anyone with half an hour to spare read with critical eye the sacred pages, and see the strength, the power, that marked His dealings with men, with the forces of nature, with disease, with devils. See Him as He cleanses the Temple, driving the hucksters and sightseers pell-mell before Him; see Him on the lake as He stills the storm; watch Him as He confronts the subtle Sadducees, attempting to trip Him on the tribute question.

Look at His swift decisions on numberless occasions on questions that demanded firmness and authority. This is the Man we need to help us in overcoming, to instil in us courage, and make us strong in the hour of temptation. We must interpret Christ in the light of to-day—we shall never understand Him otherwise. He will remain for us the far-off Figure—dim, remote; beautiful and loving withal, but out of touch with the tired, weary-hearted folk, so full of business, so full of care, who crowd our streets.

A Modern Parable.

I write these words in this great parish of Whitechapel where my work lies, with the myriad streets and teeming life of the East End as my daily companions, and I know the Christ these multitudes need. Yes, this generation must see the Leader in the light of to-day, and so interpret Him. To write a biography of a notable man of a century ago and to present him in the terms and atmosphere of his age would be to put him before the reader of to-day in a quite unacceptable light. It is not so much the facts of a man's life as the interpretation of it that makes the appeal. And if people could see the Christ as He is, they would follow Him, instead of drifting down the paths of secularism, indifference and worldliness.

History relates that wherever the people were assured of a leader, the leader was assured of a following; we need not look far in Europe to-day to see this principle in action. And this is the only apparent antidote to the advancing tide of a non-Christian civilisation.

A lad was asked the question, "If Christ stood over there with the captain of the football club beside Him, and both beckoned you, to which person would you go?" "To the captain, of course." "Why?" "Well, Christ would be dressed in His robes, and I wouldn't like to go to Him, would I?" "But suppose He was wearing the clothes of to-day?"

There was a moment's embarrassed thought. "Well, the captain would give me a game of footer and Christ would give me a hymn-book or Bible."

That's the point! Here is an excellent parable that gives in a nutshell the "religious" position of multitudes. Christ absolutely out of touch with life! Christ a matter of hymn-books and Bibles! Christ a living Person, a Force, a Saviour, a Leader, a Remedy, is hidden from the crowd by discussions, systems, controversies, shibboleths, sectarianism. And each generation with equal perverseness finds fresh occasion for further differences and more—fog!

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be next occupied by
Rev. Dudley Simon,
Headmaster of Woodbridge School,
on "The Soul of Greatness."

Facing Troubles.

The fact that clearly emerges from all this haziness is the big loss to innumerable men and women of the companionship, the guidance, the sympathy and perfect understanding involved in the sight and knowledge of the Man. I am thinking of life as I see it in the great world of London, life as it is lived in this hotch-potch known as the East End. You and I have to face up to things as we find them—and as they find us.

I have yet to meet the man who never had a burden, and was never oppressed by forebodings, who never had his secret fears, who never scanned his horizon, wondering when the clouds would break. And I never met the person, man or woman, who wished to lead a life without reproach and strove undismayed to oppose the world, the flesh and the devil, who was not thankful for strength and resolution from some source or other.

It is very well to learn that "fear is a bogey of the imagination," that anticipated troubles often fail to materialise, that the biggest clouds are those that never burst, and that worry is the disease of the age and should be cured. It is true we must expect success even if we are conscious we are failures.

A Stirring Call.

The weak will, we are told, may be turned to one of iron resolution, and the coward heart, by facing the unreasonableness of cowardice, can become dauntless. It is all true. But this quasi-philosophy leaves a good many of us cold. Philosophy only commends itself to folk of a certain mentality, and one needs to be of that order to live by its dictates.

Here is the Leader Who cries, "Follow Me."

Thus He cried to His first apostles, and so He cries now. The men at the lake-side heard the summons and left all and followed Him, little dreaming of the wondrous, the magnificent adventure on which they were bidden to embark, and what glorious results should ensue to them and to those who in centuries yet unborn should hear the same voice. His call came to men in the midst of their daily work, and thus it comes to us. Let us be practical. The matter is vital.

Principle of Regeneration.

In plain English, what does following Christ mean? To surrender heart and will to Him, to the power of His example, to the influence of His personality, to share in what Lecky speaks of as the "enduring principle of regeneration." It means to know His words, to imitate His ways and most willingly to take into our lives the impulse of His creative power.

Yes—here is the Leader Who cries, "Follow Me." And on the recognition of that leadership we are beginning to see Christ as He really is—the Help, the Guide, the Solace, the Strength. His leadership has been responded to throughout the ages by hosts who through trials and temptings, 'mid fears and foes, have pressed on; ofttimes stumbling, sometimes falling, but always through this life's darkness following the Light of the World, and finding in its radiance the road Home.

Victoria take the field against the M.C.C. at Melbourne.

GAMES *AND* PASTIMES

By "Arbiter"

THE harassed Australian Selection Committee continues to receive what may, I think, without offence be fairly described as entirely inexpert advice from some of our London diarists.

I noticed a paragraph in the *Evening Standard* the other day which revealed quite amusingly the ignorance of its contributor on the one material point on which he built his comment, that "the substitution of Dr. Nothling for Kelleway, is a move in the direction of finding younger bowlers which one might have expected the selectors to make before."

Nothling's Record.

One might conclude from this that Nothling is a skittish young thing, like A'Beckett, the juvenile Melbourne University colt, who is practically assured of his place in the third Test Match against England beginning at Melbourne on the 29th. The fact is that Nothling has had a long career in Sheffield Shield cricket, and if he was really picked for his bowling at Sydney, it only shows up the beggarly state of Australia's attack these days—even more vividly than the recalling of the decrepit Kelleway.

Nothling has no record as a bowler of class, and he was no more considered as a bowler with a test match future when the selectors were picking the last Australian eleven for England in 1926 than were such "has-beens" as Blackie and Ironmonger.

For the *Evening Standard* diarist, therefore, to criticise the selectors for not making a move in the direction of finding "younger" bowlers before their "discovery" of Nothling is to reveal an ignorance of contemporary Australian cricket that is to be pitied, and it emphasises once again the point that I have made before, that the judgment of a great Test cricketer like Warren Bardsley, who is on the spot, is the only sure guide for sound criticism from this side.

By the way, Bardsley has been saddled with a sad lot of nincompoops for his colleagues by those queer people who constitute the Australian Cricket Board of Control.

Mr. Harold Morris, who will succeed Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas as captain of the Essex cricket team in the coming season.

Australia's cup of cricket troubles, already full to overflowing, bubbled right over when second-rate players were forced on him, when such men as Noble, Armstrong, Clem Hill, Joe Darling and other great contemporary judges of the game would gladly have given their services if called upon.

It is a fact that Noble was actually defeated for selection when his name was put forward, and yet the great ex-captain, critic, and all-rounder has more cricket in his little finger than resides in a conglomerate mass of nonentities. English cricket may well congratulate itself that it is not at the moment in the grip of Little Pedlington and small-minded officialdom. Lord Harris has told us how the English team was chosen by co-opting the great outstanding international players of the past and the leaders of to-day, with the happy results that are flashing daily over the cables to us from Australia whenever our team goes into the field.

Sydney's Squeal.

Our cricketers will be spending their Christmas in Melbourne, preparatory to getting used to the decidedly trying climate of the second city of Australia, for the third Test Match starting on the 29th. Melbourne people are cricket mad—far more so than those of Sydney, Brisbane or Adelaide. I am wondering whether the record gate receipts of the second Test Match in 1924, when some £30,000 was taken in six days, will be eclipsed this time. If the touch stone by which the M.C.C. judges success were purely financial, there is no doubt that, going by Melbourne and Sydney standards, the first Test at Brisbane, which produced the comparatively meagre sum of £6,000, would be classed as a failure; but, fortunately, the M.C.C. has joined hands with the Australian Board of Cricket Control in taking the long view and making cricket history by agreeing to play a Test Match at Brisbane, in order to encourage the growth of cricket in Australia's youngest Sheffield Shield State.

Australia's Plight.

England ought to win, and easily. The weakness of Australia's position in international cricket to-day is obvious to every good judge of the game. The writer, who has seen most Test Matches between England and Australia, both in Australia and here, during the past thirty years, gives it as his considered opinion that Australian cricket was never in worse plight than it is at the moment. To patch up the fielding, the selectors have had to recall two veterans in Andrews and Victor Richardson, whose usefulness as batsmen in test cricket to-day may be gravely doubted. They have to prop a febrile bowling attack by resuscitating men like Blackie and Ironmonger, who were never even mentioned as probables when England was out in Australia four years ago, and who are both long past their prime,

and have, as Clem Hill picturesquely phrases it, to be "tucked away" in the field.

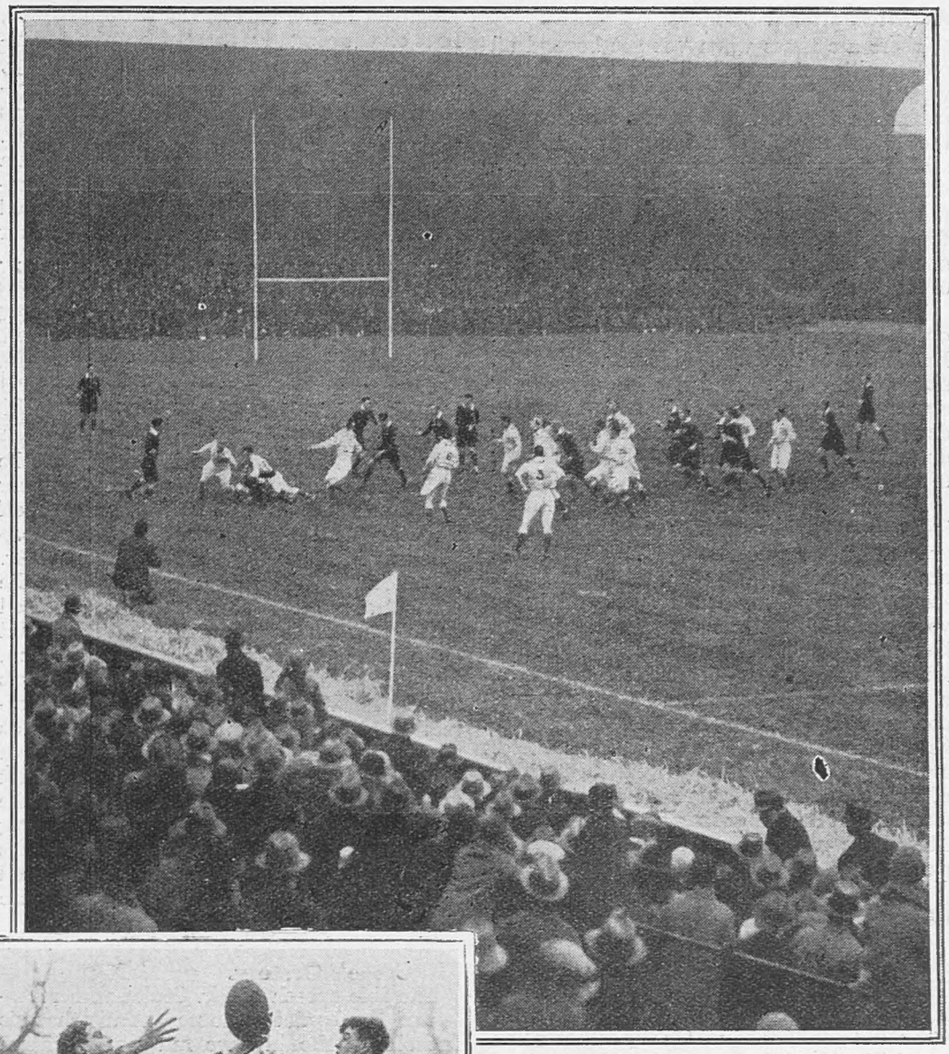
No more damning indictment of the straits into which Australian bowling has fallen was made than when Clem Hill revealed the fact that Kelleway was being brought in as an opening bowler for Australia seventeen years after he figured as a second change bowler in previous test matches. And, apart from Woodfull, Bradman and possibly Kippax, what batsman is there wearing the Australian colours to-day who has that stamp of class that instantly proclaims a Hill, a Trumper, a Duff, a Graham, a Noble, a Macartney, or a Bardsley? We know that English cricket is far stronger than it has been since the War. Men like Hammond, Larwood, Chapman, Jardine and Duckworth are only, so to speak, at the beginning of their international careers.

Percy Chapman (the pinpricks of that other Percy—Fender—notwithstanding) has proved that as a leader he is in the direct line of succession to the Stoddarts, Jacksons, Warners, and Maclarens of other days. Everything, therefore, is set fair for the supremacy of this country in cricket for the next few seasons. I do not think Australia will grudge us the turn of the wheel.

Larwood on Himself.

In a letter which reached me last mail from Larwood, the little Notts champion was decidedly cheerful about his physical fitness. He said that he had never felt as well as he has been doing since he arrived in Australia, adding: "You remember all the fuss some of the papers made about my knee, and what a big risk they said the selectors would be taking if they picked me for Australia. Some people seem to think they know more about you than you know yourself. I have had no knee trouble since my operation at Christmas, 1927. Any little setbacks I had last season were all in the luck of the game, and at worst amounted to no more than a jarred tendon. Every fast bowler must expect ups and downs, but I have nothing organically wrong with my limbs, and if I fail in Australia, I don't think it is going to be because of breakdowns."

Incidentally, I am able to reveal the best joke so far of the M.C.C. tour in Australia. It concerns a bet made by one famous veteran England fast bowler with an ex-England captain, the bet being an even fiver that Larwood would not get ten wickets in the Tests.



The Rugby County Championship. A Kent player gets the ball in a line-out against the Eastern Counties.

Cambridge's Rugger victory over Oxford at Twickenham. An Oxford break-through frustrated.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

BACK CHAT AND BACK HANDERS

BY "PENDARVES"

A MAN I know refereed a fairly important Rugger match the other day and said he never would again as long as he lived. The thirty players on that occasion hope sincerely he never will. And in a famous place where black-eyed men congregate on Saturday evenings, for the—er—lime juice and soda, the burning question of refereedom, foul play, and deterioration of the game in consequence, was the outstanding topic of conversation on the evening I have in mind.

Referees and the Limit.

I wish you could have been there with me. For there were present capped men (many times over) probables, possibles, dug-outs—and a referee or two. Nearly everyone held the same view in the end. And it was briefly this: That there will always be "rough play" in Rugger; thank God; that is what it is intended for; that is why it is, in the minds of many thousands of virile men, the world's finest game. But that there are limits.

As an example of this we all said the same thing—with varying degrees of purple embellishment: "Do you ever see Freethy, or Barry Cumberledge, or Tommy Vile (the world's three greatest referees) allowing any nonsense? No."

The methods of these three masters of their difficult jobs is simple. Having played first class Rugger themselves—and lots of it—they know exactly what is and is not a legitimate back-hander in the other fellow's face (or elsewhere) and what is not. The moment they see feeling usurping the place of fairness, as it is bound to do at times when men's tempers are suddenly inflamed, they stop the game. This shatters every player, for it is the last thing he wants.

They thereupon address the captain of the side, saying they are going to have no damn nonsense; and placing the responsibility for future decent behaviour upon him. Every Rugger player, present or past, will know what a salutary effect this has upon every one. The referee says, "Look out or you will look no more," and that, in the phraseology of the day, is that.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

An International Incident.

There are times when " it got beyond all order an' it got beyond all 'ope " : we know what happens then, and how bitterly every player on the turf and every spectator in the stand regrets that happening. Never shall I forget the ghastly silence, while a victim of unbridled passion walked before the eyes of 60,000 astounded people alone towards the exit in the first five minutes of one of the greatest International matches of all times.

To me it was like watching a major operation upon a man without chloroform. But it had to be done. He had warned the sides three times. And it was only a very courageous man of quick and inflexible decisions, like A. E. Freethy, who could have done it. Whew ! I feel chilly when I think of it to-night—and it was four seasons ago.

But a lot of this apparent " rough stuff " is inclined to be grossly exaggerated in gravity by the spectators. They are not in the thick of it, taking and giving, and so it seems to them, viewed dispassionately in very cold blood, to be deplorable. I often hear men say after Rugger matches : " A foul lot, those So and So forwards ; they played a dirty game." More often than not this condemnation is from the lips of men whose actual experience of the game is very limited, and very long ago. The players themselves, of course, are more often than not totally unaware of anything unseemly having happened. They have just had a thoroughly enjoyable game—that's all.

Enjoying the Rough Stuff.

A classic example of this comes from the friend-of-all-the-world, Tom Voyce, of Gloucester, 27 times capped for England, and a joy to watch on a fierce, full-out day, for you could not hurt him. On the sad occasion of which I write above, Tom Voyce was playing. And although to us in the Press Stand, even in the first minute or so, it seemed clearly impossible to allow it to continue in this very " red " strain ; yet to a forward like Voyce there was nothing untoward occurring. I quote from " Wakers," the greatest English forward of his time. " After five minutes had passed, Tom Voyce, who had not previously played against them, rolled up his sleeves and said : ' Come on, chaps, it's getting good fun now. I didn't know they went as hard as this ! ' and he went into the thick of it with a crash."

Of course it is the easiest thing in the world to blame every one except yourself, and the referee first of all. Very few men, except players, appreciate what a difficult (and thankless) task the whistling man's is.

Very few stop to think how fit he has to be ; how quick of eye ; how deeply concentrated ; how absolutely free of bias or pre-conceived notions of an individual's bad habits of play. How thoroughly he must purge his mind of an ex-Rugger player's predilections for this, that, or the other thing. How, in short, he must be a super-spectator. I would dearly like some men who write me letters saying: "For heaven's sake draw attention in your next article to that old death's head——," to referee just one game of schoolboys themselves.

The Human Ref.

As we are now approaching the big matches of the season, and as the myriad spectators about the country are going to voice their views from the close-packed stands, one final, presumptuous word to some of them — a plea for " the ref." Will the most virulent and astounded of them remember that, in the case of a seemingly glaring error of judgment on the part of the whistle blower, he is on the ground ; and has not the advantage of their eminence of position and so, probably, did not see the palpable infringement on the part of somebody which has resulted in a decisive score to the opposition.

Moreover, it is more likely than not that a player has quite unconsciously but completely blocked his view. But not theirs ! Lastly, he is but human, and liable to err sometimes, like me ; and possibly them. . .

Lawn Tennis

BY F. GORDON LOWE

A Quiet Meeting.

THE Annual General Meeting of the L.T.A., which was attended by over two hundred delegates, passed off smoothly with hardly a controversial note.

A new rule, proposed and framed by Mr. Monckton, making it necessary that the consent of the Council must first be obtained before a professional match could be played on courts belonging to an affiliated club, was passed without opposition. This was merely to safeguard, if necessary, the interests of the amateur body, and had, as announced by Mr. Lohden, the approval of the L.T.P.A. It was also agreed that tournaments must be finished within the prescribed time, though in extenuating circumstances Mr. Booth assured Mr. Wallis Myers that an extension for a postponed final might be granted if application were first made to the Council.

Mr. Cooke's Oratory.

The able speech of Mr. Cooke, who represented the Business Houses, asking that his Association should have full representation and a seat on the Council, received warm applause, and it looked as if he were going to get his measure through.

An equally able speech, however, and one containing unanswerable arguments against the motion, was made by Mr. Stevens. He began by saying that the L.T.A. were most friendly disposed towards the Business Houses ; many of their clubs, however, were already represented on the L.T.A. through their County Associations ; uncontrollable plural voting, amongst other things, would thus be introduced if Mr. Cooke's motion were carried. The assembly was completely convinced by Mr. Stevens and the motion rejected.

Lord D'Abernon's Remarks.

In his opening remarks Lord D'Abernon, who presided and was re-elected President for the ensuing year, took a hopeful view of the Lawn Tennis situation. England had a long way to go before, Lord D'Abernon said, she could regain her position as leading Lawn Tennis country : he felt, however, sure that we were on the right track. The President asserted that the objects of the present world tour of our team were being attained, both from a reciprocal, social and playing point of view.

Kozeluh Re-engaged.

It is announced that Karel Kozeluh has been re-engaged to coach our leading players at the All-England Club next spring. His recent record against Vincent Richards this winter shows that he is just as invincible as ever. Up to the middle of November, out of fifteen matches played in various parts of America Kozeluh had lost only two, at Forest Hills and at Brooklyn : this clearly proves Kozeluh's great superiority over his only real professional rival.

The Boxing Crush

THOSE who have been accustomed to regard the Albert Hall, the National Sporting Club, the Ring, and Premierland as almost the only places in London reserved for boxing entertainments would be surprised to learn of the many other centres where more or less the noble art is staged for public entertainment.

Municipal authorities, glad to turn an honest penny towards the relief of the poor overburdened taxpayer, have in many districts permitted the public baths to be hired for this purpose. After all, if there is no objection to them being employed for dancing there is no valid reason against the boxing which, when you come to think of it, is only another form of the light fantastic—" with knobs on " as the professor might add.

There are over twenty of these local centres of fistiance which have been doing very well I understand, so much so that the London County Council has become rather disturbed at the overcrowding that goes on. The Public Control Committee is considering the matter and may apply for special powers dealing with this sort of entertainment.

With all this minor and sporadic growth of the business of boxing promotion we are still behind America and the Continent in this matter. The Albert Hall is opened at long intervals for the game, generally with programmes of inordinate size, while the National Sporting Club, only too conscious of its diminished status and the lack of elbow room at Covent Garden, has to be content with modest weekly efforts which must, I fear, occasionally send the older club members into melancholic reminiscence of a more glorious past.

Live Wire from Paris.

As a matter of fact, that large public which likes to see the noble bruiser in action and does not mind paying for his entertainment, if it is good enough, still waits for another C. B. Cochran or Major Arnold Wilson. Boxing promotion, equally with the theatrical enterprises, demands vision, and courage as well as business acumen and shrewdness in financial matters, and in Paris these qualities are eminently reflected in the person of Mr. Jeff Dickson.

This is the promoter who recently staged the big fight at the Velodrome d'Hiver between " Spider " Pladner, the French fly-weight champion, and Izzy Schwartz, the American, who is accepted in the States as the world's champion. This contest attracted close on 30,000 spectators and yielded somewhere about £8,000 to the exchequer. At the present rate of the franc this represents an enormous sum, and it says much for the personality of a man who can direct his activities to such a successful issue.

Jeff Dickson has been called the Tex Rickard of the European boxing world, and not without good reason. Like the Napoleon of Madison Square Gardens, he too has got his eye on London. I saw him at the National Sporting Club the other night, and received the impression of a very shrewd, alert man of the world. He is an American, is comparatively young, and bears a striking resemblance to Tom Reece when that billiard artiste was in the early thirties. Dickson seems a regular live wire, and in his point of view he reminded me very much of C. B. Cochran. He believes in doing the big thing and has faith in the ready response of the public to the clash of real personality in the ring. Incidentally, he has also large interests in the motor trade.

GAMES NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL

Kent ladies frustrate an attack by Surrey ladies in an inter-county Lacrosse match at Dartford.

Kozeluh, the Czecho-Slovakian lawn tennis player, who has been re-engaged to coach our leading players at the All-England Club.

Our leading lady lawn-tennis lights. Left to right (standing): Miss Peggy Saunders, Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Eileen Bennett; (sitting): Mrs. Watson and Miss E. H. Harvey.

The Duke of Portland shakes hands with the Dutch Hockey team before their match with England at Nottingham. Each side scored one goal.

Lacrosse is a game which is rapidly increasing in popularity in England, especially among the fair sex. Hockey too, has an ever-widening following and is extending its influences to the Continent. Lawn Tennis has obtained a hold over the public in a way that few other sports have done.

The Hertfordshire County Professional Golfers' Alliance 36-hole Medal Foursomes Competition for Sir Alexander Grant's Challenge Cup was won at Bushey Hall by the local pair, Col. R. Lynch-White (9) and W. M. Ogle (13), with an aggregate score of 152. On the left the winners are seen at the 16th Green, with Bushey Hall in the background. Below: Fred Herd (Knebworth) is seen approaching the 10th Green over a ditch which has nearly claimed him as a victim.

SPECIALS *for* SPECIALISTS

By Gerard Fairlie

FOR a long time now there has been a suspicion in the minds of many British golfers with regard to the great length off the tee and through the green shown by the best American players. People have thought that the secret of the immense distances driven by American Walker Cup representatives lies in the fact that the American golf ball will go further than the ball made in Great Britain. Those who have played against them, of course, have consistently refused to subscribe to this idea, yet over and over again I have heard the matter discussed, and nearly always some one produces this somewhat amazing theory.

Some months ago I decided that I would get to the bottom of the matter if I could possibly do so, and so I asked a very good friend of mine who was going to America to bring me back half a dozen American golf balls of a famous make. I have had these long enough now to test them to my satisfaction, and the way I proceeded was as follows.

The Test.

I went out to play a game of golf with a friend. Before starting I gave my caddy two balls, an American and an English one, both of the same make although actually manufactured in the two different countries. Incidentally I should mention that the make in question was that used by most first class golfers in America, both amateur and professional. I told my caddy to tee up the two balls at alternate holes, so that I was playing the American made ball at all the even holes, and the British at all the odd. It seemed to me that in playing round like this I would notice any differences if any did exist.

No Difference.

At first I must confess that I thought I was driving further with the American ball than with the English, but this impression lasted only for a few holes, and I think was partly due to a form of self mesmerising, since I was perfectly prepared to find that the American was indeed the longer. At the end of these first few holes, however, I was quite undecided as to which was the better ball. Towards the end of the round I had come to the definite conclusion that there was no difference of any sort in length; I did think, however, that the American ball was nicer to play with on the green and with iron clubs, because it had a slightly harder shell and seemed to fly off the club more pleasantly.

An International Match.

Not entirely satisfied with this test, I decided to hold a little international match all on my own. I crept out on to the course, unseen by anyone from the windows of the club house, and teed up six balls, three American and three British. These I drove off, having previously marked the balls so that later I should be able to identify each particular drive.

The difficulty here, of course, was to rule out all suspicion of cheating, but it so happened that I hit four of those drives as well as I am able; the first I topped, the fourth I hooked right round my neck into a forest, where no doubt that ball still rests untouched by man. It would need a dog and a lot of luck to find it again!

Five Yards Difference in Length.

It is manifestly impossible to affirm that in each of the four good shots the ball was hit in precisely as efficient a manner the one as the other; I cannot state with certainty that the timing of each shot was absolutely equally good, and, of course, timing does make all the difference in two apparently perfect shots, but as nearly as I am able to judge those four good shots were precisely similarly struck. It was with some interest, therefore, that I walked up the course to find out the result.

The four balls were lying within ten yards of each other, and I should say the difference in length between the longest and the shortest was not more than five yards. The longest of all was a British one, which I had struck second. American balls came next and third, and another British ball was fourth.

A Satisfactory Conclusion.

I think that these tests are fairly conclusive and prove definitely that there is nothing in the balls.

The thing which follows on this proof is not so pleasant to British ears, but must be faced; the reason why the first class American golfer hits the ball a long way, a great deal further than most good British players, is that he has the ability so to do, and has nothing whatever to do with mechanical aids. We have our Cyril Tolley, our Roger Wethered, our Jack Smith; America has Jones, Roland Mackenzie, Harrison Johnston, Melhorn, Farrell, and a host of others. A man who is long here is considered in America merely an average hitter. They take so much more trouble to perfect the timing of their shots, and only by timing can length be achieved.

But I am definitely of the opinion that American-made and British-made golf balls of the same firm are identical; there is no truth whatever in this specials for specialists idea.